

Be Fucking Patient

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Be Fucking Patient

by [crustyyysam](#)

Summary

A tattoo forms on the place where soulmates touch each other for the first time. No practice runs, no redo's.

In other words,

Sapnap's done with this kid's shit, and Dream really should've just played on the swing

AKA

The soulmate AU no one ever asked for.

Please, Sapnap, Have Some Goddamn Restraint

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

In the beginning, there was only blue.

And for a short time, that was all that existed. Just Dream and the color blue.

Dream remembers the time Sapnap was born pretty well, but only because of what happened after. He can remember his mom talking to him when she walked into the room and saw his unresponsiveness, but he didn't really care because- orange. The world was orange.

It was like a film had been cast over his eyes, coloring everything with a soft, glowing hue, and even though he could hear his mom calling for his father in the back of his memory, this was the part he chose to remember. This was the part he chose to relive.

His mom never liked Sapnap.

Dream never understood why until he was older though. Old enough to see himself in the mirror, old enough to *care*. But it's not like it was Sapnap's fault.

She told him the day Sapnap met him was the day Dream lost a piece of himself, but Dream disagreed. Not because he thought she was wrong, but because she was right about the wrong thing. Dream did lose a piece of himself that day, and he liked to think that Sapnap had it now, some part of him to carry around, some form of proof that he was, in fact, his soulmate. What Dream's mother thought he lost was his face, his untouchable, physical resemblance to her and Dream's father.

Which was a total overstatement, to be fair. It wasn't like some horrible accident occurred the moment he and Sapnap met, or that a vat of acid got miraculously dropped on him within the same week.

No. She was talking about the marks.

Long story short, soulmates are normal. They're not some magical beings who complete each other and give happy endings to a story they didn't even know existed; nope, they were human. They were human, and they made mistakes, and they got sad, angry, and frustrated just like everyone else in the world.

Sapnap was a wonderful example of this.

For instance, the first time he and Dream met was at the schoolyard for their local elementary institution, the perfect place for budding romance. Sappnap had been 7, and Dream had been 9, two kids hyped up on unspent energy for the day who had the combined patience of a pissy cat in water. Like almost every school, there was an unspoken hierarchy of all the kids ranked by age; in this specific recess period, the playground was shared by first through fourth graders. So naturally, when it came time for third grade Dream to go down the "popular big kid slide", he was in no rush to get seated for the miraculous journey that is a five second, four foot tall roller-coaster. But more importantly, once he was seated, he turned back at the last second to check the clock, as all the kids had started complaining about the time once the previous child had gone down.

Luckily, ballsy Sappnap came to the rescue, taking no shame in screaming "Move!" by Dream's ear and shoving him down the slide via a hand to the face.

Dream was okay; falling headfirst down a slide was hardly ideal, but kids are nearly invincible at that age (or they're pussies, there really is no in between), so he recovered fast. Deciding it really wasn't worth his time, he didn't make a scene, but it wasn't until later that night when his parents came to check on him that he became concerned.

No one wants to hear their mother scream.

And, even in the worst of scenarios, no one wants to be the *reason* their mother screams.

So it was safe to say that his mother's reaction to getting his mark was more scarring to his memory than his own. After the initial shock had passed at seeing the black ink fading into view of his skin, Dream's father made a satirical remark about class photos and irresponsible soulmates, clapping a hand to Dream's shoulder in what was probably supposed to be comfort. But his mom?

She sat there and cried.

Like any sane child wondering what the actual fuck was going on, Dream ran to the nearest bathroom and locked himself in, but once he was inside he just stood there. It was an odd kind of patience, and if he was honest with himself, he was way too calm about all of this. At 9 years old, he felt untouchable, untaintable. He knew soulmates were important, but he promised himself he'd always be enough on his own, despite whatever was about to happen. And, repeating that mantra, staring at the sink and gripping the cold counter before discovering what he'd never again have to live without, he reminded himself nothing could change that.

Masks were cool. Sports were cooler, but if he had to settle, masks weren't too bad. He got used to wearing one pretty quickly, and it was both a blessing and a curse that hardly anyone questioned him about it in school.

There were other kids who had it much worse than him, being singled out in their classes for the unfortunate and uncomfortable placement of their marks; a girl in second grade whose pigtails could never hide the print of hands around her throat, and a boy with black, claw marks tearing down his arm. But it was a time of self-expression in their lives, so no one made any more claims against him than to those who were ridiculed for going against the fashion norms.

Not that Dream really cared about those stereotypes; he had better things to worry about than a boy

with pink hair in class A or a guy who rocked a flowy dress and a flower crown in the same grade. Things like his newly discovered soulmate.

Meeting Sapnap—the real Sapnap—was almost enough to make Dream slap him back.

He was cute, Dream wasn't too proud to admit, but nothing in the world could've prepared him for their first intentional interaction.

In the classic playground bully fashion, Dream cornered the little punk in the middle of the next week's recess, giving small glares to the kids around until they got the hint to leave. Dream wasn't dull; he knew he was muscular, semi-bulky for his age, not to mention he was the second tallest in the entire elementary school, and while he tried to avoid using this to his advantage unfairly, this was a special case and he kinda wanted to get it over with.

The first thing that threw Dream off was how chill Sapnap was around him.

He showed next to no sign of unease even after the others abandoned the space. Most kids who were alone with Dream, especially after being intentionally singled out, tended to get antsy real fast. But hey, it wasn't his fault that he was built like a thirteen year old wrestler who routinely won fights.

The second thing was his laughter.

After careful consideration as to how he should reveal his identity as Sapnap's one and only soulmate, Dream decided on letting him come to his own realization. With a little push, of course. Said push involved gaining his attention and then removing his makeshift mask—a white paper plate with a smiley face drawn in sharpie connected around the back of his head via green yarn—and finally, allowing Sapnap to view the insanely distracting soulmark forever gifted to him by his truly.

Most people who had seen his face up until now always had one of three different reactions. To start off, the majority had the classic gasp and hand covering of the mouth, typically by women. Men and older kids tended to quietly observe without comment and then proceed to acknowledge it as if it wasn't there. And lastly, his personal favorite, all the obnoxious extras who did him the favor of pointing out the obvious.

"Wow, that's a pretty big soulmark." - Middle-aged lady checking him and his mother out at the grocery store register.

"Oh, I see why you wear that plate now..." - Old family friend who came to see his father over the weekend for a favor.

"Your face, its- It's covering your entire fucking face." - His mother, who still sobs when he takes off his mask at home.

Which, again, is an overstatement and a half.

Sapnap, as much as he probably wished he did, didn't have the hand-width of an entire skull, nor did he have the split-second coordination required to aim directly in the middle of Dream's face the moment he turned around on that slide. So instead of an even, clean soulmark to the skin, what Dream got instead was an outstretched palm covering one cheek, part of his nose, and a small bit of his other cheek where one of the fingers strayed to the side. Not that he really minded anyway, despite his mother's incessant belief that his face was ruined.

So, all feelings aside, when Dream took matters into his own hands and removed the paper

covering for Sapnap to view beneath, he had no fucking clue what to expect. He didn't know the first grader that well, and he honestly couldn't judge easily into which reaction category he'd fall.

But when the brunette's eyes landed on the older boy's face, there were only two actions of importance: his mouth going slack at the realization of what the permanent tattoo conveyed, and the immediate change afterward resulting in the crinkle in the corners of his eyes as he threw his head back and laughed.

And laughed. And kept on laughing until he was doubled over and wheezing. It took all of Dream's self-control not to react defensively at the situation, but he stuck it through until the younger boy had drawn himself to a break.

After a few moments had passed and he assumed the other had regained his composure, Dream opened his mouth to address the elephant in the room and to suggest that they talk about the obvious. But unsurprisingly, Sapnap beat him to it, looking up at the boy he'd slapped without a thought the last week with mirth in his eyes and barely contained cackles shaking his chest.

"So." A pause. "When's the wedding?"

And, just like that, in the way any great lover would, Dream shoved him to the ground.

Chapter End Notes

I know it probably seems like this fic is starting off really slow, but it'll pick up within the next chapter or two, especially when George shows up.

There will be eventual smut, but I'll be sure to put a warning beforehand so y'all don't get bamboozled by the unholy acts about to be committed.

And hey

If you're still here, then know I'm basically combusting from you finishing the full chapter, so really- thank you, lovely reader.

I honestly appreciate any comments, questions, concerns, or feedback, so don't be afraid to reach out :D

As always, I hope you're having a great day! :3

hugs

Sapnap Has Some Goddamn Restraint

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The day Sapnap bled was the first time Dream got into a fight.

It was also the first time he won.

JSchlatt was an asshole, and everyone was aware.

He was one of the bigger kids in the middle school, and he had a funny hobby of picking on his smaller classmates when something didn't go his way.

Or when he was bored.

Whichever came first.

Still, when he got violent, no one expected a student two grades ahead to stick up for a younger kid, so it was a bit of a surprise when the gentle five-foot seven giant from grade 8 got involved in the scuffle.

Regardless, the fight was over pretty quickly; Schlatt never saw him coming from behind, and all it took was a well-aimed hit to his cheek to have him backing down, limping to the bathroom to tend to his wounded ego away from the wandering eyes of their gathered classmates.

Dream felt his hand shaking.

His heart was still racing.

This was the first time he'd ever thrown a punch.

Dream pushed through the few students around him who had crowded to see the event, most of them parting for him anyway after seeing what he could do. He crouched down, leaning over Sapnap in an attempt to block out some of the students still watching, reaching out to touch his arm hesitantly. His eyes were shut tight, and while he looked calm enough, he hadn't moved from his spot on the tile. Blood was dripping down from his nose, he was bleeding from a scrape from when Schlatt threw him on the floor. There was also a small cut above his eye right below his eyebrow.

I'll kill that piece of shit for touching him.

When Sapnap didn't move or say anything, nor did he pull away from Dream's touch, Dream leaned further down, still hunched over him defensively.

"Sap, you okay?" He whispered in his soulmate's ear.

The younger boy just curled further in on himself and turned his face away.

Fuck, this really isn't good.

Dream tried his best to lift him up to his feet gently, but it ended up to be more of a dragging situation as he steered them both away from the bystanders and out the doors of the building they were in. He decided leading Sapnap to the school nurse would be the best option right now, walking them both with an arm wrapped around the smaller boy protectively; for guidance or comfort, Dream really wasn't sure.

The nurse actually greeted them at the main office doors and ushered Sapnap inside, Dream not far behind, already looking for supplies in different drawers before either of them had sat down.

"Look, Sapnap didn't do anything." Dream started. "This student in my grade, JSchlatt-"

"You don't need to explain anything; a girl in the grade below you let me know ahead of time," the nurse muttered, still moving around the room. "She left a few minutes ago after seeing what went down."

She kept looking through the drawers and frowned.

"I never liked that Schlatt kid, anyway. He's always causing trouble and picking fights; this is hardly the first student to come here after a run-in with him."

She took out a few disinfecting wipes and handed them over to Dream.

"Here, I'll be back in a few minutes," she called over her shoulder, walking out of the room. "See if you can clean up your friend before I get back with the gauze to wrap him."

The door shut, her heels clicked down the hall, and he was alone with Sapnap.

Dream turned back to him, concerned by his unusual quietness, still holding the wipes.

It's like he's not even here.

Why isn't he talking to me?

"Hey..."

No response.

"Sapnaaaaaappppp..."

Nothing again.

Dream sighed. He wasn't going to get anywhere with conversation.

"Okay, well, I'm gonna clean you up a bit, yeah?"

Sapnap let out a small snuffle, but otherwise didn't move still not looking at him. Despite being friends for the past few years, this was the first time he'd ever seen the younger boy like this.

Slowly, as not to startle or hurt him, Dream lifted his soulmate's arm to swipe at the already scabbing flesh, removing the dirt and grime until he thought it looked clean enough. He placed the dirty towelette into the trash bin beside them and used another fresh one to dab at his nose where the blood had crusted.

This time, Sapnap did flinch, and he inhaled as Dream retreated his hand, waiting before trying again.

It doesn't look broken... I don't think it's fractured either.

Going even slower than the last time, Dream tried his shot at removing the blood once more. Except this time, he lifted his other hand to cradle Sapnap's jaw so he could tilt his face and get an easier angle.

In the past two years, they'd become fairly accustomed to touching one another, the casual, easy friendship between them hindered by next to nothing, so while it wasn't a wholly uncomfortable situation, being this quiet and close to one another was unfamiliar and felt a little too intimate for the situation at hand.

In any case, the new perspective must have worked better because Sapnap didn't pull away again, letting Dream tilt his head where he wished while he finished cleaning the cut on his brow.

As he looked at his bloody knuckles holding the underside Sapnap's jaw, it occurred to Dream that things were going to change from now on. People in class had always been a little intimidated by his size, but he had never given anyone reason to treat him differently; now, a considerable amount of them had just seen him use his strength to intentionally hurt another kid. Dream also doubted this would be the last time they fought—Schlatt seemed like the revenge type.

Despite whatever new social outcasting he assumed he would soon experience, he couldn't find it in himself to regret anything.

Seeing Sapnap on the ground...

He knew he was older and that he should know better, but it was like some protective instinct he hadn't been aware he possessed had rose to the challenge of the threat against his soulmate. And, for the first time in a long time, Dream hadn't bothered pushing that violence down.

It wasn't until he'd stopped wiping at the recent wounds and gotten lost in thought that he noticed Sapnap showing signs of consciousness again, even if it was just to slide his eyes closed and lean into Dream's hand.

Yeah, he was definitely out of it.

He looked beautiful.

He looked tired.

"Do you know why he did it?"

The dirt under Dream's shoes crunched under his and Sapnap's combined weight as he walked across the grass toward his home. It had to be late; his parents and sister would be asleep by now.

Sapnap, holding onto the older boy where he was being carried on his back, tightened his arms, resting his chin on the taller's shoulder and moving one hand to mess around lazily with the short hairs at the back of Dream's head.

"I dunno."

More crunching.

"I guess... " He stopped talking for a second, letting out a breath of hot air against Dream's neck as they started walking uphill toward the back of the house. "I guess he just didn't like that I was breathing the same air he was. It's not easy being near someone this awesome, y'know?"

Dream smiled, albeit a little sadly. He wasn't surprised Sapnap wasn't going to tell him why or how the fight had happened, but at the same time, it really didn't matter all that much so long as he was safe.

Besides, humor was his comfortable cover-up, and if Sapnap wanted to feel safe, Dream could provide that.

Four years later, and when life comes at you, you're still dealing with shit the same way.

Someday I'll call you out on it.

When Dream didn't respond, Sapnap snorted, taking the hint that the conversation was over and the other was satisfied with his answer, sliding off his back as they approached the window to Dream's bedroom.

The ground was still crunching as he unlocked the latch and slid up the pane, pulling himself up and in headfirst, holding a hand out for Sapnap to do the same.

It didn't take them long to climb into bed, stripping down to their boxers and settling in beside one another. Dream took a little longer to lay down, removing his mask and looking over to Sapnap with the same hesitation he had every time, but the boy in question just grinned and pulled him down to him. He never seemed to care about the ink marking the taller boy's face, still as unfazed about it as the first time.

Dream didn't know why he expected tonight to be any different, but the idea was still ever-present inside his head, if not pushed down until the next time the opportunity arose for it to drive someone away.

~~Sometimes he thought the thoughts would never go away.~~

Sapnap stole the biggest pillow, like always, and snickered after he smacked Dream with it. He received a playful shove to the shoulder in return, Dream still being mindful of his bandages.

They'd shared a bed too many times for it to be awkward, but there was always a moment every sleepover where Dream wondered if this how things were always meant to be. If they were only meant to be friends and nothing more. If they were only meant to stay in the lingering space in between.

But when Sapnap cuddled up to him beneath the covers the way he always did, waiting patiently for Dream to wrap his arms around him, Dream couldn't help but overthink about what he wanted them to be.

Were they destined to be friends? Lovers? Brothers?

The choice was up to them entirely, which made it all that much harder.

If Dream had his choice, he knew what he'd choose. But Sapnap was young, so young, which somehow made everything about Dream's feelings feel so much worse.

They were both too young. It wouldn't work out if they started now, they were both too headstrong and unprepared.

But Dream wanted him so badly it hurt.

He wanted to hold hands and go on stupid dates and hold him, not just during the times when he slept over.

So why is this all so fucking hard?

A hand smacked him on the forehead, startling him, and Dream opened his mouth to scold Sapnap for breaking rule #4—no violence after or during the time either of them attempt to sleep—before he got shushed with another slap to the head, this one harder than the last.

(yes, dream is getting slapped in the face again, because SOMEONE *ahem ahem sapnap* obviously didn't learn from his mistakes)

"Stop thinking and go to sleep, dumbass," the younger boy mumbled with a small yawn, burying his face in the exposed space between Dream's face and neck.

Deciding a sleepy Sapnap when angered was a menace he'd rather avoid tonight, Dream rolled his eyes and sighed, pulling his soulmate closer to him with an arm around his back. The previously mentioned menace made a small, content noise and cuddled up a little closer to his chest before settling, his breath evening out within minutes.

This left Dream to stare at the wall behind Sapnap's head and focus on holding him, enjoying the limited time he had with him like this.

He never knew which of these times would be the last.

He really hoped this wouldn't be the last.

"Hey, Dreamie?" Sapnap whispered to him quietly. "I'm really glad you saved me today."

Four years later, and when life comes at you, you're still dealing with shit the same way.

Someday I'll call you out on it.

But today is not that day.

Chapter End Notes

hi guys :)

you've all been so sweet so far, and your kind comments make my day <3

ALSO UMM

SOMEONE SAID THEY SUBSCRIBED TO THIS FIC YESTERDAY
IM TOTALLY NOT LOSING MY SHIT

i know its not that big of a deal, but like- I don't wait intentionally for anything, so the fact that someone has actually done that for my fic is completely bamboozling to me, so thank you again ;-;

as always, i appreciate any and all feedback, comments, questions, and concerns, so don't be afraid to reach out :D
until next time, bye!!

Sapnap Nap Is Pretty Rad And Dream Is Really Gay

Chapter Notes

SLAMS FACE DOWN ON DESK

FUCK Y'ALL ARE SO NICE

i can recognize like two or three of your usernames now from comments + it makes me happy to see y'alllllll

OH AND PLEASE READ THE END NOTES

IT'S REALLY, REALLY IMPORTANT

like- actually important, not drama important

I LOVE YOU GUYS AND I HOPE YOU LIKE THISSSS

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sometimes, when Dream closes his eyes, he dreams of the color blue.

It's never the first thing he sees, nor is it the last, but it's almost always incorporated in one way or another. That said, the color is never intense in the way the other one had been when Sapnap was born; instead, it reminded him of a shadow.

Where Sapnap's orange was loud and friendly, this blue was softer. It was gentle and quiet, an odd—but not unwelcome—variation that Dream figured he just wasn't used to yet.

Now, all soulmates had a color. Knowledge of someone's color was a pre-existent piece of information, something people knew at birth but could only accurately explain once they had learned their colors. It was one of those ultimately useless, but still supposedly personality-definitive traits, similar to zodiac signs. There were countless text posts online and different videos labeled "Watch if you're a red" or "Like if you're pink", but nothing had been affirmed by science yet, and Dream doubted there'd ever be any real proof. Regardless, people liked to have fun with the idea of it, and almost everyone used it to their advantage when they could.

For example, lots of preschool and kindergarten teachers had their students make easy friends or assign project partners using these colors. No two soulmates had either of the other's color, but they could, per say, have their friend's same color. Not only did this help rule out potential soulmates, but it was an easy topic of conversation for those who had nothing else to bring up. Again, absolutely useless in his opinion, but hey, you do you.

Sapnap was orange, that much was obvious. He had confirmed it the day Dream had come up to him after his mark appeared, asking for his birth date to ensure it was around the same time he'd seen the world go technicolor when he was two. Unsurprisingly, Dream was green, and while it was his favorite color, it still meant nothing to him in the personal way it might to others.

Blue though—that was a mystery.

Moving on, eighth grade was shit.

After the whole incident with Schlatt, Dream had earned an odd type of status that was as unexpected as it was unwanted. Sure, it was better than the response he assumed he'd gain, but just because he wasn't met with fear didn't mean he was a fan of the alternative.

Before, he was invisible. No one had payed any attention to him, much less so once he'd started wearing the mask. But now? He was *untouchable*. And, as uncomfortable as the new pressure layed on him was, it became obvious fast that as an extension, so was Sapnap. Few people would be stupid enough to throw hands with Dream, who had only gotten larger as the years went on. Sapnap—not so much. He wasn't tiny, or weak, or anything, but he was funny and passive, an easy target for people who had nothing better to do, although his chaos was unmatched and tended to freak certain people the fuck out. So that in itself was a sort of defense in its own way.

Still, if this was what it took to ensure no one else would fuck with him, Dream couldn't be more willing to deal with his new position in the school. Albeit, neither of them were the most popular, but they were respected, and for a while, that was enough.

Schlatt was still an asshole, and drama continued to take place wherever the two of them were concerned, but Dream and Sapnap remained friends and hung out between classes and after school whenever they could. Which was a lot. As hesitant as he was to admit it, most aspects of Dream's social life at school had gotten easier once the first few years of dealing with his soulmark passed. But some things would also never change.

Like Sapnap's laugh. And his mom's eyes.

"Give her time to get used to it, okay?"

It took him a year to realize the old lady that lived across the street had lied. Things hadn't gotten better, and nothing was ever going to change. It was an odd thing, living with someone who was supposed to love him unconditionally, but didn't. Or couldn't. Dream didn't like to think about that second option though; it was easier to believe his mother's absence was a choice she made and not an task she couldn't complete.

~~Because that would mean he was unlovable, wouldn't it?~~

It was equally as difficult living with his dad who loved him the way anyone would expect, but still chose to comfort his wife whenever she broke down instead of his son. It was always "Let her have some space" and "I know you're tired and it's late, but do me a favor and cover up for a few more hours, yeah? She's having a hard time". Needless to say, the half-assed attempts at bonding between them had stopped pretty quickly after his mother expressed her disgust, and Dream didn't bother fighting it. When it came to his father, he knew who he'd choose.

He was better off on his own, anyway.

He was better off with Sapnap.

Making the most of the shitty situation, he'd started staying at the younger's house as often as possible, knowing his own parents wouldn't mind in the slightest. As for Sapnap—if his soulmate

ever suspected something was wrong, he never brought it up.

And Dream couldn't blame him.

If he was in the other's place, he wouldn't want to confirm that whatever was happening at home had been his fault either.

Sapnap was a dictator in the making.

He kinda just dragged Dream along on his little adventures and used him for free labor when he was too lazy to move himself or something he was carrying. It started with his textbooks, then his backpack, and eventually his whiny ass when they had walked too far for Sapnap's feeble body to handle.

(Sapnap's words, by the way, not his own.)

Despite the pranks and constant "Your mom" jokes, Dream put up with the trips. They were a nice distraction from everything, and he liked their outings. Well, he liked *Sapnap*, but he couldn't tell him that yet—or maybe ever—so he settled.

That wasn't the only reason he went on them, though. Since the day with Schlatt, even outside of school, Dream had been a lot more cautious about leaving his soulmate alone. Again, it wasn't that Sapnap couldn't defend himself, but Dream genuinely liked protecting him. It made him feel useful, and it was one of the few ways he could show he cared. Besides, making sure Sapnap was safe was a responsibility he wouldn't trade for the world, soulmate or not. Because even if they weren't quite lovers, they were way more than soulmates, and Dream hoped they would always be friends.

And if their days ended with Dream carrying Sapnap home and sleeping over in his room, who was he to complain?

The beginning had been rough, Dream wasn't too stubborn to admit.

After his mark had fully formed, he'd wanted to hate him, wanted to have a reason to move on from this part of his story and learn to live with his new expression, but life had other plans. And it wasn't like Sapnap was perfect or anything either; he didn't shit rainbows or sweep Dream off his feet—he did smack his ass off a slide and disfigure him for life, but hey, for their sake Dream was trying to forgive and forget.

Still, Sapnap was real and authentic, and he never tried to be anything he wasn't. And, despite his reservations, Dream really, really liked him.

They never really discussed what the term "soulmates" meant to them. Which was fine. They were young and uninterested in the aspect of finding a romantic partner the last time they mentioned it back when Sapnap was still in elementary school and Dream had just started middle.

Seeing as how often Dream was over at his place, it was safe to say that Sapnap's parents took the news just as well as his soulmate, meaning that after seeing the damage their son had unknowingly caused Dream for the rest of his unforeseeable future, they did their best to keep a straight face.

They didn't do a great job, their stifled giggles barely hidden between one another with poorly timed coughs and jabs to the arm, but their causality with him and each other made him more comfortable in his own skin than any others had so far.

Both of them were overjoyed at the early discovery of Sapnap's soulmate, and they made it clear that he was welcome back at any time. While initially worried that they'd reject him or be disgusted like his mother, he felt that his first impression went pretty well. And, years later, they still hadn't pushed him away anytime he showed up, even inviting him over for holidays and dinner.

Dream had suspected Sapnap's mother was questioning his parental relationships, but he assumed she respected him enough not to push, which caused him a strange mix of relief and anticipation. In the few times he'd spoken to her, she had been nothing short of kind and playful, and she gave him bittersweet hope for a future where he and Sapnap might be more, which included his her and his family, too.

In the past, before meeting them, he and Sapnap had been seeing each other at recess for a few months, becoming friends before the former had finally gotten around to inviting him over to be introduced to his parents and hang out after school.

At the time, Dream could remember sitting at their living room table after the introductions, waiting for Sapnap to come out of the bathroom and presumably lead him to his bedroom to show him around. Problem was, now that he'd been formally introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Nap, he had been unsure of where to go or what to do.

Meeting Sapnap's parents had seemed like the next obvious step to the two of them, but Dream hadn't really thought much further ahead. And to be honest, and who could blame him? He had been in third grade; for fucks sake, he didn't even know what the Pythagorean Theorem was yet.

Sapnap and him were only kids, and he knew that. They still were.

This was the tricky part about soulmates; no one got to choose when or where they met up, only how to deal with the aftermath of that meeting. Granted, most of the people who found their "other half" were older—teens, at the very least—who skipped the friendship period to go straight into dating. The thing was: both he and Sapnap seemed comfortable where they were at. Which was okay, right?

It led to a deeper question, though: if dating was eventually the last step, what point were they at?

Oh. And that's another fucked up thing-

There was no "other half". Even back then, Dream had known he was young, almost 10 in two months, but he felt positive that Sapnap wasn't his other half. No one was.

Sapnap was amazing, like the friend he'd never had and sometimes wished he'd never met because of how great he could be. But he was a complement, not a missing piece. Being around him made Dream want to get better, to get stronger, to get smarter, to do anything and everything in his power to protect him and keep him as happy and weird as he normally was. Something about his entrance into his life made Dream want to improve himself for his sake.

That didn't mean he needed him.

But he did want him.

Fuck, even back then he'd still wanted him.

I'm just not sure how yet.

The world shouted praises at high school soulmates who married on sight, but realistically, Dream knew they could be anything that came to mind and felt right. There was no label on them other than the one they pasted with their own two hands. And somehow, that knowledge was even more frightening than if they'd never had a choice.

(here's a bonus for the first time Dream came over to Sapnap's house^^ an extension of what he's recalling above. also please look at my end notes on this one--i know it's kinda boring but i may or may not have McFucked up a little and i'm attempting to redeem myself)

"Dude."

Dream looked up in time just to watch Sapnap fling a rubber band across the room and onto his skin where his hoodie made room for his neck.

Ow. That fucking hurt.

The older boy was starting to think telepathy might've been a side effect of soulmates, because for as bad as Sapnap was at reading a room, he sure as hell knew when to bolt.

He never stood a real chance of outrunning Dream, but the boy with the marks let himself be beat to the younger's room.

Walking in, his first impression was that it was an average boy's room; solid cream-colored walls with various band posters and video game promo art hung up, but no outwardly defining features. He had some old, dirty clothes shoved into the corner of his floor, but otherwise, it was generally clean.

When he arrived, Dream crossed the room to plop himself on the brunette's bed, dark red and orange sheets covering the top. The older boy had an odd occurrence when doing that; he coincidentally went blind the moment he climbed on the bed, accidentally falling on Sapnap in the process of discovering his newfound disability, the victim in subject letting out a dramatic "Oof!".

Of course, being the sensitive soul that he is to Dream's totally real condition, Sapnap wasted no time in shoving Dream off with the loving comment of "Move! You're too fat!", to which the other boy snorted and shoved his shoulder in playful spirit.

Sapnap started half-heartedly talking shit about all of Dream's athletic ability going to waste when it came to some stairs, but it was almost worth losing to take in the younger's shaking chest and smiling eyes again.

God, I really missed him.

Which was kinda pathetic because it had literally been a weekend without him. Just one trip Sapnap's family had taken, only one weekend without weird ass "Do you think the Muffin Man was gay for Gingy?" texts at 1am or escaping from his parents by meeting up at the local park to eventually end up wrestling in the grass.

Yeah. Definitely pathetic.

"Hey."

Sapnap looked up from his never-ending roasting fest to dramatically turn to Dream.

"Yes, my heart?" He teased.

At Dream's unimpressed, deadpan expression, he giggled again, looking at him lazily with a lopsided grin. "What's up?"

Dream hesitated for a second before going on.

This could turn out really awkward.

"Nothing. I just— I really missed you, man."

At that, Sapnap froze a little and blinked wide eyes at him, a break in his shit-talking demeanor popping through. He relaxed a second after though and gave the other a genuine smile, getting up off his back slowly to sit up beside Dream.

"I missed you too, Dream," he said quietly, reaching up and around the other in a hesitant hug.

Dream hugged him back, holding on for a few seconds longer to rest his forehead on Sapnap's shoulder.

The closeness was nice.

No one had been that touchy with him since his mark had appeared. Not that he'd ever let Sapnap know that; even Dream himself didn't fully understand why the placement of his mark made such a big deal yet, he was sure that Sapnap would feel guilty someday if he knew what he'd accidentally done had caused any negative effect on Dream's life.

Still, the hug was really nice.

Also—Sapnap smelled like old sweat and 2-in-1 Walmart shampoo and conditioner.

Now, possessing that last nugget of unneeded knowledge was atrocious (seriously, even if you're seven, please for the love of god get separate bottles of shampoo and conditioner. i don't support this chaotic evil behavior, and neither does my version of dream), but even so, Dream figured he could learn to love it.

~~He could learn to love him.~~

Even after they pulled away from one another and started arguing about stupid shit, Dream still found himself staring at Sapnap once he'd turned away.

He liked where they were at.

He didn't know where exactly that was, but he could learn to live with whatever he and Sapnap decided they would be in their own time.

Yeah.

He could definitely learn to love him.

Chapter End Notes

i'm not sure if y'all caught it from the last chapter, but there was a time skip from Dream and Sappitus Nappitus being 7 and 9 to around 12 and 14...

i didn't lay it out well in the last chapter, but i'm trying to make up for itttt

i'm sorryyyyy ;-; but im repenting for my sins

SO

ITS NOT LIKE THEYRE CUDDLING IN CH.2 AND DREAM IS BEING
CONFLICTED EARLY ON WHEN THEYRE LIKE 8 OKAY THEYRE FIVE
YEARS OLDER

hopefully this helps y'all see why Dream is worrying about he and Sappy being too young for a relationship + all that

also again- this chapter is kinda slow, but i've already started writing some of the good parts, if ya know what i mean

(not that nasty yet, but you'll see :)))) so it gonna pick up real soon

as always, feedback, questions, and basically anything else are hella appreciated, so have fun + stay safe, my beautiful readers <3

I Call Dibs On Stabbing Rights When It Comes To This Fucker

Chapter Notes

there's hella angst in this one y'all, so if you aint comfortable with sobbing in front of your parents, read this one in the secrecy of your murder chamber or maybe you'll be fine, but like no joke- i've deadass cried four different times while writing this

then again, i was also listening to the Heat Waves song while proofreading, so that might have had something to do with it too ;-;

ANYONE ELSE STILL CRYING OVER THAT FIC BTW? CAUSE SAME

i was really nervous to post this one, and ngl i still am, so... yeah
cute parts are gonna follow in a chapter or two though, but for rn- character development or some shit
it'll state it in the chapter more naturally, but they're aged up again, fyi
(dream is a junior <17> and sappy is a freshman <15>)

OKAY SORRY THIS IS LONG

DONT DIE YOURE TOO SEXY AHAHAH

also sob fest is at my house, pull up @6 bois

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap never asked Dream out.

Not really.

And it wasn't like they were dating, either, but in all truth, it probably looked like it to everyone around them. Sure, they were really touchy, they held hands between classes just to feel the other, and even after all these years Dream still tended to carry Sapnap's shit whenever he complained, but it didn't have to mean anything.

While his reputation at school was still a confusing mess, opinions of him varying from person to person and depending on the hour, despite the fact that they honestly weren't together, people regarded him and Sapnap as they would any other couple: a package deal and completely off limits.

However, like most couples, they did do everything together.

So when Sapnap asked him if he had a suit for their high school's dance, Dream just rolled with it.

As it turns out, he didn't have a suit. Or anything that could pass as nice clothing, really. After the whole incident with his face, his mother gave up on taking family photos or going places that could be considered "formal", which Dream actually began to become grateful for as he grew older. It found out pretty quickly that it wasn't easy to pass off his mask as a fashion statement, and it probably wasn't worth the time or trouble of explaining his situation to everyone they came across anyway.

Luckily, Sapnap didn't own a suit either, so it made it that much easier when they both went looking.

They texted back and forth different addresses of stores for formal wear for a few nights, eventually settling on a small local shop only a few blocks away from their school. It was kind of a long walk—about 40 minutes one way—but the two of them were used to the exercise by now, and it wasn't too much of a hassle getting there before they'd arrived.

On the way over, they also discussed having dinner afterward at one of the fast food places nearby on the way back, deciding to make a fun night out of it instead of treating it as a boring chore to cross off their list. When texted and informed, Sapnap's parents were fine with it, and Dream already knew his wouldn't care.

Kinda feels like a date, Dream smiled and thought to himself as he opened the door with a ring for the other to head in.

"Damn. This place smells like shit," Sapnap whistled, stepping inside.

"Sapnap!" Dream shoved him. "Shh, that's fucking rude."

"Fucking *true*, you mean," the brunette grinned, dragging him by the arm over to see some of the clothes. Dream rolled his eyes, but smiled back; he should've known Sapnap wouldn't have manners in any store, regardless of how much it was expected.

They spent some time like that, Sapnap drifting from wall to wall while clutching the sleeve of Dream's hoodie to pull him along. The shop was exactly how he'd expected it to be from its description online; the people around were clean-looking and slightly posh, but the store itself was surprisingly empty, both in its number of customers and availability of suits. Their clothes were nice, though; not too fancy, but still formal enough to pass at the event.

After browsing almost the entire store, he and Sapnap had picked out a few plain suits in different sizes, Dream grabbing a tie on the way in as the smaller boy tugged him along defiantly toward the dressing rooms, pulling him in one as they reached the middle stalls.

"Oh," Dream said dumbly, not expecting them to share a changing room. Sapnap looked over his shoulder at him with a raised eyebrow while he locked the door. He snorted a moment after though, realizing what the other had been so surprised about.

"Relax, we literally strip all the time in front of one another before we sleep. Besides, as my prom date, I need your esteemed opinion on my clothes, and this is the fastest way for us to get out of here and find food," the brunette countered, leaving no room for argument.

"Fair enough," Dream complied, deciding it really wasn't worth his time to fight him on it.

Sapnap was right, anyway; the two of them were nearly naked in front of one another almost every night. The only change was that nighttime had always been the gateway to a different part of their friendship, the part that had the line between them a little more blurred than the one they drew during the day. Everything seemed a lot gentler and less serious in the dark, including the way they talked and acted around one another. In those moments, it was easy to pretend they could be more.

Not yet.

Dream hung their suits and pants on the hook behind him, turning back to where Sapnap had been only to see him shrug off his jacket and untie his shoes.

That was fast. Guess we're doing this now.

The blond got with the program, removing his hoodie and hesitantly pulling his shirt over his head, leaving him standing shirtless in the back of the stall while Sapnap still struggled with his shoes. He grabbed one of the plain shirts he'd snatched, leaving the tie on the side for until he'd put the rest of the outfit on.

"Dude, no." Sapnap shook his head as he eyed the black tie Dream had snatched at the last minute, grabbing it. "Here, I'll be right back." He shoved his suits into the blond's arms, his eyes lingering on the older boy's chest for a moment before slipping out the room with only one shoe on, the door half-open behind him.

Dream sighed and put the shirt he came to try on, leaning against the small part of the wall next to the entrance while he waited on the other. He came back quickly enough, though, carrying a dark green tie instead of the one he left with.

"*This*," he held it up, "is what you want."

The taller boy just rolled his eyes and took the accessory from his hands.

Despite having the chance, when dressing Dream turned to face away from his soulmate, keeping his eyes respectfully on the mirror when he examined himself. It was tempting, but he knew well enough that it wasn't night yet, and the younger boy would take the opportunity to tease him for anything he did while it was bright. And—less importantly—this wasn't how Dream wanted his first time seeing him to be like. If he ever saw Sapnap undressed, he wanted it to be under different circumstances, preferably when the other was aware of his gawking.

To his surprise, he actually ended up liking what he tried on; Sapnap couldn't know, but the tie he picked out did go a lot better with the outfit than his own previous choice. The brunette, on the other hand, wasn't wowed by anything he brought in, and he dragged Dream back out with him to find something else.

He and Sapnap were pointing at a mannequin bending over in a "fashionable" pose, snickering quietly between one another when someone spoke up behind them.

"Hey, boys, can I help you?"

Dream turned to face the voice, Sapnap doing the same, and he made eye contact with a tall, dark-haired man with a kind smile. He looked to be around his early to mid-twenties, and although he was larger than Sapnap, Dream still beat him by an inch or two.

"Uhh, I think we're all good, but thanks," he smiled politely, dismissing the guy and preparing to

turn back to the suits behind them, Sapnap's hand around his sleeve and his last comment mocking the mannequin still holding the most of his attention.

"Ah, okay. Y'all just look a little young to be here, that's all," the man explained, still smiling. He scratched the back of his neck, going on. "How old are you kids, anyway?"

The blond was quiet for a moment, but when Sapnap didn't answer right away like he usually would—*isn't he supposed to be the social one?*—Dream responded for them both.

"I'm 17, and this one—" he jerked his head toward Sapnap, "is 15. The occasion is just prom, so we aren't really looking for anything specific, but we appreciate the help."

"I see what you mean; I graduated a few years ago from the high school a couple roads away from here, so it hasn't been too long since my own prom," the guy continued to talk. "I'm Bryce, by the way."

"Nice to meet you, Bryce," Dream replied, giving him a tight-lipped smile in return.

Can this dude not take a fucking hint?

After the man didn't make a move to turn around and the silence stretched on, Dream spoke again in an attempt to not seem rude. "I'm Dream, and his name is Sapnap. You, uh, said you went to the high school near here, right?"

"Yeah!" The guy—Bryce—beamed. "It had some sort of fire one of the students started a couple years back that burned down a whole chunk of the campus. They had to rebuild it and all of that."

"That's the one."

When it became apparent that neither Dream nor Sapnap were going to start up new conversation, Bryce took a step forward, placing himself in the blond's space, whether it was intentional or not. He pointed past him over his shoulder—again, breaching his space—toward a rack of clothes and shelves littering the wall.

"You guys are kind of late to the shopping game, so there's not many options left in the store, if I'm being honest; however, those over there are most of our best selections." He came a little closer to whisper to Dream. "I personally recommend one of the green suits; I think it'd really look good on you."

"Thanks," Dream said slowly, swallowing uncomfortably. He rolled his shoulders back in an attempt to make himself bigger to the man in his space, not hearing anything from Sapnap at his back.

This guy is being really creepy. Like seriously- What the hell is his deal?

"Well," Bryce started, stepping back away to look at him and Sapnap. "if you need any help picking stuff out or getting a second opinion," his eyes shifted back to Dream's, "you know where to find me."

Not moving from where he was, Dream gave him a curt nod and watched the other flash him a smile that seemed a little too friendly as he walked away.

"Well, that was fucking weird," Dream muttered, turning to Sapnap. He wasn't even facing him, still looking over to where the rack the man had pointed out was. "Hey, what's up, dude?"

Dream touched the other's shoulder to get his attention, but he just shrugged off his hand.

"Nothing," the brunette responded.

"You sure...? You're usually a lot more talkative," the older boy joked, walking around his side to see him.

He's never refused touch before...

"Not that I can really complain. I'm just glad you didn't make some sort of inappropriate joke, or-"

He stopped talking, Sapnap looking down at the ground as not to meet his eyes. His shoulders were hunched protectively over himself now that the taller boy was in front of him, but the only other thing that was off was his flushed face, his eyes still glaring downward.

Oh.

Oh. I get it. That's why he was so quiet.

"Dude, stop staring," Sapnap hissed, elbowing him in the side so he'd back off when the other didn't look away.

"Sap-"

"It's not a big deal."

Dream swallowed, attempting to stop the shitty feeling that was quickly consuming him. "Says the guy blushing over some random salesman," he laughed, albeit a bit strained.

This hurts. This hurts so fucking bad. Please, please, make it stop-

Sapnap must have caught the change in his voice because he glanced at Dream with a funny look before turning away.

"It's fine. He was into you and not me, anyway. Let's just finish trying on stuff." The younger boy looked to another display and walked away from Dream to the next line of suits, the conversation obviously over. On what limited bright side there currently was, Dream thought he appeared to be embarrassed, but not genuinely upset.

Into me-? Geez, I know I'm almost an adult, but that's still gross.

Then again, Sapnap had a similar reaction to the man. Granted, he hadn't thrown himself at the guy the same way he'd come onto Dream, but the splotchy color across his soulmate's cheeks was enough to tell him what he'd needed to know.

Enough to make Dream feel insecure.

Enough to make him think about what ~~his mom had always told him~~ he'd always told himself.

In terms of muscle or height, he beat the other man, easy, but something dark in Dream knew that he'd never be able to compare with his conventionally attractive face. His mask was solid proof of that.

"He'll never want you, you know?"

Dream ignored her, focusing on the sound of his pencil scraping against the paper of his homework.

"Not really, at least. He knows what you look like now, sure, but when you both get older—that's when he'll leave you."

She came around to stand behind him, running a hand through his tangled hair, smoothing it out as she continued talking. Why was it that she only ever touched him when she wanted him to hurt?

"Love is easy when you're young; there's nothing to focus on but being there for one another. It's when you grow up that everything gets more tempting and... complicated."

She pressed a gentle kiss to the crown of his head.

"There's others he'll meet, others he'll see. He'll want them, and he'll want them badly. So badly that after a while, you won't even exist. You can hold onto him all you want, if you'd like, but I promise you, Dream, it'll will be one fight you won't win."

She turned his head to smile down at him, looking at him with a gentle venom he didn't think he'd ever understand as she swiped her thumb across his mark under his eye.

She scowled. He smiled. He'd never cry in front of her if he could help it.

It hit him later that his father was wrong. That the woman across the street was wrong. That everyone who had ever told him that it was the mark she'd hated and not him was wrong. Because for all her hostility toward the tattoo marring his face, it was his eyes that she always looked to when she tried to break him.

Just get through this night with Sapnap. You can deal with your stupid feelings later.

After Sapnap had walked away, the two of them continued to look around, Dream following a few steps behind the other, not particularly wanting to be within reaching distance and also knowing Sapnap had shoved his touch away earlier. They kept sifting through the remaining outfits left in the store until they found some that worked within Sapnap's price range, and although they casually joked with one another every now and then, it all sounded forced.

Dream specifically avoided the area with the green suits he'd been recommended, and whether Sapnap had heard the comment or not, he did the same. It wasn't until they passed the salesman again on the way to the dressing rooms and he shot a smile in their direction that was a little too friendly that the blond saw Sapnap look away quickly and he felt something in his chest break a little.

"What are you doing?"

Dream turned around, seeing Sapnap in the other direction. "Heading to the food place? We were gonna eat, remember?"

"Oh, yeah," Sapnap recalled. His voice sounded distant, like an echo devoid of emotion. Dream had been wrong. He was upset.

"I'm actually pretty tired, so... I think it'd be better if we just went another time."

Abandoning the idea, Dream walked toward where Sapnap was already moving away. He didn't say anything to convince him to change his mind or put in any effort to persuade him; if he was being honest, he wanted this night to end as much as Sapnap probably did.

Anything to forget the look on his face.

It still hurts.

After that, it took about fifteen minutes for things to go to complete shit.

"If you liked him so much you should've just asked him out," Sapnap growled, glaring at the ground beneath the table where they sat. "I'm sure he would've been *overjoyed*."

Dream tried not to react; logically, he knew Sapnap was just hurting and taking it out on him, but the memory of his flushed face replayed in his head, and he couldn't push down the vicious urge to bite back.

"You-" He cut himself off and looked away from the other to face the floor, shutting his eyes and closing his mouth.

"Say it," Sapnap seethed, almost yelling. "Fucking say it!"

As it turns out, there is merit to the saying "There's a first time for everything." Because for once in his entire fucking life, Dream was glad he wore a mask. At least this way his soulmate wouldn't know how he'd made him cry.

"Sapnap, you're the only one," he whispered, his anger giving way to something that felt a thousand times worse.

Even as he'd admitted what he'd dreaded would end them, the other only glared at him as tears streamed down his own face in the glow of the street lights, and Dream wondered for what might be the last time if his soulmate was ready to leave him.

You're the only one.

The rest of the walk home would've been awkward if they both weren't so exhausted from all of the emotional release the day provided. They didn't talk, and they kept a few feet between them as to not piss the other off; Dream suspected neither of them wanted to be physically comforted and would have preferred the empty chill of the night air to any pitiful attempt at apologizing right now.

His own house was about twenty minutes away from the brunette's, but even if life felt like shit right now and their relationship was a mess, Dream knew he never would have forgiven himself if something happened to Sapnap on the way home.

Crunch, crunch.

The noise stopped as the younger boy quit moving across the grass toward the door.

"Where are you going?" Sapnap said softly to him as the blond kept walking on the street past the Nap home. "Dream, we're here."

He was an asshole.

No matter what anyone could say to him, he knew that tonight was living proof of that.

There were a lot of times Dream was proud of himself for his patience and self-restraint, but even he slipped up every now and then.

So, as much as he wanted to kill the feeling where it stood, there was a small part of him tonight that allowed him to walk away, and it hoped it hurt Sapnap to realize that Dream was choosing to walk home alone back to his neglectful parents who hated him more than anything in the world over sleeping with his soulmate in the only place he'd called home for the past six years.

The worst part was hearing the crunching return as the one person he'd ever loved gave up on him and walked away.

Chapter End Notes

HELLO AGAIN GORGEOUS PEOPLE

idk if y'all actually read these

i legit don't blame y'all because i usually just come for the fic too, but i hope you guys are okay + taking care

i send you all love and knives because i get it- sometimes you just need to stab a bitch in the toe

also i cannot say this enough, i really love your comments- SOME OF YALL ARE REALLY FUCKING FUNNY TOO, LIKE SOMETIMES ILL STRAIGHT UP START CACKLING WHILE READING THEM
so thank you + goodnight (or good morning) <3

i'll try to get another chapter out soon, but i've been releasing them almost every day
and i don't wanna get burnt out, so i'll do my best

Let's Stab This Bitch In The Toe

Chapter Notes

ill keep this short

i'll explain why you've all been forced to suffer for the last two days in the end notes if you care

if not, i read fanfics too, so i get it + i take no offense :))

i love you guys + i appreciate your comments and your being here in general

don't die + drink sum milk so you can beat your enemies w them strong muscles <3

also- i dont know if it annoys y'all that i respond to your comments...

idk if you guys actually want me to respond to them, but they're always really sweet +

if you do end up being annoyed, sorry, but

DAMN IF U GUYS CAN TAKE TIME OUT OF UR DAY TO SAY SOMETHING TO ME, YOU BET UR ASS I CAN DO IT TOO

OKAY NOW GO ENJOY <3 OR DONT ;-;

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The morning after, Dream kind of wished he was dead.

He missed Sapnap.

Like—really badly.

He didn't regret anything he'd done, mostly because he'd kept quiet up until the end of their fight, and even then, he buried his face in his pillow, remembering what he'd said.

"Sapnap, you're the only one."

Did his soulmate even catch what he'd told him? Did he even care?

He hadn't looked like it at the time.

Dream closed his eyes and tried to block out the images of yesterday that wouldn't leave his mind. Sapnap's red face—the way he hadn't spoken to the man but had been unable to look at him, to look at Dream—and how he'd glared and cried the moment after Dream had spoken.

The worst part was that Sapnap had been that way because of him. Because of something he did. Which was dumb, because it's not his fault the guy Sapnap wanted was into him. Not to mention they were *literally* going to prom together.

Which... ouch. That one hurt a little.

He never actually asked. He called you his prom date as a joke, and you were stupid enough to think it might have meant something to him.

Dream sighed, staring at the wall.

The busted and unused—after Sapnap, he'd hadn't lived here; not really—calendar stared back at him.

Prom was a week away.

Dream looked down at the mask he'd removed the night before in his hands, brushing his thumbs across the front. People had left. Things had changed.

But after all these years, the mask had stayed. His mark had stayed. And so had his soulmate, up until yesterday.

I miss him.

It took three days for him to show up at Sapnap's house.

There were around three dozen missed calls and a quarter to a thousand unread messages sent from the other from yesterday up until the present hour, but Dream had wanted to do this in person. If he fucked this part up, he'd never forgive himself.

He didn't need Sapnap; even after all these years, he knew that. But walking through life without him—knowing he'd eventually be okay and move on—was something he didn't want.

Even if they stayed this way forever.

It hurts, it hurts, it hurts—

Any Sapnap was a million times better than no Sapnap, and he could learn to deal with it. Dream swallowed. He *would* learn to deal with it.

At the time he arrived, there were no cars parked in the driveway, something Dream was immensely thankful for. He didn't want Sapnap's parents to see him like this. He didn't want Sapnap to either, but the other boy's forgiveness was more important than his own pride right now, and he didn't want to push this off any longer than he already had.

The younger boy opened the door at the third ring, not looking much better than himself—old, wrinkled T-shirt he probably hadn't changed out of the last few nights, eyes red from crying, and the same hard-set eyes he'd had that night, small hints of exhaustion and relief visible.

I wonder if he still hates me.

Now, let it be known that Sapnap was great.

If today proved anything, it was that he definitely had his priorities in place, because he gave up pretty fast on staying mad after seeing Dream. But he didn't say anything. He just looked; first at his face, then his eyes, and back up.

Please don't hate me, please don't pity me, please, please, please—

Sapnap was still staring, and Dream couldn't blame him.

For all his time wearing a mask, the blond didn't bother to cover up what had happened. He'd left it at the house on his bed, next to his phone and every other thing he owned besides that which he kept at Sapnap's. Nothing had been as important as getting away, meaning he didn't have anything to hide the bruises. He didn't have the time. He didn't have the effort. Not today.

"You're so fucking stupid!"

Dream flinched, staring at the brunette wide-eyed.

"How could you leave? How could you go back to them, to *her*?" He yelled at the other, breaking down and crying at the door.

Dream steadied himself. He wanted to curl up and die, waiting to gain his soulmate's approval again, but he knew he deserved this. He'd run from a lot of things, but Sapnap wasn't one.

"It's not your fault, but you knew what they might do, and you went anyway! How could you leave me?" His face was red again—*like how he'd looked at that man*—unshed tears coming back to his eyes.

"Sapnap—"

"Why would you leave me like that?" He choked on his words.

Dream... didn't know what to say. What could he say?

I didn't leave you. Wrong.

I didn't mean to leave you. Also wrong.

I didn't want to leave you. He had. Just for a second to make it all go away, but it still counted.

He took a careful step forward, opening his arms, and, to his surprise, the smaller boy took the invitation, burying his face into Dream's hoodie with his hands clenched around the material, probably still angry but wanting solace anyway. "Now you're—" he hiccuped.

He didn't say anything else.

"Sappy, I'm fine, seriously," Dream tried for a light tone, but it came out as a whisper. This wasn't easy. None of this was easy. How did he ever think they'd make good lovers if they couldn't even work things out as friends?

"She fucking hurt you."

Dream didn't respond.

The blond sat with him where they were crouched over the door's entrance, holding the younger boy while he calmed down. He internally cursed himself. Other than the night a few days ago, he hadn't seen Sapnap cry since the walk home after the fight with Schlatt all those years back, and even then, he'd pretended to turn a blind eye to it.

Still. He shouldn't be crying at all.

At some point, Sapnap did stop and guided him upstairs by the sleeve to the bed where they laid down, both of them on their side facing the other with their legs tangled and Dream's head on his chest where they stayed. It was an odd fit with him having multiple inches on Sapnap as well as added bulk, but he and the smaller boy made it work.

Dream held his breath, feeling uncomfortably aware of the placement of his limbs around the other. He tried not to move around too much, though; he didn't want Sapnap to think he was pulling away.

It's just... this was new.

They'd never done this in the daytime before.

"Hey."

He felt Sapnap brush a hand through his hair gently, approaching him with it a lot slower than he usually would. A sharp pang of guilt ran through him.

"You can touch me," the blond muttered.

"Huh?"

"You can touch me. Like normal. I'm not made of glass."

The younger opened his mouth—probably to argue about the marks overlapping his inked skin—but decided against it, continuing to tangle his fingers through Dream's hair, a little less gentle now that he'd gotten the go-ahead. It felt nice, the motion comforting and affectionate where his mother's had always been mocking.

"You okay?"

Dream breathed in, tired and used to the pain from his face that he couldn't feel but could tell was still there. He was stuck in an odd place between desperately wanting to sleep this all off and needing to talk to Sapnap about what happened a couple of days ago so they could move past it and get back to the way they were.

To the way they've always been.

"Yeah."

Sapnap's free hand came up to run his hand over the back of Dream's shirt in a soothing motion.

"Why did you go back?" He asked quietly. "I thought we talked about this; that place isn't safe for you anymore."

He was right; they had talked about it a couple of months ago.

Sapnap's parents had picked up on Dream's habits first when he and Sapnap had begun hanging out, starting to piece together the loose rules and curfew along with the mass amounts of time the boy spent around their son and house. Similar to when he and Sapnap were still in middle school, Mrs. Nap checked up on him almost every time he came over, asking him about his day and how much of a whiny bitch Sapnap had been the past week while Mr. Nap consistently invited him over for meals and included him in their family events.

It wasn't until he began sleeping over nearly every night that they brought it up, and even then,

they made sure not to make a big deal of it, pulling him aside one day when Sapnap was in the shower to let him know that he always had a place to go should anything happen.

They must have clued Sapnap in soon after, because he mentioned it one night as they lied in bed, their conversation ending with Dream admitting his home life wasn't the best and the younger boy insisting he should stay with him. That was a good memory, though; they both agreed he'd come to Sapnap's if he ever thought his own house wasn't safe, although Dream hadn't taken him up on that offer for a while now.

He still hadn't. He didn't want to be a burden.

He wouldn't give Sapnap another reason to leave him.

"Promise me, this time," Sapnap spoke up. "Promise me you'll stay, or at the very least, come back if it happens again."

He... He could do that.

Still...

"Look, I didn't think—"

"I don't care," Sapnap said firmly. "I don't care what you thought, or what you currently think. If this," he motioned toward the bruising, "happens again, you come back."

"Or what?" He teased. It was always a little funny when Sapnap ordered him around.

"Or," his voice wasn't loud, but it was even. "I'll never talk to you again."

The blond froze at that.

Sapnap sighed, bringing the hand at his back up to his neck in what was probably an attempt to force him to look at him before he was cut off.

"It's not that hard, Dream. Just—"

"No one touches me anymore. They haven't for years."

The hand through his hair stopped for a moment, and a shameful, desperate panic ran throughout Dream before it came back a second later.

"What do you mean?" Sapnap asked quietly.

"The mark— No one's touched me since it appeared."

"Not to be an ass, but isn't that kind of a good thing in your borderline abusive situation? I mean— Shit, Dream. She fucking *hit* you. Screw borderline, that's like, actual abuse."

"Yeah, but she finds me gross because of the mark. She hasn't touched me in forever because of it, so I thought I'd be safe." He took the chance to slip an arm around Sapnap's side, pulling himself a little closer to his warmth. "It's why I went back. I just didn't think she'd actually—"

He cut himself off.

It wasn't that he was too emotional to go on, but fuck—what was he supposed to say?

"I thought she'd be too disgusted with me to beat me"?

"I thought the idea of touching me would dissuade her from ever actually doing it"?

Pity wasn't the goal in this conversation; honesty was. Still, Dream was starting to think some things might be better off unsaid.

When Sapnap didn't respond, he sat in the silence for a few moments before going on.

"Do you hate me?" The blond whispered.

Sapnap was still and quiet for a moment before he pulled back from the older boy, reaching behind his head to yank the pillow from its place and smack Dream in the side.

"Not going for the face this time, huh?" He groaned dramatically at the impact.

"Nah, you're incapacitated right now," Sapnap snorted. "Too weak for my full efforts. Heal up for me, and I'll go back to my old ways."

Dream laughed again, cringing a bit at the soreness it invoked, his cheek stinging. If it was still half as purple as it had been earlier, he probably shouldn't move around it too much. At his expression, Sapnap slipped the pillow behind the taller boy's head and sat up next to him where he followed, the younger cupping his face gently while Dream settled with his legs crossed on the bed facing the other.

"And no, by the way," he cracked a smile, "I don't hate you. Not yet."

"Looks like we've switched places. Last time this happened," he gestured to Sapnap's hands under his jaw, "I was cleaning you up after that fight with Schlatt."

The other boy rolled his eyes.

"You could've done it, y'know? Hit her back." His voice was questioning. "There's always been a lot of people you could've fought back."

Dream ignored the first question. "First off, the school has already seen me beat Schlatt, and second, people get creeped out now that I cover my face every day; it was fine when we were kids, but now that cute phase of 'I'm shy, don't look at me' doesn't cut it. I don't think I need much more intimidation on my side to be safe."

"Yeah, but other people wear masks too. That Techno kid is dressed like a pig and no one gives him shit either."

"Well, half the school is afraid he's gonna like, nuke the country when he's older, and the other half remembers the time he got voted 'Most Likely To Become A School Shooter', so, they've got some sense," Dream snorted. "Nice guy, though. Social skills need some work."

He thought back to that cursed science project he'd been partnered with Techno on. Well—never mind. Some things were better off unexplained and forgotten.

He shivered.

"Doesn't matter. He wears his mask too, and no one comes at him. At either of y'all."

"It's not what they do; it's what they think," the blond drew round circles on Sapnap's side where his hand still rested. He was probably going to regret asking this, but he was already in the deep

end, so, fuck it. "I mean, don't *you* think it's repulsive?"

Sapnap blinked at his mark, then up at his eyes.

"What, the mask? You're kidding, right? It's cool as fuck; you literally get to wear it around with no shits given." He paused. "Do you not like it?"

Dream hesitated before speaking. He needed to be really careful with this. The last thing he wanted right now was for Sapnap to be feeling like shit.

"It's okay, I guess... It bothers me a little that my face is so fucked up, but hey—what can we do?" He shrugged, feigning indifference and giving the other a smile he didn't return. "Don't you feel the same way?"

"Nah. It's a little insulting you think so lowly of it, to be honest. I know I don't have to live with it and you do, but that's how this great friendship was born." He mimicked the hand to the face rendition that was how Dream acquired his mark.

He's literally the Walmart version of a theater kid, Dream smiled. *Disgusting*.

"Besides," he went on, quieter, "it may be your tattoo, but it's also my soulmark. As 'unconventional' as it may look to other people, it's proof that you're mine, in whatever way that is."

"In whatever way that is".

Dream pushed that to the back of his mind to overthink about later. He wasn't going to give into that sappy comment that Sapnap might not have even meant that way right now.

So, he did the next best thing and smacked him with the pillow back. The other just snickered in response.

Taking the chance their proximity provided, Dream reached up to touch the other's markings, twin hand prints framing the place between the top of his collarbone and his shoulders from where he'd shoved him that day in elementary. Sapnap let him, lowering his arms but not his hands so Dream could have more access without his elbows in the way.

They didn't usually touch the other's marks; it felt too personal to be so casual.

Sapnap also shifted and sat back on his legs so he could reach Dream better. He brought one of his hands down, the other still hooked partly under the taller boy's jaw, and carefully brushed his thumb over the bruising covering his soulmark. It wasn't enough to hurt, but Dream felt it.

This weird dance they were in... it wasn't uncomfortable, necessarily, but having Sapnap's eyes on him like this felt... intimate.

It was scary.

It was exciting.

The hand at his jaw slid down to the back of his neck and drifted down to his upper back where it stayed. Dream's back tensed instinctively, the muscles underneath flexing for a moment under Sapnap's hand until they relaxed a second later. The corner of Sapnap's mouth twitched up before going back to normal.

They were... really close right now.

Knowing it would be really embarrassing if he got called out, Dream tried to focus on the other boy's eyes, his hair, his hand, anything except his lips, but his gaze kept slipping down.

Go for it.

Don't fuck this up.

Just do—

"I didn't..." Sapnap broke their silence. "I wasn't blushing, y'know?"

Dream blinked at him.

What.

Sapnap must have been able to smell his stupidity because he sighed and explained.

"At the store, dude. I was just... kinda pissed he was making a move on you right in front of me. I was really trying not to be a whiny bitch about it, but that didn't work, obviously. Even if you misunderstood everything. So, I'm sorry."

That didn't make sense though...

"But— Your face. It was red. Like, red-red."

Sapnap looked behind Dream at the mirror on his wall. Then he gestured to his current face, also red from his earlier tears and emotions. "See? Still red. But it's not a blush. Plus, I doubt you saw my eyes; I didn't full-on cry, but I was definitely looking down for a reason."

"Oh," Dream said softly.

Sapnap rolled his eyes. "Pay attention to detail next time, idiot."

His hand slid further down the center of Dream's back and he leaned in, pulling the other boy into a hug. The hand on his face went to the small of his neck to hold him there in place, and they stayed like that for some time before pulling apart.

They both needed a nap after that shitstorm.

It took until the time Dream was halfway asleep to realized he probably could've gone for that kiss, but he'd lost his shot.

okay so heres whats up

i write on a website called cryptdrive.

long story short, apparently there was a really bad data-center outage that they were trying to fix so i couldnt write for a day and a half

I DIDNT MEAN FOR YALL TO DIE AND WALLOW IN PAIN
I WAS SUPPOSED TO HIT YALL W THE INSTANT RELIEF AND
RECONCILIATION SO IT WOULD ALL BE HAPPY ;-;

because this is kind of a three-part arc in the story (shopping, dance, ~after~) i was planning on releasing the chapters continuously instead of switching between this fic and my other one (which would've taken twice as long) because i assumed y'all would like that better so you aren't dying and in pain

(again im a fanfic reader too and i get it- slow updates are shitty + make the soul hurt)

i will be continuing Pretty Boys And Sharp Knives btw--again, im just focusing on this one for another day or two so we aren't in eternal angst

OKAY OKAY THIS IS LONG ENOUGH

if this whole chapter pisses you off, im sorry but im also not

this is NOT meant to be a cliché soulmate au

this is supposed to be semi-realistic, and lets be honest, misunderstandings happen all the time + if i had a dime for every time i thought someone was crying when they were just blushing or some basic shit like that, id have like seven dimes

which aint a whole lot but its fucking annoying that its happened more than once >:O

again idk if anyone actually reads this, but if you do, i hope you liked the chapter :))

as always, stay safe lovelies + commit war crimes <3

Dream Doesn't Actually Need To Pee

Chapter Notes

AHHHH HI

i'm posting early as an apology for missing yesterday :)
(i know i don't have to post daily, but there was hella angst last time)

also, please keep in mind when reading that this isn't meant to be an "ideal soulmates" idea

this was initially supposed to be way darker, and it's just gonna get angstier as we go on (ofc w cute moments in and out)

but as much as i want you all with me, i know some of us aren't into that bc the pain is ~intense~, so this is your warning to back out now

see y'all later, lovelies <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream ended up going to prom.

They both did.

The dance was boring, if he was being honest, but it's not like he had high expectations going in anyway. Sapnap seemed to enjoy it though, and, unlike Dream, he actually danced. He wasn't the best, expectedly, but he was better than Dream could ever hope to be, and it was entertaining at the very least.

He'd watched the younger boy, leaning against the wall in the corner of the room and holding both their drinks while the other had abandoned him to have some fun and move in the stuffy room. He'd laughed at first; Sapnap's moves had started off uncoordinated and awkward, making for an endearing sight among all their other classmates who either stood stiffly to the side like himself or were way too into the music. But he'd evened out later once he'd gotten whatever it was out of his system, and, by the time they left, Dream had seen him dance—really dance—and was genuinely impressed.

It wasn't often that he took up the Nap's offers to eat out with them, but he hadn't bothered to turn them down this time. He'd been having too much fun that night to feel guilty, and he could almost tell for certain that they were relieved to be allowed to care for him, if only in a small way. Both had been pissed to see his bruises—which had mostly healed—and insisted he stay with them for at least the next week.

Tired from everything, and with a little prompting from Sapnap, he agreed, but only under the condition that they didn't report the situation. Ultimately, he was able to convince them by reasoning that he was 17, 18 in a couple months, and he'd be out of the house soon anyway once he was an adult. Plus, he doubted his mother would try what she pulled again; she was aware of where he was and didn't care. So long as he stayed here, he was fine.

That had always been the unspoken deal between them: "Stay out of my way, and I'll stay out of

yours". Besides, filing a report would just complicate things; he'd rather just leave them once he was able with no strings attached.

They weren't too happy about it, understandably, but the other three had understood and respected his decision, and, as much as he wished it were under better circumstances, Dream would be lying if he said this last week hadn't been one of the best times of his life.

It was confirmed. Sapnap was a dictator.

Not only that, but he had a thing for beating people with cushions. Or maybe he was just cashing in his promise to aim for Dream's face after he'd healed.

It was hard to tell with him.

Sapnap rolled on top of Dream where they laid on the bed and smirked, holding the pillow high above his head.

"C'mon, Dream, all that strength and you can't even steal a pillow?" He cackled, throwing his head back to smile triumphantly at the ceiling.

I'll do you one better.

In a quick move, Dream lifted his upper body forward to meet Sapnap's level so he was sitting up with the other in his lap, and he grabbed the beaten pillow, the shorter boy still holding onto it. He then used his free hand to shove his soulmate to the side and down onto the bed, but accidentally got pulled with him when the brunette didn't let go.

"Ha! I still win, dumbass!" Sapnap screeched, his hands above him where he maintained his ungodly grip on the poor pillow. He stayed there and laughed for the better part of a minute, one of those laughs where eyes stayed shut and his grin never left, his face and part of his body barely illuminated by the lamp across the room.

"You sure are staring a long time," he leaned back flat on the bed again, looking up at Dream with a shit-eating grin once he'd stopped. "What, you think I'm pretty or somethin'?"

The two of them had started flirting between the jabs and insults during the last week; Dream wasn't sure if it was the long exposure to one another kicking in or the newfound openness between them now that they'd working through their first fight. Whatever it was, though, Dream didn't really mind.

A selfish piece of him just hoped some part of it was real.

"What, you think I'm pretty or somethin'?"

Deram snorted. "Pretty fucking annoying, more like."

You're gorgeous when you wanna be.

"Careful, you might just hurt my feelings, Dreamie," the other clutched at his chest dramatically.

He looked down at Sapnap, the younger staring up at him from his place beneath him with a soft smile. The moment Dream realized he was still between the other boy's legs where he'd fallen with him, he cleared his throat and rolled onto his back next to Sapnap, trying to calm down. It would be really fucking embarrassing if he popped a boner from some friendly wrestling.

"Smooth moves asking me to go to prom with you, by the way," Dream teased in an attempt to loosen the slight awkwardness around them at his sudden exit.

"Oh, yeah, you liked that?" Sapnap shot back, looking over at him with a smirk. "I figured you would."

Dream rolled his eyes. "For real though, that confidence was admirable. It's like you didn't even consider the fact that I might've had a date."

"Ha!" Sapnap laughed, turning to face him. "You? With a date? Yeah, right. I know I'm all you think about, anyway," he spoke playfully, brushing a hand down the side of Dream's face over his cheek.

"You ass," Dream sneered, shoving his hand away.

His heart was beating really fast. Fuck.

"Your bruises look a lot better. I almost couldn't tell tonight."

The blond smiled. He hadn't gone back to retrieve his mask or any of his stuff yet, so he'd gone to the dance uncovered, the only time he'd gone out in public purposefully without it in the last few years.

He and Sapnap had received a lot of questioning looks when they entered, the stares never quite ending up until the event was over. Only a few old classmates from elementary knew what he'd looked like pre-mask, and even then, it had been years since that time, so they'd been curious as well.

Sapnap's hand came up to trace around his mark, sliding into his hair on the way.

"You ever think about how the stupidest people always turn out to be the cutest?" Sapnap asked, reaching down to grab Dream's hand and play with his fingers lazily.

He'd also gotten a lot more touchy recently. Which was great and all, but kinda distracting.

Okay, really distracting.

"Well, yeah," Dream said, trying to focus on anything but Sapnap touching him. "I think it's cause they gotta be balanced, y'know? Their brain is like 'Oh, fuck, so they can't be smart, guess we gotta make 'em hot'-'"

The younger turned on his side to face him, still holding his hand casually, Dream's fingers wrapped loosely around his own.

"Shut up," Sapnap snickered, the harsh phrase sounding almost affectionate.

Dream snorted in response.

"What, don't like being responded to with bullshit? Exhausting, I know," he smiled. "And to

actually answer your totally accurate assumption: I dunno. Some people are just really fucking dense, man."

"Like you."

The older boy looked up at him, eyebrow raised. "Nah, I'm pretty observant. I don't know if you remember, but there was that time when—"

Dream watched Sapnap roll his eyes and drag a hand down his face, looking for all the world like he was going to throttle someone.

"Ugh," Sapnap groaned, his voice sounding soft over the moving fan above them as he propped himself up on one arm and turned to face Dream. "This is almost too much fucking work."

Dream lifted an eyebrow again and opened his mouth to ask what that was supposed to mean, but in classic Sapnap fashion, he was beaten to the chase.

"Why haven't you kissed me already?"

Dream stopped working.

Like, his entire brain just shut down. But Sapnap was still staring at him expecting an answer, so he responded accordingly.

"I- What?" His voice cracked.

That was attractive.

The other boy rolled his eyes, but kept his face serious. "I said, is there a reason you haven't kissed me yet, or...?"

"Um... Or?"

Pull yourself together, what the hell is going on with you-

"Or" is not a third fucking option, oh my god-

"Oh my fuck- Or are you just being a pussy? Is there another reason? Jesus, this isn't complicated, Dream."

"I don't-" He couldn't breathe. This wasn't happening.

I actually can't do this.

Dream was cool.

He was good with pressure.

Not once had he ever been thrown into a situation he didn't know how to deal with.

He was fine. He had a plan. This master plan included the bathroom.

"Bathroom!" He yelled, planning to lock himself in and calm himself down enough to be stable enough to where he didn't fuck this up.

He sat up quickly to get off the bed, but he didn't get very far before Sapnap grabbed the neck of his shirt, pulling him down and kissing him, *hard*. It was short, just enough to test the waters and see how it would feel, but it was over too quickly. Or maybe not quickly enough. If Dream thought he was brain dead earlier, this was a whole new experience.

After the initial contact had been made, it was only a second or two until Sapnap was pulling back, his lips slowly sliding away from Dream's, who still hadn't moved.

He officially couldn't think.

Sapnap sighed, laying back down.

"You don't actually have to use the bathroom, do you?"

Dream shook his head dumbly, still staring at the other.

"Cool. Then we're gonna go to sleep and talk about this in the morning because you *obviously* can't deal with it right now."

"I-"

Sapnap tugged him down to where he was laying and positioned them so Dream could spoon him, his chest pressed to the other's back. They were quiet for a while, and although they were close, the tension became bad. Very bad.

"I'm sorry," he whispered into Sapnap's hair, tightening his arms around the other boy.

"Don't be."

"I don't want things to change," he said quietly. "Well, I mean, I *do*, I just don't want us to-"

Sapnap jabbed him in the side beneath the ribs and he let out a startled "Ow!"

"Shhh. Dream, we're fine. I promise. Now shut up so I can sleep; we'll talk about everything tomorrow."

"Okay, but how did you know?"

"Know what?" Sapnap was getting snappy now, but Dream really wanted this information.

"Know I liked you. How could you tell?"

"Dude. You're like—really fucking gay." When Dream poked him in the side back with a "shut the fuck up", he whispered something else. "Also, I uhhhh... I heard you. When you said I was the only one. In the street. I just kinda assumed..." he trailed off.

"Oh..."

"Yeah..."

"Ugh, that's such a lame get-together story," Dream whined, smiling in the dark.

Sapnap just snorted in response and cuddled closer, and the last thing Dream heard before giving in to sleep was a soft "idiot" from in front of him.

As nice as things were turning out though, Dream was already dreading tomorrow.

It was gonna be *really* awkward.

Chapter End Notes

i'll try to remember to give warnings for hella angst + smut
(prob next chapter or two) :0

but yeah...

following up on the beginning notes, people make mistakes, same as these characters that involves being dumb and not seeing what's in front of you, sometimes coming off as an asshole when your heart is in the right place, + all the other fun parts of a relationship like having trust issues and being jealous

i hope you guys are doing all right + happy
if not, i'm sorry and i promise everything will be okay :))
okie bye bye <3

Mrs. Nap Is Now Suicidal Someone Call Life Alert

Chapter Notes

AYEEEE WE'RE BACK BOISSSSSS

THANKS FOR WAITING-

OKAY SO I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS AS ALWAYS, I LOVE YOU ALL + YOUR COMMENTS MAKE ME CACKLE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT)

ANYWHO

I MISS YOU ALL SO STAY SAFE + TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF OR ELSE I'LL BE SAD AND CHOOSE VIOLENCE

DRINK WATER PLEASE <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

So... it wasn't awkward. Not in the slightest.

Mostly because there was very little talking.

By the time Dream had woken up, eaten breakfast, and gone on to shower for the morning, he realized there was nothing stopping him from kissing Sapnap. Or doing anything, for that matter. And, as much as he liked to believe he wasn't as stupid and impulsive as the majority of other people their age, he was still a teenage boy with teenage needs wanting to do teenage things.

Specifically with Sapnap. *His soulmate*, Sapnap.

Now knowing this, he didn't bother holding back.

Well-

Much.

He sprinted out of the bathroom, slowing down as he entered Sapnap's room.

"Sapnap."

Ten steps, seven, four.

Sapnap turned around from his closet, shirt in hand. "Yeah, man?"

Two.

Close enough.

Dream walked into the kiss, stopping his movement once he got close so they wouldn't collide too harshly. Sapnap breathed deeply in surprise, his eyes sliding closed, and Dream almost snickered before his mouth got tugged closer, a hand in his wet hair pulling him down.

It occurred to him for a half-second that maybe they should talk things through before doing this stuff—like any sane almost-couple—but as Sapnap dragged his hand down from his head to the front of his hoodie, the material still sticking to him from the shower water, and yanked him forward to get rid of the extra room between them, he really couldn't find it in himself to care.

Given the chance, he pressed closer and unintentionally shoved Sapnap a little further into the closet where he stumbled, but regained his balance holding onto Dream's arm. The movement did break their kiss for a second or two, but Sapnap just laughed a little under his breath and leaned back in, reaching a hand up to skirt along Dream's neck and rest behind it.

Trying to keep them both upright, Dream braced an arm over their heads on the door frame as not to crush his soulmate, but Sapnap kept pulling him against his own body which was making it increasingly difficult for him to focus on keeping them standing. Even with him leaning down, Sapnap had to stretch up a bit, and Dream opened his eyes to see a glimpse of skin poking out above his jeans.

That gave his mind time to catch up to the present right as Sapnap pulled away to breathe, panting and leaning his head against Dream's shoulder.

Dream hesitated, listening to his own labored breathing.

Am I allowed to... ?

Going slowly to give him every chance to stop him, he moved his hand to Sapnap's hip before sliding it under the hem, hearing a shaky inhale as a response. His skin was smooth where Dream touched, and as he rested it on his lower stomach, he wondered how much farther he'd be allowed to explore. He trailed his fingers up, and Sapnap shuddered against his chest, but-

There was a small knock.

A very quiet knock.

Dream pulled away like Sapnap was fire.

Shit.

Mrs. Nap was at the open door wide-eyed, and Dream would be panicking even more if she didn't look like she wanted to crawl into a hole and die almost as much as he did. And probably Sapnap.

Dream glanced over at said person and saw that he was just grinning, his lips a bit red from their kissing and his hair kinda fucked up, but not looking at all embarrassed.

Dream almost groaned.

Of course he wouldn't be.

Sapnap's mom swallowed awkwardly, her eyes moving from spot to spot on the floor for a couple seconds before gesturing between the two of them. "Sorry to barge in, but... is this...? Are y'all...?"

When neither one of them responded—Dream also keeping his eyes on the floor in mortal humiliation and Sapnap giving her a look that said "*What? Are we what? Go on.*"—she clarified.

Dream almost felt bad for her.

"Together... ?" Her voice went high-pitched and almost cracked.

All Dream could think about was thanking any god out there that Mr. Nap hadn't been the one to find them. At least Mrs. Nap was pretty chill; Sapnap's father would've probably laughed this all off after embarrassing them for as long as possible.

Or he'd strangle Dream for defiling his son.

That was also a possible option.

Realizing they still hadn't given her an answer, Dream turned to Sapnap to see that he was already looking at him, his head cocked in a question.

Are we?

"Boys?" Mrs. Nap tried again weakly.

Dream spoke just as Sapnap opened his mouth, and they both responded at the same time.

"No, we aren't."

"We definitely are."

Now. There weren't a lot of times Dream truly wanted to die.

Sure, there was the phase of teenage angst and the not-exactly-a-phase of depression and general wanting to do the death, but he didn't really want to *die*. However, in this moment, Dream considered the pros and cons of existing in this life. Because nothing—absolutely fucking nothing—could compare to how awkward of a silence was cast over them all.

Before Sapnap ruined it at least.

"What do you *mean* we aren't together?"

Dream flinched away at the loud shriek, and he covered his mouth so he wouldn't start laughing. Sapnap would *beat him* if he laughed at him in a situation like this.

He didn't look angry, per say, but the aggressive confusion painted over his face paired with the almost-panic in his voice wasn't doing him wonders. Not to mention he still looked like a mess from earlier.

Either way it was *hilarious*.

"Sap-" Dream coughed to mask his amusement, but he ultimately couldn't hide his laughter and doubled over as the other interrupted.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I must've read the signs wrong," Sapnap fired at him. He still didn't look angry, but fuck the universe and everything in it if he wasn't dramatic as hell. Hands on hips, the weird entitled-mocking Karen stare, and all available sass were equipped. "Did we *not* just make out? Did you *not* just shove your hand up my shirt? Was your tongue *not* in my mouth?"

Dream couldn't fucking breathe.

He couldn't look up at Sapnap either. The floor was his closest friend in this moment; he'd fallen

completely onto the ground and was laying there trying to regain any piece of composure.

"We-" Dream tried. He was smiling so hard. "You said we'd talk about it in the morning! I took that as a 'not yet, but almost' sort of situation!"

"Yeah! And then you came running out of the shower to hump me or some shit!" Sapnap's voice was just as high as his mom's had been. Which—*oh fuck, his mom. Shut up, Sapnap.* "That's as clear as an 'okay' can get!"

Dream looked up at her.

He felt so guilty for putting her through this, albeit unintentionally. Alright, not really, but he had a decent amount of sympathy. Some people deserved better in this life.

Because still standing at the doorway, poor Mrs. Nap was just staring off distantly at the wall, and Dream felt a sense of appreciation knowing he wasn't the only one who thought death was a better option than dealing with this.

Finally noticing how silent Dream had gotten and the walking therapy session that was his mom breaking down, Sapnap quieted, but he still didn't look embarrassed. Dream almost sighed. He really had no shame.

The room stayed quiet until his soulmate spoke again, smirking a little at his mother.

"I bet you really regret having kids right about now."

The beloved-by-all-honest-to-god-saint-that-had-to-deal-with-Sapnap-on-a-daily-basis-Mrs. Nap just nodded in agreement and defeat before walking slowly away, giving a half-hearted "Figure your shit out and use protection" as she closed the door.

Sapnap looked over at him.

Dream looked over at Sapnap.

He watched as Sapnap glanced over his shoulder at the mirror on his wall and took in his own ruined hair and clothes—courtesy of Dream—his mouth quirking up to the side. He looked Dream up and down, assessing the damage, turned back to see himself again, and then stared him dead in the eyes, nodding once.

"Nice."

It took about ten seconds for them to both burst out laughing.

"*Dude!*" Dream slapped Sapnap on the shoulder once he'd guessed his mom was out of earshot. "You can't just say shit like that in front of," he let out a wheeze, "your *mom!*"

Sapnap grinned back. "It's fine! She knows we're soulmates, and she doesn't care what we do." As Dream opened his mouth to argue, he went on. "She'd make us sleep in separate beds if that were the case. We could probably fuck, and she wouldn't even care."

Dream just grinned back at him and rolled his eyes. "Whatever. So are we dating, or are we dating?"

The brunette crossed his arms, and Dream knew he was going to be in for some shit. Luckily, it looked like Sapnap was at only like—30% sass, so that was relatively manageable.

"I don't know; *are we, Dream?* Which, by the way, not supporting me in that convo was really not pog of you. That was my mother!"

"Yeah," Dream snorted, "the same mother you confessed to making out with me to. But *now* you care about decency?"

"Of course."

"Because it fits your purpose?"

"Exactly!"

"Also—humping, really? I wasn't *that* aggressive." Sapnap stared at him with a deadpan "Don't try me, bitch" expression. "I'm serious. There was no humping going on, whatsoever!"

"Not yet, there wasn't. But," Sapnap grinned, "you totally would've."

"You—" Dream shook his head, walking away to lay down at the edge of their bed.

Oh— "Their" bed.

"Go on. What am I, pissbaby?" Sapnap followed leaning over him where he was, his eyes playful.

Dream barked out a laugh, shoving him away. "You smell and need a fucking shower, that's what. Also 'pissbaby'? That's a new one."

"Consider it a term of endearment," he called, walked away from the bed and swooping down to snatch the forgotten shirt he'd been trying to retrieve from the closet. "Now, I'm gonna go take that shower you reprieved me of. Try to control yourself and not peek at the goods."

Dream sat up and opened his mouth right as Sapnap reached the exit.

"See you later!"

He was blown a drawn-out kiss before Sapnap shut the door to their room, leaving Dream to recap everything that had happened in the last fifteen minutes.

Or not. That was a lot of brain work, and nothing seemed to be in immediate concern.

~~Except Sapnap's dad, but shhhh... that's a problem for another time.~~

He looked out the crusty window next to Sapnap's bed to watch the clouds move, taking in the calmness and everything around him. He ignored how the sky reminded him of that pretty blue color he kept seeing in his dreams. Some weird part of him didn't care anymore.

It wasn't important right now.

And as long as Sapnap was with him, he didn't think it would ever be.

Their bed was soft under him. His hair was still wet. The shower could be heard being turned on from the bathroom, and, if he listened hard, Dream could hear a really bad cover of some Taylor Swift song being sung by the love of his life.

God, he smiled to himself.

What a fucking idiot.

Chapter End Notes

imma probably take off a day or two for christmas, but then again- i have no real clue :)

SPEAKING OF WHICH-
HAVE A GOOD FLIPPIN CHRISTMAS LOVELIES >:D

i'm really thankful for all of you following this fic (and if not- if you're new or lost, hello :)) and i hope you guys know that you mean a lot to me <3
also i smell you when you comment, and i'm not THAT mean, so if you wanna say hi or somethin, don't be afraid

OKAY OKAY BYE BYE BEAUTIFUL RATS !!

Fucking Shrimp

Chapter Notes

HEY BOIS AND BROS

ummm so this fic now has 10, 000 hits??

i could be like every other basic bitch and say thank you + talk about how much i appreciate you all, but i thought it'd be more heartfelt and honest to tell you that you guys feel like the cult i never had

insert heart emoji here

okay i'll talk more about shit later, but for now, i love y'all so much + i hope you enjoy
<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

At a little over 6 foot, there wasn't a lot that could intimidate Dream.

Which was usually a good thing, to be fair. But the worst part of it was when other people—*shorter people*—tried. It wasn't that he really minded or anything, but having someone come to him and look *up* while spitting some bullshit about kicking his ass was... funny. And if there's anything the internet has taught him about short people, it's how much they hate being acknowledged as such.

They've got like—ten times the anger in half the body. Which also translates to half the capacity for anger management.

With Sapnap, it was kinda cute. Despite being the smaller of the two of them, he didn't really give a shit, and Dream didn't tease him about his height a lot anyway. He knew Sapnap wouldn't hesitate to suffocate him with a pillow in the middle of the night if actually pissed off, and some fights weren't worth winning.

Now...

Sapnap's *father*...

"Look, all I ask is that you don't defile my son while I'm here."

Dream could smell Sapnap's glare from across the room. "*Dad*."

Mr. Nap held up his hands in mock surrender. "I'm allowed to talk to him! If you don't wanna be here for this, you don't have to stay. This is about Dream, not you. Experience has led me to know you won't listen to anything I say."

A few seconds passed where it looked like Sapnap was considering what Mr. Nap was saying.

Dream couldn't really disagree with the man, to be fair. He was right; Sapnap probably wouldn't end up obeying whatever rules or guidelines he'd be set. So naturally, Mr. Nap getting Dream—the one living under *his* roof and eating *his* food and dating *his* son—to agree with him would seem like the next best option for getting Sapnap to at least half-way cooperate.

Not that the Naps would blackmail him or threaten to throw him out if he didn't; Dream had been with this family for years, and if there was anything he knew, it was that they weren't that kind of people. However, their current situation did indicate that they couldn't exactly get rid of him, so gaining his support would mean he and Sapnap wouldn't have to be monitored 24/7.

Disappointment would be the worst-case scenario here. Which wasn't too bad.

Or Sapnap's wrath if he agreed to something he didn't like.

Dream shivered. He knew what *not* to do.

To his surprise, though, he turned his head at the sound of Sapnap getting up and off the couch where he'd been sitting between Dream and his father, likely deciding this was a waste of his time, especially now that he had been given explicit permission to leave.

Good for Sapnap. Bad for him.

Sapnap stood fully. They locked eyes in the process, and Dream knew his soulmate could see the panic in his face.

Mr. Nap smiled where he sat.

He knows too.

Sapnap's eyes flitted toward his father.

Please don't leave me here, Sap... Even you cannot be that cruel...

He smirked.

Don't you fucking dare—

"Well, I think Mom needs me right about now, so I'm gonna go find her. See y'all later." Sapnap skipped over cheerily to the other side of him and pressed a quick kiss to his cheek. "Bye, Dreamie!"

Dream made the mistake of looking over at his dad where Sapnap had previously been standing to make eye contact with the man and see a vein under Mr. Nap's eye twitch at his son's affection. They stayed quiet as Sapnap walked happily away, humming under his breath.

Okay, so no PDA. Got it.

He swallowed. Mr. Nap probably wasn't mad at him. Right? If anything, he should be mad at Sapnap.

He felt his hands start to get sweaty.

You're being stupid.

There's no way Sapnap's dad was upset with him; he hadn't done anything yet. Dream knew that technically, he was in the clear, and even now, Mr. Nap didn't really appear to be pissed.

Just slightly irritated at that kiss.

Which was Sapnap's fault.

So Dream was fine.

Way to stick up for your soulmate.

He internally sighed. Why was this so hard?

Mr. Nap was easy. She wasn't terrifying at all, unless you count the rare, psychotic "Don't fuck with me or my family" moods Dream had been fortunate to only witness once or twice. She usually didn't act on those, but it was still unnerving. Luckily, there was a... warning sign for when it was coming.

A facial expression, if you will.

Dream couldn't explain it even if he tried. He didn't think he wanted to, anyway.

Let's just say there was a reason he and Sapnap slept at Dream's house that day he got battered by Schlatt. In hindsight, Dream shouldn't be that surprised by it; his soulmate had to get his homicidal tendencies from someone.

It also should be noted that few things kept him up at night.

Among them was the idea of his mom ruining his happy life here, and everyone around him—including Sapnap—coming to the sudden realization that his face would never be fixed and leaving him because of it.

The last was for him to turn around in his sleep only to wake up and discover Sapnap had inherited that look—or mood—from his mom and find his soulmate awake and staring at him from a foot away.

He might actually cry if that happened.

But for the most part, she was the mother he never had, and Dream appreciated her weirdness more than he wanted to admit. He liked to believe that her lack of ability to deal with awkward situations—like earlier this morning—was what fed into Sapnap's counter-skill of dealing with them a little too much.

Not well, albeit, but enough.

Point was, it could be worse. Being glared at by someone two-thirds of his size whose build was reminiscent of that of a Barbecue Dad™ currently wearing cargo shorts and flip flops indoors was nothing compared to how bad it might've been if it was her instead.

Thankfully, she still seemed to be in a constant state of distress from walking in on them. Not-so-thankfully, she had let Mr. Nap know what was going on, and now it was his turn to deal with it.

Turning back to face the man, Dream realized he had scooted a little closer, and that Dream was now looking down. Like—*down*, down.

With a 45 degree angle of depression at best.

Yeah. *Best*.

Don't make fun of the short people, he reminded himself.

To his credit, it wasn't like it was a conscious thing he had to avoid, but sitting like this, he didn't want Mr. Nap to think that's what he was intending to happen.

Will he know if I keep looking down? Should I look away? Is it worse if I just look up?

Dream was getting uncomfortable at the silence, but he was trying not to make things any weirder than they already were. He knew he needed to find something, fast. Anything.

Mr. Nap was still looking at him.

Dream locked eyes with a plant in the corner of the room.

Ah, yes.

Conversation starter.

He coughed to break the quiet air. "That's a nice cactus you've got—"

"Try not to fuck my son while I'm in the house, yeah?"

Dream choked a little on air and almost wished suffocation didn't take so long.

Sapnap, come back, please—

"Mr. Nap, I'm not—"

"Yeah, you are. And he'd let you too, so just... please... not while my wife and I are present." He dragged a hand down his face and turned back to Dream.

He looked almost... desperate? If Dream had to put a name to it, that's the closest he'd be able to get.

Which made no sense. He stopped in his panic to try and understand what was going on.

Dream genuinely couldn't tell if Sapnap's father was begging or trying to intimidate him. On one hand, he had a dead-inside expression that indicated he wasn't going to take any of Dream's shit if given, and that he wasn't willing to back down on this.

And on the other...

He looked like he was going to cry if Dream said no.

Dream couldn't really blame him, though. If he had a kid and was stuck taking care of their soulmate, one of his only wishes would be not to hear the bed shaking from downstairs either.

Dream blushed a little thinking about that.

Would I top, or... ?

"Dream."

"Umm, yeah?"

He fought the instinct to curl in on himself.

If Sapnap didn't get his ass back here soon, he might die from embarrassment and shame. Dealing with the aftermath of spacing out in front of his temporary caretaker and probably future father-in-law in *this* conversation was not something he wanted to do for longer than necessary.

Kill me. I'm ready to go.

"Sorry, I was just—"

"I don't really care," Mr. Nap pinched the skin between his forehead as he looked down at his lap in... whatever he was feeling at the moment. "I'm going to be real frank with you right now. Are you gonna bone him or not? Cause Mrs. Nap and I will plan grocery trips and outings around that shit so we can avoid it."

Dream blinked.

Hold up—

"Condoms? You've got em," Mr. Nap was moving his hands around vividly, and Dream was getting the feeling that this conversation was, in fact, borderline begging. Maybe he was right about that desperation thing. "Need us out of the house for half an hour at the last minute? Oh wow, look, there's suddenly a brand new restaurant we've got to try seven streets away!"

"Wait," Dream brushed a hand through his hair—he had to admit, it was really nice to be able to go mask-less in his own home, even if it was just temporary. Way more comfortable. "You're fine with Sapnap and I... y'know?"

Mr. Nap looked up at him, wide-eyed in desperation—*don't make it obvious you're looking down*—and he nodded vigorously. "Yes! Do what you want! Just not while we're here. Also, obviously ask for consent, but I doubt he'd have anything against it. Sapnap's been crushing on you for forever."

Dream sat back against the couch where he'd been leaning forward this whole time. "Wait, so, you're serious?"

Sapnap's father stared into his eyes. "Dead serious."

A snort escaped him, and Mr. Nap's eyes got a little darker.

Fuck, don't laugh at the tiny people. Hold it in.

"Sorry, I'm not laughing at you," he clarified, another chuckle escaping him as he did so. "And of course; I'd hate for either of you to have to hear that shit. You have my word."

Still eyeing him semi-aggressively, Mr. Nap let out a sigh of release. "Thank god." He readjusted his glasses. "I can't say for certain, but I have a feeling Sapnap's going to be loud; however, I do *not* want to be present enough to find out for sure."

Dream didn't bother covering his laugh this time, and Mr. Nap grinned back at him, getting up to pat him on the shoulder and head to the kitchen. "Good luck dealing with that one."

"Thanks, I'll definitely need it."

This... wasn't too bad. Wasn't bad at all.

Sapnap's parent's were oddly chill for the most part, and they cared about their son a lot.

And maybe me too.

Dream smiled to himself. There might be a place for him here.

He stood up too, just as Sapnap came around the corner to look at them both with narrowed eyes. "Seriously?"

At Mr. Nap's raised eyebrow, he went on, "First of all, yes, I was eavesdropping."

Dream rolled his eyes. Of course you were.

"Second, you were supposed to kick his ass, *dad*. And third, *really*? You think I'm gonna be *loud*?"

His father just smiled lazily. "Son, you're already loud. And even I don't think I'm lucky enough for that to change as far as sex goes." He turned to open the fridge and take out a beer.

It was 10am.

Then again, if he was Sapnap's parent, Dream would need alcohol to deal with his sass this early too.

"And about me beating Dream," Mr. Nap opened the beer with a satisfying fizzy noise, "the guy is like 6'3"! What do you want me to do? Headbutt him in the arm or somethin'?"

Sapnap scowled, "Okay, but—"

"I'm almost 60, kiddo! Soulmate or not, I'm trying to die early by this wall of a man," Mr. Nap gestured toward Dream, who was still standing to the side looking between Sapnap and his father at their interaction. "No offense meant by that. Height is in right now for dating, anyway." He leaned over to where Sapnap was crossing his arms and glaring half-halfheartedly. "You hear that? Being tall is *trendy*. Good boyfriend for you, Sapnap."

"I'm gonna end this conversation and go with the conclusion that you don't love me and won't fight Dream for my honor," Sapnap replied, sniffing dramatically.

"It's okay, love," Mrs. Nap turned the same corner and made an appearance to grab an apple from the counter, phone in hand from work. Dream didn't know what it was that she did, and he was a little scared to ask Sapnap and find out. But he was glad to see her out of her office where she'd been hiding out all morning. "If he breaks your heart—or anything else—I'll defend you."

She made mock karate moves toward him, and Dream grinned back. He almost responded with his own fighting gestures, but on the off chance it might happen, he didn't want to scare her.

That was the one thing that sucked about being as large as he was.

As much as he loved being able to protect people, almost anything he did could be used against him in argumentative situations and be deemed as aggressive, even if he meant no actual harm.

Even as they were kids, Dream tended to hold back in play fights and wrestling matches with Sapnap. While he knew logically that the chances of harming him were low, the possibility that it might happen if he wasn't careful was always present in his mind's eye. Now that they were older, Sapnap seemed much less breakable, but the fear had never really gone away completely.

Sapnap broke his thoughts like he always did.

"Thanks," he said sarcastically, turning on his heel to leave. "Hear that? At least Mom loves me."

"Someone's gotta," Mr. Nap muttered under his breath, smirking a little to himself.

Dream snorted, laughing with the older man, and Sapnap yelled from the other direction, "I fucking heard that!"

When Mr. Nap and Dream fist-bumped, still snickering to each other, Mrs. Nap smiled and rolled

her eyes, but she did wave Dream over with the hand unoccupied by the phone after the moment had passed. She led them to stand in the entrance of her office a few feet away, and she leaned against the door frame, facing him.

Dream didn't think he was in trouble, but maybe her embarrassment at walking in on them the lesser part of an hour ago had turned to rage.

"Sucks to be you," Dream's 'Inner Brain Sapnap' taunted.

"I assume my husband talked to you about you and Sapnap?" She asked. Her voice was warm and calm, and it made him feel a lot less anxious to realize this was more of a follow-up conversation than anything else.

"Yes, he did. No sex in the house," Dream recounted.

"No sex in the house *while we're here*," Mrs. Nap corrected. "I'm not daft enough to believe you guys are going to hold off until we give the say-so, so just stick with timing over permission."

"Right... Thanks for the, umm..."

"Approval?" She smiled. "Of course. But one more thing—Sapnap's father doesn't really care, but you should know that I would like you both to sleep in separate rooms from now on."

Dream wasn't expecting the sharp panic and anger flaring in his chest.

She can't be serious.

He tried not to react on the outside, but he thought about all the reasons why she would possibly want this and everything it would ruin. He and Sapnap already had the general go-ahead for sex, so what was it she was worried was going to happen that she was trying to avoid?

It wasn't like one of them could get *pregnant*.

Going on, he knew it was unfair to pretend she was aware, but it had only been a week since he'd actually told Sapnap about his lack of physical affection in the last couple of years. This time coming after that confession—living with him—had been great; it had given Dream the opportunity to wake up and fall asleep to his soulmate's touch.

And now... she wanted to take that away?

He pushed down the part of him that was pissed, and he talked as evenly as he could.

"Why? In all due respect, we've slept in the same bed since we've been kids."

She smiled weakly at him.

Dream hated it. It kind of looked like pity.

"I hear you, and while I've never had an issue with that up until this point—and even now, I don't really have a one with it—I want you to understand something I hope I never have to repeat." She sighed and crossed her arms, staring at the ground. "Sapnap isn't patient, as I'm sure you've been able to tell. It's also pretty clear from this morning that neither of you have actually talked this relationship through. Which is okay."

"But?" Dream pressed.

"But... this isn't a high school fling. You two are soulmates, and even if you never marry, you will *always* be soulmates."

Dream frowned. He didn't like where this was going.

"You like him, and he really likes you. And usually when two people get into a relationship, sex is the first thing they turn to. Problem is, it's also sadly one of the last."

She looked up at him.

"I know not sharing a bed won't prevent that from happening, but my hope is that at the very least it will give you time to think things through when you're walking to his room, and him to yours."

"Fucking shrimp!"

He turned his head to the kitchen where they'd left, hearing a loud bang follow, and Dream looked back to see Mrs. Nap grimacing, her face reading "Yes, I know what I married, and yes, I regret it".

There were a lot of unspoken rules in the Nap household.

Like not leaving Mr. Nap in the kitchen unsupervised. For good reason, too.

"Look," Mrs. Nap redirected them. The somber mood was replaced by curiosity and confusion, but Dream could tell both of them were trying to make the most of it. She touched his arm gently, and he got the feeling she was wrapping things up. "What I'm trying to say is, you guys have one shot at this, and I'd hate to see you both fuck it up."

He stared behind her at her desk, not really wanting to look her in the eyes.

As small as it was, he wanted to hate her for this. But she had a point, and he knew she was just looking out for his well-being and that of her son.

She's... a good mom.

He shushed the part of him that whispered how his mother would have encouraged them to do anything and everything wrong and laughed as they crashed and burned.

He took a breath in. This was okay.

Things could've gone a lot worse today, and if this is the cost for comfortably dating Sapnap, then we'll be fine.

Dream opened his mouth to speak, and he found it was a little easier than he thought it would be. "I understand, Mrs. Nap. And... thank you."

She grinned at him and patted his shoulder, turning to walk into her office. She settled into her chair with a loud sigh, and took out her phone again.

"I'd say welcome to the family, but you've always kinda been here."

Dream smiled back.

"Now," she started dialing a number. "I didn't hear my husband make another sound after whatever that shrimp thing was about. Go make sure he hasn't killed himself."

Chapter End Notes

OKAY SO LIKE-

I DONT WANNA SAY THEIR NAME BC IDK IF THEYRE OKAY WITH IT, BUT SOMEONE CAME UP WITH SOME REALLY, REALLY GOOD IDEAS FOR THIS FIC AND IM- SO GRATEFUL?? LIKE FR, I WOULD'VE NEVER COME UP W STUFF THATS AS GREAT AS THEY DID AND IM SUPER JAZZED POINT IS, THEIR IDEAS REALLY DILLED MY PICKLE AND NOW IM EXCITED

but in a good way :)

also ik i've said this before, but it makes my day to see y'all comment + stuff it hurts my soul to know that i have to post or wait for y'all to comment to interact with you guys because i miss you + sometimes wanna say hi to the ones i remember or to check up on them but like- I cANT-

either way, it bamboozled me to see how many hits this has gotten because kudos + hits are nice, don't get me wrong, but comments are the best part?? and that's almost all i pay attention to someone had to point it out for me to notice, and wOWZA thats cool, but it was even cooler to think about those of you who have been here since the beginning + that i've gotten to talk to for a bit (and if you're just now reading, that's all good too!! no hatred here except against our enemies <3)

ANYWHO THIS BE LONG

I LOVE YOU GUYSSSS

DONT DIE

DONT CRY

CARRY KNIVES + KEEP BEING SEGSY

ILL SEE YOU AGAIN SOON <3

Mrs. Nap And Dream Commit Aggravated Assault

Chapter Notes

hi segsies :))

this is like 4000 words, and it's probably the longest chapter i've written so far, but i did *not* want to rush this

cackling ensues

okie okie- good morning or good night, lovely people

i send my affection + protection to you all, and i hope you're doing okay today
as always, i thank you for reading and being a part of this fic, as it really means a lot to me

and last but not least-

remember: we're all a family in the cult <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream knew this time would come.

Some small, scared piece of him hoped it wouldn't, but he always knew that realistically, he'd have to go back.

What he didn't know was how awesome Mrs. Nap was.

The moment he mentioned dropping by his parent's house—not *his* home—to grab his stuff, she offered to drive with him there to save him the trip, because yeah, he knew how to drive, but it's not like his parents had ever bought him a car or let him roam past the learning stage.

His father had been in charge of teaching him, and it was the foundation for some of the few good memories Dream had made with his dad post-soulmark. While it started off awkward—just because they'd lived in the same house for the years didn't mean they'd spent any time together or knew anything about one another—sometimes they'd go out to get lunch or catch a movie after school with Dream driving as an excuse, and somewhere along the line, he had actually started to believe they might be getting somewhere with their strained relationship.

Of course, the feeling always faded once they got home and his mother had her tantrum about his dad paying more attention to him than to her, but it was nice to pretend for those couple of months.

But, as most good things in his life, it ended just as quickly as it had begun.

One day they'd come into the house laughing and smiling together, fresh from the arcade down the street where he and Sappnap frequented, and his mother decided she'd had enough of them.

Enough of their happiness.

Of *Dream's* happiness.

He still remembered how it had happened, too.

Dream had been dismissed to his room while his mom screamed bloody murder in the living room, cursing out his name and everything he'd ever stood for. His father had come up to see him later after consoling her down enough to leave her.

Enough for her not to come upstairs once left alone and do something she'd regret, he never said.

She only lasted a few months more, anyway.

His cheek tingled where his bruises had healed, but Dream fought the urge to touch it.

Pausing at the door, his dad had smiled stiffly at him and clapped a hand on his shoulder.

Like he was a stranger again.

Just like he had the day his mark presented.

All he did after that was tell Dream he'd done well, and that he could successfully drive just as well as his old man.

Dream had felt like throwing up.

His father wasn't his "old man"; he wasn't anything more than his provider for survival, and when he looks back on that memory, all Dream remembers is how he'd been so fucking stupid for ever hoping otherwise. He'd had to smile in return, but as soon as he made it to his bedroom he'd called Sapnap and broken down.

It was supposed to be a compliment, so why had it felt like rejection?

All he knew was that his father's words had *burned*.

Sapnap had comforted him as best as he could, but they both knew he couldn't really do anything to make the pain go away.

They'd fallen asleep like that, though; Dream listening to the even sound of Sapnap's breath through the phone and wishing he was anywhere but where he was, and, in the morning once he'd slept it off, Dream did what he'd needed to: face the fact that nothing he'd done or could do would ever matter.

His dad would never care. No quantity of time they could spend together would ever change how his father viewed him because as much as he liked to deceive himself, Dream knew that he'd always love his mother more than him.

He got over it. Kinda.

Regardless, Dream had nearly shat himself when Mrs. Nap tossed him the keys and climbed into the passenger seat, calling out "Shotgun!".

Driving with his dad had been one thing; if he fucked up, at least it was *his* family's car. But if Dream crashed here, in *this* car... he didn't like the idea that his current caretakers might have to deal with that. Or that they might get pissed and decide he wasn't worth the trouble and kick him

out.

No. Bad Dream. They wouldn't do that.

Dream knew this, and he knew that he was just being paranoid. It didn't stop him from chewing his lip nervously as he got in across from her, though.

"Are you sure you want me to drive?" He asked warily.

Maybe this was a mistake or something... She had to know he wasn't like *Sapnap* or some shit; if he got in a wreck, this would be *bad*.

She glanced back from where she was kicking off her shoes—*what the fuck is she doing, why is she doing that, we're literally in the car*—and chuckled at him. "Yeah, I'm sure. Start it up, kiddo."

Ignoring whatever it was she was doing, Dream swallowed and put the key in to start the car. It came to life with a quiet noise, and he started adjusting the mirrors and the seat, wondering how the hell any of them ever got into such a small space. His legs alone took up nearly a third of the length of the car.

Dream looked over at Mrs. Nap just in time to see her put on sneakers where she'd removed her casual heels. For some reason, it brought a small smile to his face, and he shook his head a little at her weirdness.

Lord knows what she's ever up to.

When he didn't immediately move the car, she flipped her hair back up from where she'd been leaned over tying her laces. "I assume you know the way?"

Dream laughed. "I don't know; has it changed in the last eight years?"

She grinned back at him and then leaned back completely to settle against the seat. "Then go ahead. While we technically do have all day, I've gotta get back to make those shitty tacos those other two love." She mimicked gagging at the food, and Dream snorted.

Doesn't look like I have much of a choice.

He put the car in reverse and backed out slowly, and even though he didn't address it, he saw Mrs. Nap roll her eyes half-heartedly at the extra caution. He and Sapnap really didn't live that far away—or at least, they didn't when he'd lived there in the past—so it didn't take all that long for the two of them to arrive.

On the way over, Dream was mostly quiet, paying as much attention to the road as humanly possible until Mrs. Nap spoke up. "Dream, as much as I appreciate the effort, you don't have to be *this* focused. Also, I was wondering, do either of your parents know where we live?"

He could tell his face was heating up.

"Uh, no they don't. My sister does because she used to tag along with Sap and I after school sometimes when our parents were busy, but she'd never tell them. Plus she barely stays at home anymore, anyway... it's complicated..." He trailed off when he saw her nod, dismissing the rest of the explanation. "And I'm not stressed or anything, Mrs. Nap, really—"

She cleared her throat and gestured with her hand.

"You're strangling the wheel, love."

Dream looked down.

He was, in fact, gripping it hard enough to choke it out had it been a person. Dream saw Mrs. Nap smirk in the mirror, and he felt an embarrassed flush down the back of his neck in response as a sigh escaped him.

"Sorry," he turned at the street leading into his neighborhood. He both hated and loved that it felt less like his own than Sapnap's. "I don't mean to, but I really don't want to get in an accident or something, cause I don't know what we'd do in that situation and—"

"Dream," Mrs. Nap laughed, cutting him off. "You're fine. And if you wreck, then it'll suck, sure, but we'll just pay to have the car fixed like any other family. Oh, and park on the side of the street here." She pointed right in front of them.

"Yeah, I know, but..." He tapered off. Dream didn't know if he didn't know what he was trying to say, or if he just wanted to avoid saying it.

She turned to face him, and her face was uncharacteristically solemn. "You may never call me Mom, but in all aspects except biological," Dream listened to her voice as they pulled up to his old house, "you are my son. And as far as I've been concerned, that's how it's always been, so don't overthink stuff, yeah?"

He turned off the car and sat back, not looking her in the eye or responding. He really didn't want to start crying or some dumb shit in front of her.

Or in front of his mom, if she saw.

She didn't get to see that part of him.

So after a moment, Dream shot her a playful grin and tossed her the keys instead. "That's awfully cheesy, Mrs. Nap. I knew Sappy had to get it from someone, but I didn't think it'd be you."

To his surprise, she didn't seem disappointed or angry that he hadn't addressed her sentiment; the only difference Dream could detect in her gaze was the smallest bit of almost-pity. He hated that, but it didn't rub him the wrong way as much as her acceptance did.

The non-reaction made him a bit nervous; his mom would've lost her shit if he hadn't answered her emotional confession—vulnerability?—like that.

Well... never mind. Scratch that one—she'd never have said anything close.

That didn't mean Dream had to like the pity, but he knew he only felt that way because she'd seen right through him.

It was a long shot he'd be able to fool her, anyway. She was probably used to the trick he'd just tried to pull.

After all, deflection wasn't his strong suit; it was Sapnap's.

Yet, all she did was reach over the distance between them to ruffle his hair in affection (?) before jerking her head toward the house and opening the door to get out. Dream froze a little; other than all the formal shit like shoulder pats as well as anything he could manage to gain from Sapnap, people still didn't touch him, much less casually.

This was... new.

He looked out of the window where Mrs. Nap was standing outside, waiting for him to get out.

Dream knew he needed to do the same before the long time frame made things awkward, but the touch burned in his mind. Not weirdly or anything—c'mon, he likes dudes; it's safe to say MILFs really aren't his thing—but enough for him to want to think it over more.

To *process* it.

Yeah, nice word there.

God, he had some issues.

Seriously. He was overthinking a simple touch that might not even have been for a positive reason.

Shut up, Dream. Don't ruin it.

He smiled to himself in what felt like false confusion, almost like he was trying to find questions to argue with an answer he already had. After what felt like an eternity, he finally complied with himself and opened the door, locking the car on the way out.

Dream shot Mrs. Nap a tense smile and faced his old house, handing her the keys as they walked up. The doorbell rang, and it occurred to him for the first time that he really hadn't thought this part through.

He felt really sweaty, and not in the good way.

Dream hadn't prepared for this.

Recognizing that he'd eventually have to go back and actually doing it were two very different things. They'd already rang the door, and it was too late to go back, but still— Maybe Mrs. Nap would understand; she *had* to...

He just— Dream couldn't be here.

He couldn't face his mother. Not yet.

Dream's cheek tingled again, and he felt a wave of shame rush over him.

He shouldn't feel this way.

People were less fortunate than he was. He could defend himself; he had no reason to be afraid of her.

He was tall; he was *strong*. She was half his size, and honestly nothing special to be scared of.

Sapnap's voice, his sweet stupid voice that made Dream soft at the edges rang out through his head.

"You could've done it, y'know? Hit her back."

Dream held back tears where they were welling up. Any moment now and someone would be at the door.

Don't let them fall; she doesn't get to see that.

He drew in a breath through his nose and blinked aggressively.

It was all way too much.

No.

That was never an option.

Through the door, muffled footsteps could be heard moving down the stairs, and Dream almost threw up, taking a step back.

In this moment, he felt unexplained exposed without his mask. Even more so than he had at the dance, and that had been in front of everyone. This was just one person. Maybe two if his father was home.

He was strong. He'd always been strong.

He'd had to be; for himself, for his sister, for *Sapnap*.

So why did he feel so fucking sick?

The steps were closer now.

Mrs. Nap was now standing in front of him, partially to the side, but still in front. It was almost comical how it would probably look to whoever opened the door; a small, 5'5 woman shielding someone almost an entire foot taller behind her.

Dream wondered if the position was accidental, or if she was doing it on purpose.

He wondered if she knew.

The door handle creaked as it was unlocked and opened.

He was strong, he was strong, *he was strong...*

Flat, dull eyes bored into his soulmate's mother as his own ignored him.

Oh.

It's like I don't even exist.

He tried not to think about what the relief pooling into him was trying to say in retaliation to that.

Maybe it's for the best.

"Something you need?"

"Five minutes, and for you to stay out of our business," Mrs. Nap replied, her voice as clipped as the woman before her. "That way, we stay out of yours."

Uh oh.

He didn't have to see her face to know what was going on, but when she turned around to check up on him as his mother stepped to the side to let them in, he caught a glimpse of it.

Remember that weird mood Mrs. Nap got into sometimes that Dream genuinely feared Sapnap secretly had? The one that makes him shit himself?

Yeah, that's the one. She had *that*.

Now he was sweating hard. But not for himself.

Dream was just glad he had Mrs. Nap on his side.

He moved through the entrance and closed the door behind him, his mom already disappearing back to her office across the house. Or to her bedroom to tell his father.

Deciding it really wasn't important right now, Dream rushed to keep up with Mrs. Nap where she was making a bee-line for his room. He vaguely wondered how she knew where it was.

God, she was terrifying.

Please let Sapnap inherit something else.

To be completely and thoroughly honest; once he'd had his mini-breakdown at the door, the rest of the trip really wasn't too bad. It didn't take them that long to collect everything he needed—his mask, an old photo album of him, Sapnap, and some other stupid kids at school, his emergency stash of money, all the clothes he could grab, and some other useless items—and, by the time they'd finished, Mrs. Nap had kept her word at keeping their visit within five minutes.

Thankfully, she'd had the brighter idea of bringing bags to carry all their stuff, so Dream—much like with Sapnap in almost everything—was used as manual labor when bringing it all down and to the car. Mrs. Nap just carried her own usual bag with whatever scary women put in them.

When they passed the bottom of the stairs, Dream locked eyes with his father grabbing a drink in the kitchen. He smiled kindly at him and waved, but Dream just nodded back.

It wasn't worth the trouble.

It's like he hasn't even noticed I've left.

His mom was waiting on them at the door, tapping her foot impatiently, but not obnoxiously; it was kind of like she was genuinely ready for them to leave, but not necessarily trying to be rude about it.

Ouch.

Dream understood though. This wasn't part of the agreement, and the two of them both knew it.

He wondered if Mrs. Nap did, too.

It was a good thing he got his answer pretty quickly after that.

Spoiler: it was a no.

The minute she and Dream got close enough to the door that it became obvious they were ready to go, his own mother moved away once again and headed back in the same direction they'd come. Dream had only just stepped through the entryway with Mrs. Nap close behind him when she pulled him back by his arm and shoved the keys into his hands in a quick move, giving him a little push with a "Go, go, go!" whispered aggressively.

Quick disclaimer before everything goes down: Dream had nothing to do with this.

Understandably, he only got to the end of the front steps before realizing that what she'd just done

was *undeniably* weird, and that he should probably ask what the fuck was going on. All Dream remembered doing before booking it to the car with her close at his heels was turning around in confusion and looking back to witness Mrs. Nap taking her shoes—*oh my god, no*—out of her bag and chucking them heel-first at his mom.

As she was walking the other way, she never even saw them coming.

They were both already half-way to the car by the time they made impact with the floor and his mother's loud "Fuck!" could be heard from behind. Dream was in shock, so he felt next to nothing, but even through the haze of emotions that were going on, he had to admit—*Damn*, that felt good to see.

"Move, move!" Mrs. Nap hissed at him as she climbed into her spot, Dream rushing to turn on the car and drive straight where they'd parked by the street.

Ah.

So that's why she had me park this way.

His heart was pounding, but he couldn't stop the grin from forming on his face even if he wanted to.

And he *definitely* didn't want to.

Right as they started driving, Dream saw movement out of the side of his eye, and he looked through the open door of the house to watch his father run toward them, his mother on the floor clutching her head.

Oh, shit.

He looked *pissed*. Also he was surprisingly fast and was getting concerning closer to them by the second.

Does he do cardio now? There is no way he's that fast on his own.

"Dream, *step on it*—"

Mrs. Nap grabbed the steering wheel to avoid the cars as he pressed on the accelerator, and they took off, his dad only a few yards away yelling at them as they left. Dream really couldn't catch much of what he was saying with them getting farther and all, but he thought he heard something along the lines of "bloodsucking roach bitch".

He spared a glance at what was hopefully his future mother-in-law. She was still smiling like the cat that caught the mouse—or fucking decapitated it—but when she met his eyes, they softened at the edges.

Nah.

His dad wasn't giving her enough credit. She was way more of a "violent clown bitch" in his opinion.

They were quiet until Dream pulled around a corner a few streets away and parked in a mostly empty lot. Dream looked at Mrs. Nap, and she looked at him, and they both lasted about five seconds before bursting out in laughter.

"That was—"

"Awesome, I know," she finished.

Dream laughed again, running a hand through his hair. "I was going to say *terribly irresponsible*, but that works too." He tried to stay serious, but he was still holding in his amusement. "I mean—god, what if they like, sue us or something? They could take pictures if it leaves a mark."

"Oh, it'll definitely leave a mark. And who cares? Let them," Mrs. Nap grinned. "We have pictures of our own to retaliate with if it comes down to it. Your bruises just now faded a couple days ago, remember?"

She... wasn't wrong.

"You're insane," Dream breathed out and leaned back against the seat to close his eyes.

"Yep," she brushed back her own hair and propped her feet on the dash. "Tough luck for you, it runs in the family."

He opened his mouth to retaliate, but as he did, her phone rang, the screen showing a picture of Mr. Nap. She answered it, and raised it to her ear.

"Yeah. Mhm. Okay, we're headed home now." She lowered it before the other person—still likely Mr. Nap—said something else and she lifted it again to listen. "Seriously? *Again*? For fucks sake, tell Sapnap to quit being such a pussy and just do it."

Mrs. Nap ended the call and flopped back down, looking over at him.

"He's scared to kill the bugs in the bathroom again. The exterminator doesn't come again until next week," she clarified at his raised eyebrow.

"Silverfish?" Dream offered.

Sapnap's fear would be cute if he didn't come bother Dream to murder for him every two days.

He mentally sighed. The things he does for that idiot.

"Silverfish," she nodded.

At the mention of Sapnap, Dream put the car in reverse and started leaving for home, checking back behind the two of them.

He really wanted to get home and see his soulmate.

Between the talk with Mr. Nap this morning, the whole situation with Mrs. Nap walking in on them, and *now* all the crazy shit with his mom, cuddles sounded nice. Sapnap was safe, even if Dream wasn't feeling it.

You weren't strong today.

You failed.

Dream swallowed, and he tried to focus on the road. He really didn't need that reminder right now. Lucky for him, when they got onto the main road a few minutes away from their house, Mrs. Nap turned on the radio to some alternative song he hadn't ever heard before, and it proved to be enough of a distraction from his own head.

Plus, any change from Sapnap's ungodly collection of Katy Perry songs was a welcome sound.

They rolled into the driveway a couple minutes later, and it hit Dream that in this moment he was really happy. Like, actually happy.

Glad he'd had a chance to drive—and grateful he still remembered how to—he handed the keys to Mrs. Nap on the way in, who accepted them with a smile and ruffled his hair once more.

He paused at the staircase as she went to prepare the food in the kitchen, and, ignoring his base urge to go find Sapnap and surround himself with everything that his best friend was, Dream decided to go out on a limb and try something new.

"Hey," he spoke as he turned to face Mrs. Nap.

She looked up at him where she was holding a tomato and a knife, her head cocked a little to the side.

That probably shouldn't look as threatening as it does.

He tried not to shiver and smiled as nicely as he could. "Want some help?"

There was a moment where she didn't react, and he panicked thinking that he'd made a mistake and she'd gotten tired of him over the past hour. But after a second, she beamed and waved him over with the knife.

Dream went a little pale, but ultimately followed her lead.

Chapter End Notes

And he was never seen again...

Legend says, Dream went into that kitchen and never came back out.

/j hehehe

umm... so yeah

that happened

heh, part of me really wants to engage with y'all and another part is kinda nervous, but THAT SAID-

most of you are all really nice + all that jazz, so if you wanna say hi or chat or just need someone to talk to, my discord is crustyy_sam #1392 :)

OKAY LETS END THIS STRONG-

ITS LIKE 1AM HERE AND I'VE GOT HOT GORL SHIT TO DO

stay safe

stay happy

stay segsy

stay violent

i love you guys + i look forward to seeing y'all again soon <3

BYE BYE >:D

Dream Simps For Sapnap A Lot

Chapter Notes

hi fellow cult members!! :D

i know its been a while since i've uploaded (at least for my pace), so i'll be talking a little more about that in the end notes if you're interested.
if not, as always, i've missed those of you i know through comments + for those of you i don't, i hope you're doing okay :))

BEFORE YOU GO ON, THIS DOES HAVE SUM SMUT IN IT

like- not a lot though

i don't even know if this can be considered smut...

they do be makin out tho so if that ain't your thing, you might wanna recheck the tags
real quick + skadoodle outta here

or you can stay stay- there's plenty of spaghetti for dinner to share :)

remember: you are all segsy rats, and i believe in rat supremacy.

thrive, bros and bois + bite anyone who comes at you >:D

ily all and i'll see you soon :D bye bye!! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tacos were tasty.

Sapnap was angry.

Dream was super hungry and wanted his previously claimed bag of chips, but life really said "It is what it is" and allowed them to despawn.

Also, it had been an hour since he and Sapnap's mom had gotten home and made dinner. Who the fuck did he need to kill to get that stupid nap he'd been craving? So many things were going on, and Dream really didn't have the mental capacity to deal with a single one of them.

And, while this little fight wasn't that serious, it was technically his fault. He'd broken his one and only rule for today: don't agree to anything Sapnap won't like.

Then again, what the fuck else was he supposed to do in that situation?

Shhhh...

Be quiet...

If he listens closely, he can still hear the sound of unshed tears in Sapnap's father's voice.

Cue to his emotional breakdown earlier this morning.

He might need a therapist more than I do.

It's not like he and Mrs. Nap had set ungodly boundaries for them and their new relationship, anyway; if anything, they'd been a little too accepting.

But Sapnap was another story.

"Let me get this straight," Sapnap scowled, pacing in front of Dream where he sat on the edge of their bed.

Well, Sapnap's bed now.

Ouch.

"My parents were so overly accepting about everything that you let them talk you into sleeping away from me? In a different bed *and* in a different room?"

Dream almost wanted to laugh at how upset Sapnap was getting over something as small as this, but as he listened to his words, he had to admit that as dramatic as he was being, he was right; this did suck.

It was rough being the peacemaker in this situation when he wanted nothing more than to argue for Sapnap's side. The only thing stopping him from doing so was the knowledge that Mrs. Nap had provided him; Dream knew she wasn't wrong, that most couples turned to sex when all else failed to keep them afloat, and that it eventually ended the majority of them.

But just because he knew she was right didn't mean he had to like it.

"Yes." Dream swallowed.

Sapnap looked at him with squinted eyes and his mouth slightly open.

Dream prepared himself to be yelled at. Or smacked with a pillow.

"Dream. My man. My dude. My *boyfriend*."

Dream raised an eyebrow.

Sapnap wasn't yelling.

There was no pillow.

Yet.

"Do you *want* to die a virgin?"

He snorted.

Dream should've known better than to expect anything mature from Sapnap.

But, his question did provide an opening.

"Actually no!" He stood up from the bed to make his speech. Sapnap came to a stop in front of him where he'd been walking and immediately pushed Dream at the shoulder to sit back down. He landed on the bed with a soft bounce.

So much for my epic theater performance.

Deciding death wasn't for him today, Dream obeyed and stayed there, reminding himself of his rule: *don't make fun of the short people*. That definitely included when Sapnap was angry and moved him around where he wanted.

Not that Dream couldn't resist, but it was cute to watch Sapnap order him around.

"Actually yes," his soulmate stared at him, deadpan. Even sitting down, their height difference wasn't a considerable amount.

"No," Dream clarified. "You see, this is all a part of my master plan; we may have lost the battle, Sappy, but we've definitely won the war." He stood slowly, ready for the possible shove to make him sit down again, but it never came. Dream's hands came up to rest on the sides of Sapnap's arms where they were crossed over his chest.

He was being stubborn and still glaring, but Dream wasn't planning on being an ass about it and calling him out. He knew he'd feel the same way if their roles were reversed.

Also his hands hadn't been slapped away.

Yay!

The situation wasn't great, but Dream could work with this.

"Your parents said we could have sex, dude," he kept going. "They were totally fine with it, so there's no reason to argue, and we definitely *won't* die virgins. If we have to trade beds for that to happen, I'd consider it a fair deal."

Liar.

"It's a win-win."

I want to sleep with you so fucking badly.

Dream smiled.

Sapnap was quiet, which could be either good or bad. Dream was hoping for good right now; he thought he did pretty well convincing him—at least, he'd hit all the main points, as short and few as they were—and he'd honestly had enough drama for today between both of his soulmate's parents as well as his own.

And, as much as Dream loved speaking with him, he really didn't want to explain the other talk between him and Sapnap's mom right now. It didn't feel like the best moment, and he didn't have the emotional dexterity to deal with it.

Not that it was a secret or anything.

Just... not the right time. Sapnap would understand when he told him.

So yeah... Dream was kind of hoping this conversation would come to a close so they could cuddle or go play Mario Kart.

And Sapnap?

His lovely, energetic, favorite person in the whole, wide, crusty world, BFFL-now-turned-lover Sappitus Nappitus?

He wasn't having it.

Sometimes being in love with his best friend had perks. And sometimes, it really didn't.

Because there's a certain line of friendship people cross into at one point or another where their bro becomes a bloodhound and can smell the ulterior motives they try to hide, and it almost never ends well.

Dream knew he'd have to 'fess up when Sapnap's eyes narrowed at him and he took a step forward. Dream was a little scared, understandably, so he took a step back in response and dropped his hands from Sapnap.

Or he tried to.

The younger boy grabbed his hands as they fell and held them by the wrists, his grip not hurting, but restraining.

Ohhhhhh shittttt...

Dream was really close to owning up to the name pissbaby.

"Dream."

"Nappy? Babe? Shit-face? Buttercup?"

They both winced at that one.

I'll just stick to dumbass.

Sapnap's face cleared up from whatever emotion was present to look at him in a way that made Dream feel guilty. He didn't say anything, but his eyes were open and honest and he looked tired. It reminded Dream of how Sapnap had appeared after the fight with Schlatt so long ago.

Which—

He never told me why that happened.

And how could he?

That was the one time Dream could remember Sapnap being so out of character; mentioning the slip up to him seemed way too personal for where they were at, both then and now, and, as curious as he was, Dream had learned to respect it.

Besides, he'd tell him when he was ready.

Same way Dream would tell Sapnap about his reasoning when *he* was ready.

Deciding it was time for plan B, Dream met Sapnap's eyes and twisted the grip he was in so that they were basically holding hands.

Yeah, that's right.

They were doing that gay shit.

The embarrassment he got from the cheesy move was totally worth it though from the grimace on Sapnap's face. He let go of their hands and pushed Dream gently backward for him to sit down

once again on the bed. Sapnap rolled his eyes, but at least he didn't look how he had anymore.

Dream just smirked back at him and winked.

"You're a fucking idiot."

It took about a three seconds for them to continue that gay shit.

Fun fact: Sapnap tasted like Doritos and mountain dew—probably not the hottest mix in the world, but it's not like Dream was about to complain—and, as Dream pulled away, it probably shouldn't have been as hot as it was when Sapnap chased after his mouth. Once he'd moved back far enough for Sapnap to get the hint, his soulmate raised an eyebrow, and moved back from the three—five? Dream really hadn't been paying attention—steps he'd taken forward to look at Dream.

Dream's eyebrows furrowed in response, and in a moment of intimacy, he let himself be open.

Honest.

He wanted Sapnap to be able to see the sincerity in his face and feel the pain in his soul.

Keeping his eyes on his soulmate, Dream moved again to almost kiss him, watching as Sapnap tried and failed to keep his gaze from slipping down to his mouth. He probably would've been way more pissy and frustrated if he could focus on anything other than Dream right now.

And wow—knowing that really shouldn't make him feel as smug as it did.

Dream stopped right before they genuinely touched, avoiding the attempts Sapnap was making and giving him nothing more than the feeling of *almost there*.

"Dude," he whispered against Sapnap's lips, teasing, but pulling back as the younger boy tried again to make contact. Dream had the thought in mind to keep his voice low and his tone soft.

"You ate my fucking chips."

He saw the exact moment Sapnap's eyes glazed over—in anger or annoyance, it was a true toss-up—and Dream had half a mind to run or at least get some distance between the two of them before Sapnap smiled slowly.

He leaned into Dream's space a little too *sweetly* and kissed him again.

Dream let him.

"Since you've had to deal with both of my parents today, you get a pass." Sapnap brought his hand up to clutch Dream's hoodie and grab onto his shoulder, probably for support as he took a step forward. His other hand reached up to brush over his hair, his fingers catching harder than usual as he tugged a bit.

Umm, ow.

That kinda hurt.

...

Do it again.

"But if we ever kiss and you say some dumb shit like that again, I get legal rights to kill you."

Dream opened his mouth to speak, but here's where things get funky.

Dream could've responded.

He should've responded.

And, in his defense, he almost did.

But, that said, in hindsight, not responding made him look really, *really* stupid.

Cut to Dream's mind-space.

"Dream. Why did you not respond?" someone below asks. "You are so strong and amazing and handsome, and nothing phases you anymore since the day you had to catch a ride home with Techno in the fourth grade."

"Well, lowly mortal," Dream replies, "you are not wrong."

Dream-Dream kicks back his feet and leans on his throne to man-spread like the badass he is. "I am the strongest and the hottest, and it is true that I survived an act of kindness and sympathy provided by none other than the great Technoblade. However, at the end of the day, I am nothing but a stupid, horny man."

The crowd below him gasps in shock before someone brave breaks the silence cast on them all and shouts out, "Is it because of Sapnap's ass?"

Another moment passes where no one dares to speak.

Such a crude question is not fit to be presented to a king.

Dream just barely holds in a sob of self-disappointment—he really is a weak, weak man—and, in a moment of vulnerability, he drags his hand down his face to bury his head in his knees before standing up and facing his people. "Yes," he projects over those gathered around, "it's because of Sapnap's ass."

He doesn't want to admit it to the people, but he cannot lie to them either.

He knows he is their ruler, and despite the annoyance they provide him, Dream knows at his heart that they deserve the truth.

It'd probably be easier to just acknowledge that Sapnap as a whole has the ability to make him lose any sense of intelligence, but hey—his butt is a part of that, and Dream really doesn't want to reveal how much of a simp he is.

Yet.

Still.

He should've just said pogchamp, or fuck you, or literally *anything* back to Sapnap.

But, to his credit, he got distracted.

Mostly because Sapnap stepped forward to kiss him again, but also for the reason of him crawling on top of Dream in the process.

Well—yeah, crawling on top seems like a decent enough explanation.

He'd already had his hand on Dream's shoulder, so it probably didn't take much effort for him to pull himself up and toss a leg over Dream's thigh to rest next to his hip. The angle was a little awkward, Sapnap halfway in his lap and hunched over where he was likely unbalanced, and Dream didn't doubt that he'd fall if it wasn't for the hand on his waist supporting him.

Ha. Boyfriend point goes Dream.

Wow.

Saving whatever sense of dignity that psychopath has by not letting your soulmate fall tragically to the floor.

You're really rocking the bare minimum of chivalry, Dream.

Instead of threading his hand back into Dream's hair like he usually did—at some point during his monologue, it had slipped down to play with Dream's hoodie noodles—Sapnap slid the arm without the hand at his shoulder to hook around his neck. It braced behind his head and gave Sapnap a tiny height advantage between Dream sitting down and leaning back to rest against the arm.

It was kinda like a reverse chokehold.

But, y'know, hotter.

This was... nice. Really nice. But it was also kinda weird.

A piece of him wished he had waited for Sapnap to be his first kiss so they'd be level in skill, but another part was almost glad he had more experience, even if it was just by the tiniest bit. And it's not that Dream hadn't wanted Sapnap to be—he wanted him to be his first *everything*—but the whole concept of losing someone's first kiss had seemed so daunting and stupidly sacred, like it was guaranteed to be something life-changing, and younger Dream had hated it.

He'd wanted to be good for whenever—if ever—he'd have the chance to kiss Sapnap.

Nice job, past Dream.

You now basically have the golden pass to tap that.

Also you've essentially been disowned, but that's nothing therapy can't fix. Who knows—maybe you and Mr. Nap can go together for some quality Sapnap judgement time.

Anyway, he'd wasted it on some random furry kid in their grade who'd he'd known had a crush on him at the time—jerk move, Dream is well aware. Realistically, the kiss itself hadn't been nice or passionate or anything like how it felt now, but sixth grade him and Fundy had been virtually clueless and ended up abandoning cool-down drills to give it their best shot.

It wasn't romantic or anything, either; Dream had cornered him after soccer practice and just went for it. The kid blushed like hell after, and Dream probably would've found him cute and given a relationship with him a chance if his heart hadn't already been set on Sapnap at the time, but, to his relief, Fundy really didn't make too much of a fuss, and they still stayed distant friends long after.

Dream even took him out for ice cream that day on the way home from school so he'd feel less guilty about pulling away in the next couple of weeks.

But even then, it had felt different.

It couldn't be experience—neither of his two comparisons had that—but Dream really didn't want to acknowledge that his feelings alone could have affected him to the point that he preferred one person's kiss over another.

Fundy's kiss had been sweet, but cold from the chilly air, all stiff lips and open eyes before diving back in and hoping it was okay. It wasn't *terrible*, but it hadn't meant anything either, and the boy's hesitation and fear had prevented him from doing anything worthwhile in Dream's eyes.

The way Sapnap kissed was hard and aggressive, all searing heat and clenched fists. He didn't hesitate at all; if he wanted some part of Dream, Dream trusted him to take it. And he wasn't stupid; Sapnap was aware he was less experienced, that he had way less technique, and he ultimately didn't care.

Sapnap kissed Dream because he wanted to, because he liked the way it felt and nothing more.

And Dream was totally okay with that.

He hadn't kissed Fundy because he wanted *him*—again, total dick play, he knows. He did it so that if he and Sapnap got together, he could guide the two of them through this.

Not that Sapnap was really begging for his help.

He still tasted like the solitary bag of nacho cheese Doritos Dream had called dibs on earlier, but through his mourning there were other things to focus on. Like the hand at his shoulder gripping his hoodie concerning hard—*please tell me this isn't how hard he'd grab if he gave me a handjob, that shit would kinda hurt*—and how warm his lips felt moving against his own, and *oh*—

Sapnap's tongue was in his mouth.

Okay then.

This is new.

In Dream's defense, he and Fundy had been in middle school *and* in public. He might not be stingy about PDA or any of that, but even *he* wasn't about to french the boy under the bleachers in clear daylight.

It wasn't as bad as he'd thought it'd be, though.

Sure, Sapnap was probably shoving his tongue a little too far down his throat, and yeah, it might be smart for Dream to reciprocate in some way through his phase of shock, but hey—things were totally fine.

Lucky for the both of them, Sapnap was still in the weird pose that had likely become unbearable by now.

Dream was sad when he felt him pull away from the kiss, and then embarrassingly relieved when he came closer, the hand at his shoulder pushing less and less. It wasn't that he actually minded; if anything, he liked it whenever Sapnap trusted him to support his weight—or anything really—but there was no way he'd been comfortable hunched over like that.

Dream wasn't really all there enough mentally to fully grasp what Sapnap had actually done to fix his position, only that his forehead was resting on his own as they caught their breath and that he was now closer. So it wasn't completely his fault when he made a choked off noise when the mattress dipped in front of him where his legs had spread to provide Sapnap space and a solid knee

slid up and forward to press gently against him.

Oh shit—

He tried not to panic too much.

Logically, he knew it wasn't that big of a deal, and Sapnap probably wasn't even aware he'd done it. The other boy was still breathing hard against him, and Dream reached up to squeeze his hip where his hand was resting. It didn't hurt either, but the pressure was definitely *right there*, and Dream didn't want to find out how much more it'd take for his... *appreciation...* for Sapnap to show.

They just got together this morning.

Last night?

Point was, he didn't want to scare him off or pressure him into something if he had a visible reaction, even though Dream had the feeling nothing he offered would be turned down.

And *god*, the way Sapnap felt under his hands was everything, and anything else going on in the world seemed really unimportant right now, but...

"You guys have one shot at this, and I'd hate to see you both fuck it up."

Dream took a deep breath.

He hated himself as he leaned down and forward to thump his head against Sapnap's chest.

He was almost worried that Sapnap would take the hint to shut things down the wrong way, but all he did was cuddle him closer—don't worry, the knee between Dream's leg had moved after he headbutted Sappy, who was now shifting sideways to sit on his lap and hug him back.

His warmth was comfortable, and Dream came to terms with the fact that he would be fine if he never had to leave this position.

"Hey," Sapnap spoke quietly against his hair.

Dream drew circles on his back in response.

"I don't know what kind of dark, evil mojo my parents put you through, but after dinner, we're gonna talk about it." He paused. "Actually talk about it."

Oh, yeah.

They never really discussed dating.

"M'kay." His voice was undoubtably muffled through the shirt in front of him, but Sapnap probably got the gist. "Hey, Sap?"

"Yeah?"

"W're dating, yeah?"

He felt his soulmate laugh, and Dream flicked him on the back.

Rude.

"Yes, man," Sapnap snorted. "If it wasn't already fucking obvious, we're dating."

"B'tch," he grumbled.

Dream held back his smile so Sapnap wouldn't feel it and know, and he heard something in the distance that he vaguely hoped was Mr. Nap calling them to eat.

He was so hungry, and Sapnap was so mean for stealing his chips.

Someday he'll have revenge.

But for now, he'll settle on shoving Sapnap down the last four steps on the way to the kitchen out of spite.

Chapter End Notes

not gonna lie, its been hard to get a chapter out this week :P

i know what to write about, but its been hard to focus + all that (esp. now that my minimum for chapters is generally around 2500 words)

BUT IM TRYING + I WON'T ABANDON THIS FIC, DON'T WORRY-

it just might take a while longer than usual

even now i'm kinda nervous to upload this and IDK WHY-

LIKE- ITS ALWAYS FINE AND YOU GUYS ARE ALWAYS NICE BUT IM LOWKEY EXPECTING SOMEONE TO SNEAK UP BEHIND ME W/ A BAT TO BUST MY KNEECAPS IF MY CHAPTER IS SHITTY

ALSO SOMEONE SAID THAT MY NOTES ARE AWESOME OR SOMETHING ALONG THOSE LINES AND MY SOUL HAS EVAPORATED IN THE BEST WAY ;-; <3

Y'ALL REALLY BE OUT HERE BEING TOO NICE

ANYWAYYYY

once again, my discord is crustyy_sam #1392

if you'd like to say hi or chat or just need someone to talk to, i gotchu :))

if it's early for you, good morning lovely!! you'll do great today, and if people are mean, violence is always an option

if it's late for you, goodnight segsy human + go dream about meatball subs or somethin

ily guys, so stay safe + i hope you're happy <3

Techno's Villain Origin Story

Chapter Notes

wow. just wow.

this was a trip from the beginning to the end, and it's honestly a toss up if i'm going to come back in the morning and regret posting this without waiting to read it at a time other than 2am or not but i guess we'll find out >:D

OKAY LATE INTRO-

HELLO SEGSY RAT BROTHERS N BOIS, HOES N BROS !!

LITTLE REMINDER THAT YOU NEED TO ORDER THE MATCHING CROCS WE ALL AGREED ON FOR THE UPCOMING CULT MEETING ON FRIDAY. WE MUST LOOK SEGSY + ORGANIZED SO THE THING WE SUMMON DOESN'T KILL US.

(i already put a reminder in the notes on my other fic, but in case you missed it, i thought i'd put it here too <3)

I'LL BE TALKING MORE IN THE END NOTES, AS ALWAYS, SO IF UR JUST HERE FOR THE STORY, THAT'S ALL GOOD TOO :D

goodbye, i hope you enjoy this clusterfuck + i'll see you in the next chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"And then *they* told *me* to shut up! Like I don't run the entire company for them!"

Mrs. Nap nodded in understanding, but her eyes were focused on somewhere else entirely. Not the most genuine husband-wife support system, but she was still a world ahead of Sapnap. Times like these made Dream wonder if his soulmate was even aware of his dad's existence past the fact that he provided him with food.

"Dream," Sapnap whispered as he leaned over to snatch some of the extra mild Taco Bell sauce they had spread out on side of the table closest to Dream.

One of the biggest arguments between the two of them was the practical use of the condiment —*does it even qualify as a condiment?* Dream liked to consider it fun, but virtually useless on most foods, whereas Sapnap was a firm believer that while it provided a very limited addition to any meal, it was like adding on glitter to a Christmas card.

If presented the opportunity, someone just *had* to.

"*Dream*," Sapnap hissed at him again. "Did you help cook tonight?"

Scooting back slightly in his chair to give his soulmate a view of the butter knife in his hand peeking out from under the tablecloth, Dream narrowed his eyes. "If you mention burning the meat, I will end your life early."

Sapnap hissed, "You've been spending too much time with Mom," before continuing to stuff his

face.

Dream just faced forward again and tried to tune out Mr. Nap's never-ending complaints.

Why do you like him again?

If you speak to God's manager, you might still be able to return this one and get a refund.

His gaze slipped back to the brunette demolishing the taco in front of him.

Never mind, that's kinda impressive.

Sapnap burped.

The taco was gone.

Top 10 Saddest Anime Deaths.

Trying to be relatively useful, Dream stayed behind to help with the dishes, and Mrs. Nap ruffled his hair as she passed him hers.

He smiled to himself as she did; while he'd never say it out loud, he could admit in the privacy of his mind how nice it was to have the casual contact again. It had only happened two times within the last day, but he was really hoping this one wouldn't be the last.

Like the adoring boyfriend he totally was, Sapnap waited patiently for him to finish—and Dream committed this sight to memory because he wasn't sure he'd ever get to see it again—by the counter bar stools watching Gordon Ramsay emotionally traumatize his victims.

Pardon, *competitors*.

And, just to clarify, he was committing this to memory because of Sapnap waiting.

Not for Gordon.

The episode where he carved the chicken blindfolded played in the background, and, for about five minutes, there was peace and comfort and everything Dream hadn't fully realized he'd been looking for.

Sure, it had often been quiet enough at his own house, but it was always more of a wary silence, like the people there were taking special care to avoid everyone else. And while Dream had spent a considerable amount of his life in the Nap home, he hadn't ever been *living* in it.

He hadn't ever been a *part* of it.

Now that he was, all the differences between this household and his old one stood out so much more.

Dream was... content.

Mr. Nap was still eating, Mrs. Nap had gone off to her own room to do god knows what—probably sharpen another pair of high heels—and Sapnap hadn't moved from his place a few feet away.

It made Dream a little nervous that he was so obviously being waited on, especially since they'd agreed to talk after dinner, but he also knew it wasn't anything big to stress over.

It was *Sapnap*.

He definitely had worse things to fear.

Eventually, Dream finished cleaning up, abandoning Mr. Nap to his own devices after it became increasingly clear he wouldn't be done any time soon, and Sapnap hopped up to wave him over to the stairs. Dream took a breath and readied himself for the next hour, but he only had enough time for one more wave of anxiety before his superior survival instincts took over as he and Sapnap took to shoving one another up the entire stairway like five year-olds.

Choking on air as he was gifted a hand to the throat—"Self-defense, bro!"—he was able to catch the sight of Mrs. Nap entering back into the room.

Right as Dream and Sapnap were running out of earshot, he heard her address Mr. Nap.

"So what's this about fucking shrimp?"

Sapnap snickered as he also overheard them—or at least, that's what he assumed—and Dream gave him a funny look before he leaned over and clarified.

Looking back on it, Dream kinda wishes he hadn't.

"Dad hates getting frozen shrimp; it's like, a trauma thing."

At Dream's "What the fuck are you on about?" look, he continued.

"It's from this one time he was cooking and one was still alive when he pulled it out of the bag." Sapnap held up a hand when Dream opened his mouth to interrupt, and he closed his eyes. "Don't ask me; I don't know how. But long story short, now he needs to buy them alive so he can kill them himself. It's so he can like, make sure they're dead."

I-

What do I even say to that...

"Dude," Dream whispered, "that's fucking horrific. Why would you tell me something like that?"

Sapnap shrugged. "Don't blame me; you asked, man."

"Okay, well, next time have some initiative and mercy me."

He paused and avoided another jab at his face, glaring as he did so because that move had worked *so well* for them the first time Sapnap pulled that.

"That still doesn't explain what the shrimp thing was about today, though."

The two of them reached Sapnap's room, and Dream shut the door gently behind them, hearing Sapnap flop onto the bed and stretch.

"He found frozen shrimp in the freezer. According to Mom, supposedly there were none of the

other kind left."

Sapnap popped his neck and Dream winced at the sound.

Nasty.

"Bullshit," Dream shot back. "There's always live seafood at the store."

Sapnap just grunted in return.

Dream shouldered at his soulmate until he moved enough for him to lay down on the bed, ignoring the shove at his side as Sapnap yielded his space.

"And you know all this how?"

"Remember when everyone and their crusty white dog heard him yell in the kitchen today?"

Dream confirmed, and Sapnap nodded in reminiscence. "Yeah, well, I was dumb enough to come downstairs asking not too long after."

Dream snorted. "Translation: you were forced to console him, weren't you?"

"Yep." Sapnap popped the "p". "It was life-changing, to say the least, but I kinda walked right into it."

He moved his head lazily onto Dream's shoulder and draped an arm over his chest, sighing dramatically. "I think I might have some real emotional baggage now. How tragic. I had so much potential, too."

Dream rolled his eyes, and a comfortable silence rested between them for a second before he leaned over and hesitated, whispering, "But your mom totally just bought the normal shrimp on purpose, right?"

"Duh. I wouldn't want to see him routinely butcher a bunch of crustaceans either, married or not. That shit scars you for life, and prolonged exposure to that can't be fixed by any marriage counselor."

A loud, muffled "They deserved it!" rang out from downstairs, and Dream wondered for what had to be the fifth time today if Mr. Nap was going to cry.

He and Sapnap broke into giggles, and they kneed each other to shut up before one of the adults heard them, though with their own obnoxious conversation, it was unlikely.

"So," Dream caught his breath.

"So."

Dream grinned at him, and Sapnap snorted back.

"God, why does this feel so awkward?"

Even while saying it, Dream knew that "awkward" wasn't the right word. Nothing between them was uncomfortable or tense, but the looming idea of "We need to talk" was really fucking with his head.

He played with his fingers in his lap, staring at the ceiling with Sapnap mirrored on his side.

"Yeah, right?" Sapnap went quiet for a second before he picked back up. "I know we talk all the time, but it also feels like we don't? Maybe it's just because we barely ever talk about anything important."

"I mean, we talked about my mom and stuff not too long ago. Also everything between us last night. That's kind of important," Dream whispered.

He didn't know why he was being so quiet.

Sapnap was right next to him, so he didn't *need* to yell, but it's not like anyone was going to hear them regardless.

"That's true, though we didn't exactly *talk* about 'us'," Sapnap whispered back at him.

Okay, good. He was whispering too.

Dream might be weird, but at least Sapnap was being weird with him.

"I don't know. It feels like we've talked about everything, but also nothing at the same time. And now it's like I have answers to questions I haven't even gotten around to asking yet."

Uh...

Yeah, I won't even pretend to know what that means.

"Well," Dream shut his eyes and relaxed into the pillow. He didn't really know how to address that, but he'd try his best. "What do you want to know?"

A small thread of anticipation curled into his chest, but it was short-lived. He did notice he was still moving his fingers, though, which was odd because he didn't usually have the urge to twitch around like this on a day-to-day basis.

Funky.

Dream felt the shift of movement before he heard it, and the solid warmth at his side left for a second as Sapnap flipped himself over to face the headboard. His arms were crossed under his head, but he was looking away from him.

Sapnap sighed into the pillow.

"Everything?"

"Everything?" Dream teased.

He grunted as Sapnap elbowed him in the side of the head.

Ouch. Total bitch move.

"Shut up," Sapnap chuckled. "What about you, then? What do you wanna know?"

"I don't really..."

Dream stopped to think about it.

What do I want to know?

They were close.

If there was anything Dream was curious about concerning Sapnap, the answer was always just a conversation away. There wasn't much he could remember craving the answer to that he hadn't already asked.

Everything?

"I guess nothing."

"Nothing," Sapnap echoed.

"Well, not like- Not a bad way, or anything," Dream clarified.

He didn't want this going south.

"Of course I have questions. I just... Nothing's on my mind. And I don't want to ruin things, you know? I kinda like where we're at."

"And where is that?" Sapnap's voice was quiet, but even.

It was strange hearing him speak that way; it didn't feel empty or forced, just uncharacteristically neutral.

Like they were in no rush.

We technically aren't, Dream reminded himself.

"Friends for sure."

Sapnap chuckled a little under his breath, and Dream almost gagged at how happy that small noise made him. "Is that all?"

"Is that all *you* want to be?"

A beat passed, and Sapnap's voice went low again. "This isn't about me, Dream."

It sort of is... It's about both of us.

Dream turned onto his side so he was facing him, Sapnap still on his stomach and looking the other direction, and he brought his hand up to trace circles on his back.

He might have imagined it, but he thought he felt Sapnap lean back into the touch.

It did make this easier.

"No," Dream sighed, drawing a dick on Sapnap out of spite for making him communicate like a healthy person, "that's not what I want this to be."

He didn't even know Sapnap had been tensing, but he felt the other relax under his hands once he'd finished speaking.

"Good," Sapnap cleared his throat. "So what went on with you earlier?"

"Hm?" Dream made a noise and just hoped Sapnap understood.

Sapnap turned to glare at him. "You're really gonna make me say it?"

"I don't—"

"When we were kissing and stuff. You just like, pulled away all of a sudden. Which is totally fine, and we don't have to do anything, but it was kinda random."

Dream avoided looking at Sapnap.

He had no shame, and Dream really didn't want to confirm that he was on the only one whose face was red between the two of them right now.

Stupid body betraying me.

"Honestly?" He sighed, looking up.

Sapnap was indeed not red.

Great.

"Honestly," Sapnap nodded.

Dream didn't know how Sapnap would react.

It probably wouldn't be bad, but he still wasn't completely set on the idea of separate rooms. Also, Dream wasn't too sure if Mrs. Nap had meant for him to keep the information of why to himself.

"Your mom talked to me." Dream coughed. "Earlier."

Sapnap blinked at him slowly. "So you decided to cockblock us... because of my mom... 's shoveltalk?"

His eyebrows drew together before his eyes went wide and his expression cleared up. "She really does care about defending my honor," he whispered.

"What?" Dream hissed. "No! She doesn't care about your stupid honor."

"Hey!"

"She cares about *our* stupid honor."

Sapnap bit his lip to stop the noise threatening to spill. "Bro... "

Dream smiled at him. "Bro."

He heard Sapnap laugh before he went on. "Fine, whatever then. *Our* honor. But she did talk to you?"

"Yeah..." Dream trailed off. He didn't want to make Mrs. Nap out to seem like the bad guy in this. "But she didn't threaten me or anything; she just warned me is all."

"Warned you..." Sapnap repeated.

"She, umm, reminded me about why people rush into relationships, and how it usually backfires because of it."

"Oh," Sapnap looked surprised. "That's not too bad."

"Not bad at all," Dream smiled again. "But that's why she wanted us in separate beds. So we

wouldn't turn to sex too early on and all that."

"Ha!" Sapnap laughed. "They really think we're gonna bang so soon?"

He turned to make direct eye contact with Dream. "Nah, you've gotta work for that shit."

"Oh, whatever," Dream shoved his face away. "You're horny as shit. I wouldn't be surprised if I let you down and you turned to the cactus."

Sapnap did a weird half-kringe and looked like he wanted to ask, but he didn't. "Okay, I don't even wanna *know* what that means."

Dream just snorted in response.

"That's fine, though. We'll just take stuff slow."

"Slow" my ass. You don't even know the meaning of the word.

"Also," Sapnap turned back around to flop down again, "we're going to be working on some of your many issues, like talking stuff out."

"My issues?" Dream slapped him not-so-gently on the back and glared even though he couldn't see it. "You're the one who has problems telling me about shit!"

Sapnap raised himself up onto his elbows to look up at Dream.

Dream wasn't too sure if the emotion showing on his face was amusement or annoyance, but he didn't seem to be in any immediate danger so he stayed where he was at.

"Oh, yeah? Name one time I haven't told you about stuff."

Sapnap was grinning now.

Definitely amusement.

"Okay..." Dream wasn't really sure if this was a good idea, but he was curious.

Plus Sapnap basically just offered him the option on a golden platter, and it wasn't like he couldn't refuse if he decided he didn't want to answer.

"Remember the fight with Schlatt?"

Sapnap's eyebrows drew together, and Dream wondered if it was because he'd blocked the memory so hard it was taking a minute for it to all come back or if he just had early-onset dementia. "You mean from when we were in middle school?"

"Yeah."

"What about it?"

"You got all sad and quiet after," Dream paused. "Well, not *sad* exactly, but really apathetic? It was hard to tell. Just- what really happened that day?"

"Uhhh, you bitch-slapped Goat Boy, that Niki girl ran off to tell a teacher or something, and I got all healed up by that hot nurse lady."

Dream internally sighed.

Sapnap wasn't answering him.

He'd address that in a minute, but now Dream was confused. "Niki?"

Sapnap blinked up at him. "Yeah, Niki."

When Dream made no move to convey his recollection—which he didn't have, by the way—of the girl doing such a thing, Sapnap tried again.

"Cute blond? Dyed her hair pink in freshman year? Braided Techno's hair before class and lived to tell the tale?"

Dream shrugged his shoulders as best he could halfway lying down. "I know who she is, dumbass. But what does she have to do with any of this?"

"After the fight, some kids snitched to Schlatt that it was her who told the nurse. Apparently she also told some teachers what went down so he got blamed for it all." Sapnap looked up at him. "You didn't really think you could just smack him around and get away with it like that, right?"

He was about to argue that the same could be said for him and Schlatt, but Sapnap held up a hand to wave the question off.

"Anyway, he and the soft boy with the beanies got into it when he later came after her. They got into a whole different fight in the school courtyard."

Dream swallowed.

None of this had anything to do with what he'd asked, but he was really curious. He too had more questions than answers now, and Sapnap looked about ready to beat him.

"Dream, is none of this ringing a bell? It was like, a whole thing."

"Yeah, no..." Dream ran a hand through his hair. "I don't really talk to people other than you at school, remember?"

That was partially true.

People talked to him sometimes when they passed one another, but it's not like they never stuck around long enough to catch him up on any drama or interesting shit.

Courtesy of my sexy soulmark.

"Okay well, it happened. Techno stepped in halfway through and went full Jiu-Jitsu on his ass; Schlatt was out of school for an entire week, and when he came back, his arm was in a cast for over a month." Sapnap whispered, "It was so awesome."

Dream burst out laughing. "Oh, what in the fuck- *That's* what we were talking about? Why didn't you start with that?"

Sapnap just sighed and laid down on his back.

Aw, no... I can't draw penises anymore.

Dream tried not to be too sad.

There would be other days.

"Now I *definitely* remember, though." He combed back Sapnap's fringe—*someone get this man a haircut, damn*—to give his hands something else to do. "Didn't he become, like, the token feminist at school after that, too?"

"You remember *that*, but not Niki saving our asses?" Sapnap shook his head. "Underrated queen."

"Sweet girl, but no," Dream snorted. "I was preoccupied at the time, anyway. I *do* remember all the school lesbians nodding at Techno when they passed him in the halls for a solid year. I had to both clarify *and* convince at least four of the new kids and transfers that it was not, in fact, a cult thing."

And they'd had to be *really* desperate to come to him.

"Yep."

Sapnap's eyes were closed, and Dream held in a laugh at how calm he looked, continuing to quietly play with his hair.

"So, you gonna actually answer me now?"

"Ugh," Sapnap groaned, keeping his eyes shut, but pouting. "It's not a big thing. I was just out of it, y'know?"

Dream hummed and twisted the strands in his fingers. "Why did it start though? Not that it takes a lot to piss off Schlatt, but it was still random as fuck."

"It wasn't random." Sapnap's voice was even again, but it had more warmth to it than earlier.

Dream vaguely wondered if he'd practiced having this conversation before.

"It's not like it's a big secret or anything, but some kids asked about my soulmate, and I told them it was you."

Dream thought it over.

Sapnap was right; they hadn't kept it a secret.

But, to be fair, it's not like people usually cared. Even in middle school, most kids were too concerned with themselves to really give a shit.

"Anyway, Schlatt caught that info from some others and thought it was pretty cool that I liked dick." Sapnap opened his eyes to smirk up at Dream. Dream just flicked him on the forehead and continued to listen. "But I just think he was jealous."

He paused.

"His soulmate doesn't really like him, y'know?"

Ah, Quackity.

"I can't really blame him. Schlatt's a pretty shit guy overall; I don't think adding romance into the mix would go over too well."

"Yeah," Sapnap trailed off. "Quackity still deserves better though."

Dream nodded, but didn't say anything.

He didn't know if Sapnap knew about Schlatt hitting him in freshman year, and Quackity had made him promise to keep it to himself. Not that he'd tell anyway; Dream knew it wasn't his place.

Still, Dream had made Quackity split with him in return, threatening to tell an adult—which sounds really bad, he knows, but the guy was miserable and nothing else was going to convince him—if he didn't.

It worked, though.

It also definitely added to the long list of reasons Schlatt had to hate him—Quackity had kept his mouth shut and used the abuse as his obvious explanation of why they were over, but Schlatt wasn't dense and had noticed the two of them getting closer between classes for the few weeks leading up to the break-up. Even though he couldn't prove it was because of Dream, they both knew it was him—but it wouldn't really matter in the long run.

Either Goat Boy would grow up and they would try again, or Quackity would move on and find someone better.

Soulmate rejects were more common than people liked to think, but Quackity was smart, and funny, and he'd have no issue finding someone else who would treat him better.

And he'd forgiven Dream, too. Things had been tense between them for awhile after, understandably, but they were cool now.

Friends, even.

"So it was because he was homophobic?"

Dream slapped a hand over his mouth as he said it aloud, and Sapnap opened his eyes again to grin up at him and choke on his own laughter.

"That's the thing! I don't fucking know anymore!" Sapnap was still smiling, and Dream tried to hold back his tears. "That would've made sense if he and Quackity didn't get together awhile after."

"Internalized homophobia?" Dream offered, putting on his serious therapist face to make Sapnap laugh.

It backfired on him because Sapnap did the same, and Dream strained with the effort to keep a straight face.

Sapnap nodded his head, his voice abnormally deep for the role. "Internalized homophobia."

Dream wanted to say something to Sapnap to comfort him; he knew it was appropriate and socially acceptable to do so, but he didn't know what he'd even say.

Sapnap seemed fine.

Obviously, the memory wasn't great, but it had been a long time, and he wasn't so affected by it to the point that he couldn't crack a joke or talk about it.

Dream looked back at his soulmate. Sapnap was still grinning, but his eyes were closed again.

Oh.

Dream noticed he'd stopped fidgeting with his hands.

Cool.

He settled on letting the moment pass, and they stayed there for a second before Dream picked up the conversation again.

"That was pretty cool, though."

He hesitated, before going on. "Niki, I mean."

"And him, I guess." Dream paused again. "Techno's pretty cool, too."

There was a moment of silence before Sapnap opened one eye and grinned. "Remember when—"

"Shut up."

"Okay, but Dream—"

"Shut your face."

Sapnap started laughing, and he held onto Dream's hand when he threatened to pull away from the bed.

"*Dude*, you've gotta admit, though..."

"I don't have to admit *shit*. We had a deal. We both agreed I'd say it once, and we'd never talk about it again."

"You don't have to get all embarrassed about it."

"I'm not embarrassed!" Despite the claim, Dream heard his own voice, and it was —*embarrassingly*—high.

"Fine, fine! We won't talk about your crush on Techno—"

"You ass!" Dream sat up and snatched the pillow from beneath Sapnap's head. The younger boy squealed, and curled in on himself. "We had a deal! You stabbed me with a dirty fork you found on the cafeteria floor to make it a blood pact and everything!"

"Okay!"

Sapnap was still laughing.

"I'm sorry, okay?"

Sapnap was very much not sorry.

"Oof—" He got whacked with the pillow.

Dream felt the sweet rush of victory, and he would've hit him again if Sapnap didn't look like such a dork.

Ew. Disgusting.

"Okay, well, since *someone* isn't ready to talk about it—'you're the one with communication issues' *my segsy ass*—we can move on." Sapnap sniffed and pulled Dream down on top of him so

they were cuddling with Dream halfway suffocating him.

Dream considered getting off so he wouldn't literally *die*, but decided against it, wiggling around a bit to get more comfortable.

If Sapnap perished, then he deserved it after what he'd just pulled.

Plus, it's his problem, not mine.

For the record, Dream had only liked Techno for a season. And it had been more of an "I'd let you step on me any day, Daddy" thing than any romantic setting or situation.

Not that Dream felt like he needed to explain himself, either.

But, for clarification's sake, the topic can be ended on with saying it was a minor attraction with no solid reasoning behind it other than Techno's ability to thoroughly kick his ass.

"I swear on my bedazzled crocs, he's gonna be a killer when he gets older. But one of the good ones."

Now Sapnap was tracing shapes on *his* back.

Dream closed his eyes and paid attention to what he was drawing.

"I almost feel bad for the guy, though. After he went full Karate Kid, *everyone* had a season of crushing on him—see, it's okay, Dream, you weren't special—"

"Ow!" Sapnap hissed as he got elbowed in the stomach.

"Seriously! Valentine's Day that year was iconic! All the girls *and* guys went after him, and Techno just straight up chose violence."

Sapnap paused to sneeze, turning his head to avoid hitting Dream.

Thank you.

"But everything bad he does backfires into something really good." He stopped drawing for a moment. "Like when he beat up the senior bullying the kid who came out as ace a few years ago and it started the huge pride awareness phase at school."

Dream grinned into Sapnap's shoulder. "That was funny."

Sapnap laughed lowly into his hair. "Yeah, that was pretty hilarious."

He sat up suddenly, and Dream slid into his lap.

Fuck.

He'd been really comfortable.

This better be important.

Sapnap smiled down at him, and Dream regretted everything that had led him to this moment.

"We should call him."

Absolutely not.

"We're not gonna call him, Sapnap."

"We're gonna call him."

Chapter End Notes

THAT WAS OVER 4500 WORDS BTW.
YEAH.
IDK HOW THAT HAPPENED BUT DAYUM
also this is gonna be long. prepare yourself.

and hello again!! :D
(imma talk about writing in the first half of this, so if you're just here for the chaos + whatever i am, skip ahead, lovely <3)
i'm not gonna lie, i love technoblade with all my heart, and he's gonna be in this fic purely because he's awesome
also quackity is mentally stable at the moment, so don't worry...
there's some subplots i desperately want in there for the future, because
~character development~
hence the reason for schlatt, techno, quackity, wilbur, and niki, etc.

they've been hinted at in other chapters, but not as much as this one, and that's for a little bit of a reason
(dream pays more attention to these things as he gets older-when he's younger he's managing his home life more than his school career/social life and his soulmark made it hard to keep friends around-and it would make sense that he'd hear bits and pieces from sapnap but is otherwise kinda oblivious to most of it.)

i'm not too good at writing other characters yet either, so we're just gonna have to see where this leads :)

ALSO I JUST DISCOVERED THE WORD BUSSIN AND IM USING IT IN EVERY CONTEXT I CAN-

prays urbandictionary didn't fail me on this one

AND WANNA HEAR SOMETHING I THINK IS REALLY FUNNY?
so george is supposed to be in this fic, yeah? but up until that point, it's basically a dreamnap fanfic.

BUT MY OTHER FIC IS PURELY DREAMNOTFOUND SO I THINK IT'S HILARIOUS TO SEE THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN YOU DREAMNAP SHIPPERS AND THE DREAMNOTFOUND SHIPPERS-

(ofc there's some overlap, and it warms my heart that some of y'all read both of the fics)

like- idk if it's just the way i wrote the other one/the different storyline and all that or wAT-

but the dnf shippers are so calm compared to you all...

AND I SAY THAT IN THE BEST WAY POSSIBLE BC I'LL SEE COMMENTS BEING SUPER SANE ON THAT ONE AND THEN COME HERE AND Y'ALL ARE MATCHING MY CHAOS AND ITS

S O FUNNY-

to lay this out in an easy way,

essentially, dreamnap shippers remind me of mcdonalds and knives.

+ dnf shippers remind me of the rain and earth.

AND THAT MAKES NO SENSE BUT IT DOES TO ME AND I WON'T FUCKING TAKE IT BACK.

I SAID WHAT I SAID.

OKAY NOW

HERES THE DAILY YEET FOR Y'ALL.

IF ITS MORNING FOR YOU,

YEE HAW + I LOVE WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH YOUR LIFE. BREATHING IS VERY SEGSY + I'M 12/10 IMPRESSED RN

GO DO SOMETHING GREAT. DRINK YOUR WATER. KILL YOUR ENEMY.

IF ITS NIGHT FOR YOU,

GOODNIGHT BRO- REMEMBER, THERE'S SOME LONELY PERSON OUT THERE IN THE CULT OFFERING YOU PLATONIC CUDDLES RN SO YOU AREN'T ALONE.

ALSO I PINKIE PROMISE YOU I'M SCARIER THAN YOUR NIGHT DEMON SO GET UR ASS TO SLEEP SOON.

but for realies- i really appreciate you guys + you all make my day :D

my discord is crustyy_sam #1392 if u need sum life advice or something (that's a joke- i am hella unqualified for that shit and the best thing i got for you is to eat yourself into a food coma. believe it or not, while it's highly unethical, it works for me every time).

OKIE, GOODBYE + I'LL SEE YOU GUYS SOON <3

LONG LIVE THE CULT

Mama, I'm In Love With A Criminal~ (But Nightcore Version Because We're Cultured)

Chapter Notes

hello rats >:D

I POSTED EARLIER TODAY, BUT WE'RE DOING IT AGAIN BECAUSE I REFUSE TO HOLD ONTO WRITTEN CHAPTERS.
WHEN THEY'RE WRITTEN, THEY'RE RELEASED BOIS

LEMME JUST SAY, Y'ALL ARE SO FUNNY IN THE COMMENTS
LIKE- YOU GUYS GENUINELY KICKED IT UP A NOTCH LAST TIME AND
IDK WHY, BUT IT TOOK ME FOREVER TO GET THROUGH THEM BC I KEPT
GETTING SO ENTERTAINED
SO
THANKS FOR THE CACKLES <3

this is... yep :D

OKAY OKAY-
GOODBYE SEGSEE RATS
i'll see you in the end notes, so until then, enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream would be lying if he said that he could win a fight against Sapnap.

Physically? Sapnap would perish.

But mentally or emotionally? Dream wasn't ready to test that.

That said, if Sapnap *really wanted something*, he usually got his way.

"Hello?"

That fear-strikingly familiar monotone voice rang out through the room.

If he was alone, Dream would've been willing to bet that he'd still be just as nervous, even if he hadn't been forced into putting the phone on speaker. He felt a sharp nudge at his side—they were both sitting cross-legged on the bed now; Sapnap had kicked him out of his lap earlier, the petty bitch—almost dropping his phone before glaring at Sapnap behind his shoulder. Sapnap looked back at him expectantly, then pointedly at the device in his hands, and Dream almost groaned at how weird of a situation he'd been put in.

"Hello?"

The voice repeated the command—everything was a command with Techno—and it was unnerving how it sounded so authoritative, yet unrushed.

Uncaring.

Unforgiving.

Dream shivered, and not in the good way.

He closed his eyes and sighed. How the fuck did Sapnap drag him into this again?

"We're gonna call him."

"Sap, it's like—11:30. He's probably doing his hitman shit right about now. Do you really wanna get in the middle of that?"

His fearless soulmate had rolled his eyes. "Suck it up, grandma. People like Technoblade probably stay up until the crack of dawn just for the hell of it."

"You might not value your life, but I do. If you wanna call him, go for it."

"Dream."

A pause. They'd made eye contact right about now, and Dream already knew he'd lost the battle.

"Yes?"

"If you don't call him, no more cuddles."

"Ha!" He'd laughed. "I call shit. You wouldn't screw yourself over, even out of spite."

Sapnap blinked, and then leaned forward into Dream's space. Uh oh. "Then I will make sure that my father hears something that sounds suspiciously like fucking, and you will have to deal with the repercussions of his tears."

Dream paused.

"Are you—" Dream stared up at him where his front was still laying over Sapnap's lap. "Are you blackmailing me with your own father's mental health?"

Sapnap didn't blink.

"Yes."

"Hey, Techno."

There was a second of silence. "Who is this?"

Who- Who is this?

Sapnap raised a brow at him, and it occurred to Dream for the first time that he hadn't prepared for a situation in which Techno didn't recognize him from his caller-ID. He'd thought that the other boy would've kept his contact; even if they didn't talk often—or ever—outside of school, Techno didn't really seem like the kind of person to get rid of people's numbers.

That shit could be used in some way to get back at them, even if it was just petty bullying or blackmail.

But now Dream had absolutely no idea what to do. At least when they'd assumed he'd still had the contact in, Sapnap would've been satisfied with Techno not answering the phone and might've chalked the decline up to him not wanting to waste his time communicating with someone as lowly

as Dream.

Now they *did* have Techno on the other line. He just didn't know who the fuck they were.

If you end it now, you can probably still leave unscathed. He might be hella smart, but it's unlikely that he knows how to trace a phone call, or any of that. Wait... Dream thought for a moment, *does that spy shit even work?*

Dream got shoved in the side again, and when he looked back, even Sapnap looked a little panicked about the situation, even if he was forcing Dream to do all of the talking. He wasn't worried enough not to stare him down, though.

His eyes jerked down at the phone again. It's a good thing Dream was fluent in dumbass.

That movement was Sapnap for *"Fucking answer him, dipshit."*

"It's, uhh..."

Dream just decided to fuck it. It was all in, or all out.

"It's Dream."

Techno didn't respond for a moment, and Sapnap started to lean over and press into his side sweetly, although it was probably more to seek out his own comfort from the call than anything else. Dream would've teased him for being so violent one minute and then affectionate the next, but even he was sweating a bit at how long it was taking Technoblade to answer.

"Science class."

"What?"

"Biology. 8th grade. Period 4. You sat behind me and never bothered me, so I scanned the room for you every morning to make sure no one messed with your desk or seat."

Excuse me, what—

If Dream had been in his Techno-phase, he'd have probably pissed himself before shooting his shot. Coming from him, that sentence was basically a love confession..

No, it's not.

Stop being horny before you get deatched.

Remember: no dick is worth dismemberment.

Even back then before they were together, he just *knows* Sapnap would've encouraged him purely so he could watch and laugh from the corner of the hall as Dream got inevitably rejected.

"Yes?"

His voice cracked a bit upon delivery, and Sapnap dug his face into Dream's shoulder to muffle his amusement.

Asshole.

"Yes. I know; I was not asking."

Sapnap's head raised from his shoulder to mouth words at him with a cheeky grin.

How assertive. You have nice taste.

Dream just rolled his eyes and flipped him off.

Apparently he didn't reply soon enough because Technoblade cut right to the point. "What is it you want, Dream?"

He breathed in deeply, and Sapnap tensed in anticipation at his side. This was the moment of truth.

"Honestly?"

Techno made a noncommittal grunt of what Dream qualified as confirmation, and Dream made an educated guess that he wasn't paying complete attention to them. Maybe he was bored. Or maybe he really did have a hitman job and was just multitasking...

"I called to see if you'd want to hang out."

Sapnap sucked in a quiet breath next to him, and Dream put the phone down on the bed so he could twist his hands before he broke his phone case with his nervous gripping. Technoblade didn't answer for nearly ten seconds.

And yes. It was getting awkward.

"Okay."

Dream turned to him as Sapnap's eyes widened, and he looked at Dream with what he could guess was both fear and excitement. And also—surprise.

Wait a second—

Dream almost strangled his soulmate.

Sapnap hadn't actually expected them to make it this far.

"What?"

He got slapped on the back as gently as Sapnap could manage to do quietly, but while Dream cringed at how rude that might've sounded, he was too shocked to really care.

"I'll come."

"You aren't like, doing something?"

Dude, Sapnap mouthed, shut the fuck up.

"No." If Techno was offended, his tone didn't reflect it. "I am doing nothing. I am very much alone."

Sapnap wheezed at that, and Dream genuinely felt a surge of panic run through him once he realized they were still on speaker and Techno could likely hear him. His stupid boyfriend realized it too a second later, and then froze up.

Dream sighed.

Sapnap deserved to be called out for instigating this whole event anyway, despite how he was currently doing the mom signals where they attempt to communicate through unreliable hand gestures in what was Dream's interpretation of "*Tell him it was me, and I will punch you in the dick.*"

Unfortunately for him, Dream feared Technoblade's dick-punching abilities more.

"Sorry, Techno, that was Sapnap. He wanted to join too, if that's okay?"

Sapnap narrowed his eyes at him and facepalmed.

"*If that's okay', really?*" He mouthed angrily.

"*Jealous?*" Dream mouthed back. He got a hand to the forehead for that one.

Dream was almost worried he'd be pissed about telling Techno he was on the other end, but he doubted Sapnap would cause bodily harm to him while on call with someone else. Especially if they were planning to meet said person soon.

"Yes," Technoblade replied. "I figured that was the default."

Turning back around, Dream just smirked back at his soulmate. "See? Don't worry, Sappy. We won't leave you behind."

"Yeah, yeah," he grumbled. "Hey, Techno, I'm the favorite though, right?"

"Seriously?" Dream panned. "That's so petty. Plus, you and him have barely ever even spoken; of course I'm going to be the favori—"

"Yes, that is fairly accurate, Sapnap."

Sapnap laughed and bounced on the bed, pumping the air with his fists. "Ha! Take that, lover boy!"

Lover boy?

Dream registered what his soulmate had said. Sapnap did too, and he giggled hysterically before falling back against the pillows as Dream pushed him down and glared, seething quietly so Technoblade couldn't hear, "shut the fuck up, dude! It was for like, two days!"

"Two *months*!" Sapnap whispered back, still grinning up.

"It makes sense, strategically." Techno was not deterred; either he didn't hear Sapnap, or he didn't care. Dream nearly shit himself in relief as he went on. "Sapnap is the weaker of the two of you, comparatively. Therefore it is much more understandable for me to prefer his less threatening company over your own."

Sapnap stopped moving and lied still against the sheets. "I'm sorry, you say *what*?"

"HA!"

"Shut up, Dream!" Sapnap hissed. Then, softer, "don't forget the information I hold over you."

Dream's grin dropped, and he was cut off before he could speak.

"So, about... *hanging out*..."

"Yeah?" Sapnap responded for the both of them.

"When? And where? Also why?" There was a pause. "Is this a prank?"

"Wha—No, no!" Dream covered.

Glancing over, he saw Sapnap looked a little guilty in the corner of the bed, and Dream felt it too.

Sure, the initial reason they'd called him had been for shits and giggles, but they couldn't just stop now that Techno had agreed. That would be really mean, even for Technoblade.

Also... Dream wanted to see where the fuck any of this would lead. It was entertaining, to say the least.

"Yeah, no, we're serious about it. To answer the question of why, we're bored, and you and I haven't talked in awhile."

"Dream, past the biology project, we haven't talked ever."

Dream ignored him, and he saw Sapnap mock him at his side. "And as for the time and place, we didn't really have anything specific in mind. Is there any particular time, or a place you want to go to, or...?"

"How does now work?"

It was sooner than Dream had expected, but it didn't really matter to him. Death was death.

Sapnap's head whipped over to him, and he raised both eyebrows and made some weird eye Morse code between himself and the phone.

Dream had no idea what the actual fuck that was supposed to mean, so naturally, he just took his best shot at deciphering it.

"Uhhh, yeah, now works fine."

Sapnap sat up straighter and did more of the discernible mom hand gestures, but aggressively this time.

Dream tried to follow.

"Okay, so now, then." Even more hand gestures again, and Sapnap looked kind of angry. Weird.

"What do you want to go do?"

Techno's even voice broke through the temporary silence of the room. "You are familiar with JSchlatt."

Both he and Sapnap turned to one another and shrugged. His soulmate still looked pissed, but with the contained kind of anger, like he'd kick Dream's ass once he got off the phone.

Scary.

"Are you asking me or telling me?"

"Telling, but I've heard it's polite to ask an obligatory question before suggesting something relative to the topic if you want to convince someone to agree with you. It supposedly makes people more comfortable and susceptible to the idea."

Sapnap's eyebrows drew together, and he looked just as confused as Dream felt. Not that Dream didn't understand what he'd said—because he did—but the topic of Schlatt was very random.

He couldn't think of any beef between him and Technoblade.

"Right..." Dream started. "You mentioned something about suggesting something relative. So what's up?"

"He has done something that displeases me."

A humorless laugh sounded from his side, and Dream heard Sapnap call out, "oh, really? That doesn't sound like him."

Dream reached over to smack him on the leg, and he got a huff of annoyance in return.

"Yes. And I plan to do something in response."

The gears were turning in Dream's head, and he really hoped this wasn't going the way he was beginning to believe it would.

"Which would be...?"

Technoblade didn't even stutter.

"You know that new, red car he got for his birthday a few weeks ago?"

He felt Sapnap reach up to grip onto his hoodie and haul himself up, nearly taking Dream down backwards with him in the process. He was like an annoying cat of sorts. Sapnap settled fast though, resting his head on top of Dream's so he was facing down at the bed with his arms around the blond's shoulders as they both stared at the phone in front of them.

"I'm going to trash it. And you two are going to help."

Chapter End Notes

I'M BACK BRO

also we're at like 20,000 now
and NO ONE FUCKING TOLD ME.
like i'm supposed to FIND THIS SHIT OUT ON MY OWN.
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I HAVE EYES? NO. GAWD.

but thanks :D i guess
Y'ALL WOULDN'T BE HERE IF YOU DIDN'T WANNA BE SO IT FEELS WEIRD
THANKING YOU ALL, BUT STILL
i appreciate you guys offering your souls up for the betterment of the cult <3

you know the drill: discord is crustyy_sam #1392
OKAY NOW IT IS TIME FOR THE DAILY YEET:

IF IT'S NIGHTTIME FOR YOU,
GOODNIGHT SEGSEE BEAST. I HOPE YOU HAVE A SOLID DREAM BC

THOSE WISHY WASHY ONES FUCK WITH MY HEAD TOO. ALSO IF NO ONE
HAS TOLD YOU THEY LUV YOU, THEN LISTEN UP BITCH: I LUV YOUUUU

IF IT'S MORNING FOR YOU,
GO BACK TO SLEEP. TIME IS AN ILLUSION AND WORK IS A SOCIAL
CONSTRUCT. GOODNIGHT, YOUNG POTATO <3

AND IF IT'S THE MIDDLE OF DAY FOR YOU,
then you don't exist :)
GOODBYE AND I'LL SEE YOU GUYS IN THE NEXT CHAPTER

Technoblade Probably Feels Pretty Right Now (Featuring: What A Guy Will Do For Dick)

Chapter Notes

WASSUP SEGSEE RATSSSS
I'VE MISSED THE WARMTH OF THE CULT SO MUCH, BUT THIS HAS
TAKEN A WHILE TO WRITE
mostly because there's not a solid stopping point up until the end... you'll see, heh

ALSO DAMN
I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD SO MANY TECHNO SIMPS IN THE CHAT, BUT I
REALLY CANT BLAME Y'ALL LMAO-

ANYWAY YEAH
I HOPE YOU BROS AND BOIS, HOES N JOES ENJOY THIS AND THAT IT
REALLY RATS YOUR TOUILLE

ILY GUYS <3
DON'T PERISH PLS, WE NEED YOU AS A POSSIBLE BLOOD SACRIFICE IF
STUFF GOES WRONG, SO STAY SAFE AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF
REMEMBER: YOUR HEALTH IS THE CULT'S HEALTH :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sneaking out was easier than Dream had dared to hope.

Mrs. Nap had retreated back into her room by the time he and Sapnap waddled down the stairs, and Mr. Nap basically waved them off when they crowded by the door and said they'd be back. He also threw a box of condoms at them and shouted "Be safe!", but it was loads better than being brutally interrogated on their whereabouts.

And yes—Dream did end up taking the condoms.

Not because he and Sapnap planned to use them—though he really wouldn't mind having them for the future because A) Sapnap was hot, B) Dream had to have some last-resort way of getting him to shut the fuck up, even if it was through distracting him via sex, and C) Sapnap was hot—but for the reason of Mr. Nap arguing when he'd tried to give the box back.

"I'm not saying you've got medical issues! But STDs do exist, champ. And look, I really don't care, 'Your dick, your problem' and all that, but she'd kill me if I didn't at *least* make you take them."

Neither he nor Sapnap needed help understanding who he was referring to.

I wonder how many pairs of those high heel projectiles she has at her arsenal...

His lovely conscious took the liberty of whispering back, *if you don't take the fucking glizzy covers, you'll soon find out.*

Dream tried not to shiver at the memory, because despite how much he adored seeing his mother get John-Wick-ed in the eye, he'd hate to be on the other end of that aim. Witnessing such a thing in real life and wielding the current knowledge that Mrs. Nap could come out at any moment and question them further, he just decided to pocket the condoms, dismiss Mr. Nap with a wave, and drag Sapnap out of the house by the arm.

One of the last things Mrs. Nap had told him when they'd gotten home today—*wow, today?*—was that he was welcome to use the older family car on his own if he ever wanted to. Granted, she probably hadn't been expecting him to take her up on that offer only a few hours later, but hey—he got the approval, didn't he?

They shut the door on their way out, and Dream barely had time to catch Sapnap around the waist before he darted away to climb into the driver's seat.

Dream knew from personal experience that once Sapnap got in, he wasn't coming out. And he'd let his soulmate do a lot of things around him, but driving wasn't one.

"Dude," Sapnap groaned, hanging forward where Dream still had him around the middle purely to make life harder for him. "C'mon, lemme *goooooo...*"

"Sap, you *aren't* driving." He reached down to swipe the keys from the brunette's loose grasp, and Dream felt him gasp.

"Give those back!" Sapnap screeched quietly—Dream wasn't completely sure how that was possible, but at least he wasn't waking the neighbors—and he wiggled in his hold. "I swear to—"

Letting out a low laugh, Dream twisted forward and bent to press a quick kiss to Sapnap's cheek from the side, wrapping his other hand around his hip to keep him in place. Sapnap quieted down in record time and turned his head to chase his mouth for an *actual* kiss, but Dream pulled away before he could reach, grinning.

We'll have time for that later.

Sapnap made a grumpy noise and pouted. Well, as much as he could while glaring at Dream like he'd committed a personal offense against him.

There was never *just* pouting with Sapnap; some subtle promise of revenge always had to be in place.

"Yeah, yeah. You can threaten me later." Dream released him, and he almost regretted doing so when Sapnap leaned back into him as far as he could before he had to catch himself, but his dilemma was solved by gently guiding his heathen over to the other side of the car where the passenger seat was with a hand to his back. Dream found he responded fairly well to physical affection later on in the night.

Maybe he was tired from all the bullshit he constantly gave people in the daytime.

Maybe he had no will to live once the sun went down, like a reverse-vampire.

Maybe he wanted to get railed and found that complaining would get him nowhere; Dream didn't know, but he'd probably find out at some point in time.

"For now, just shut up and get in the car, babe."

The shorter boy went, surprisingly, although Dream did catch the "Musty Bitch" thrown over his shoulder as he walked away.

The haters can say what they want about that, but Dream counted everything about this as an absolute win.

Except for the music, but he'd never won that fight with Sapnap anyway.

The drive went smoothly; Sapnap played Doja Cat's new camera sex song—Dream pretended not to be worried when he sang along to every word—before moving on to Katy Perry.

Again.

Her old album, though; not any of her new ones, Sapnap was sure to mention.

Dream nodded and replied with the appropriate reactions for their scattered conversation, but honestly—if he had to hear Sapnap preach about how her songs from 'One of the Boys' and 'Prism' were so much better than all of the other stupid shit people sang nowadays *one more fucking time*, he was going to actually lose it.

He almost missed the Taylor Swift phase.

At least then he'd known what the hell was going on. Now he was just concerned about why Katy kept having heat flashes and changing her fucking clothes every two minutes.

In a short explanation to a long car drive—not actually, he just liked being a whiny bitch—Sapnap's obsession was growing, and Dream's patience was thinning. He'd developed the survival tactic of tuning him and the music out though until it was nothing more than a low buzz behind his thoughts.

It was weird having time to himself, even if it was only a few minutes.

This whole day has felt like an entire year, straight from start to finish.

Dream's head hurt just thinking about it all. Not that everything had been necessarily *bad*, per say, but it was definitely overwhelming, and he'd had no time to process any of it.

Just to recap:

I've made out with Sapnap—twice.

And we've only been dating for a day.

I've had two separate not-quite-shovel-talks with my current guardians, which, holy fucking shit, I'm literally living with Sapnap and I'm technically unofficially moved out of my parent's house. Damn.

I witnessed my soulmate's mom defend me with a common everyday accessory, unlocking a new reason to fear her. However, she also told me I'm essentially her son. This gives us new data.

Her current threat level assessment: low to medium.

That's really good. Nice job, Dream.

I recently learned some things about Sapnap's dad that I'd rather forget.

Oh, and now I'm on my way to go commit a crime. On purpose.

For the second time today, might I add.

With Technoblade. And the boy I want to marry. Against the dude who used to hit one of my only old friends.

He let his thoughts go as they arrived at their destination—Taco Bell—and Dream nearly jumped out of the car once they'd parked safely.

He knew he had to have some sort of brain damage when after that hellish twenty minutes even the thought of Technoblade's emotionless mask of a voice sounded like heaven to him.

Despite how it may look, they weren't actually going to eat at Taco Bell.

They'd all agreed to meet here because it was supposedly a safe ten minute drive from Schlatt's house, and Technoblade had told them they'd need to meet up *somewhere* first since they'd be driving there and back in one car to minimize the length of time it'd take, as well as "lowering the possibility of failure while escaping".

They'd also chosen Taco Bell because Dream was pretty sure Sapnap would get hungry once they'd trashed Schlatt's shit, and he was *not* going to deal with a hangry Sapnap on the way home.

He *couldn't*.

He knew from personal experience how that burden alone would be too much for one man to bear.

Dream didn't know how Technoblade been so fast to come up with a game plan involving the two of them joining his adventure when *they* had been the ones to call *him* in the first place. He almost wanted to ask Techno if he'd been expecting them—though he didn't even know how that would be possible—but then again...

No. He didn't want to ask.

There were some answers Dream was probably better off leaving blank.

He heard the car door shut as the two of them got out, and he watched through the windows as Sapnap made his way around to his side. Dream looked around, but he didn't see any pink hair, although there were a good number of cars around them. Sapnap sneezed as he padded up to him, and Dream smiled and lifted up his arm to wrap it around the smaller boy's shoulders while they waited for Technoblade to arrive.

At least, he was going to.

"Hello."

Dream whipped around at the voice, and he heard a bang as Sapnap did the same. Except he'd turned around in the other direction, and the dumbass slammed his arm against the car door, because *of course he did*.

His eyes moving to the figure in front of them—coming up from the decline of the hill leading up to the Taco Bell, by the way, not from the direction of the *actual* Taco Bell, so he didn't know what that was about—Dream swallowed and tried to hold onto every braincell he had.

He could do this.

It had just been... five years? Four?

Be casual, Dream. Just don't make anything weird. Talk normally.

"Hey."

Cool—that was really good, be prepared to do it again.

"Fuck!" Sapnap cursed beside him. Loudly.

Dream cringed. They had a great start.

Shhhh... Don't look at him.

He's fine.

"Dude, what the hell? You scared us!" Sapnap hissed, clutching his arm in pain.

Dream wasn't gonna deny—that hit looked like it had hurt, and he hadn't even seen it head on, just from the movement that had preceded it.

But... regardless of injury or situation, *no one* yelled at Technoblade.

Sapnap wasn't the best at remembering to fear others, so Dream was going to help do it for him.

Hoping he was in a chill mood, Dream took a step to the side to cover up part of Sapnap from Techno's vision.

He didn't even know if he could win a fight against him, but if his own stupid loyalty for his soulmate wasn't enough, allowing Sapnap to throw hands with this guy would result in Dream also getting beaten by Techno afterward, then having to face what Sapnap had dubbed as The Affection Chancla™ by Mrs. Nap, as well as Sapnap himself once he'd recovered.

Not that he thought Techno was so defensive that he'd resort immediately to violence, but if his soulmate got his ass kicked by a pastel-haired Karate Kid ripoff outside of a Taco Bell at 1am, Dream was going to be pissed.

"I apologize," Techno replied, his voice as soulless as ever, "however, I think it is worth noting that injuring yourself like that will not be beneficial to our expedition."

Sapnap huffed, but he otherwise didn't say much. He did step to the side though so Dream was no longer blocking him from sight, and he turned to glare at the blond.

What? It's not my fault you're short and are incapable of defending yourself against a car door, Dream tried to say with his eyes.

He was pretty sure Sapnap caught at least half of it, but neither "it's not my fault you're short" nor "you're incapable of defending yourself" were great options. Sapnap sighed angrily, but he didn't say anything.

Dream made a mental note to keep one eye open when sleeping before remembering that tonight was supposed to be the first time they wouldn't be sharing a bed. Or a room.

Ouch.

Given the chance now that he knew Technoblade was significantly similar to how he'd been in grade school—harmless unless provoked, and even then some—he wondered how he'd changed over the years. Dream eyed him.

Not like *that*, but...

He glanced over to Sapnap, and he was doing the same, except with way less effort put in to hide the fact that he was doing it.

Right. No shame.

Glad to know we're on the same page, though.

It was cool with him, anyway.

He might not be up to sharing *Sapnap*, but they were both hella gay, and Techno was far from ugly.

For lack of Dream explaining everything he was wearing, he had to admit Techno looked good in black.

Sapnap had his eyes on the ground in front of them when Dream had finished... *observing*... but he was smirking.

Dream's gaze flitted up to Technoblade's, and he didn't know if he was relieved or horrified to find him staring back. He didn't look offended or anything, thank god; to be completely honest, he appeared to be spacing out.

Or bored.

"If you are both ready to leave, I suggest we start heading over now." Technoblade pointed behind him at whatever place he'd been waiting. "In the off chance we do get followed back, it would be much safer if our cars were not in the same spot."

With that, he turned and started making his way down the way he came without checking to see if they'd follow. Dream faced Sapnap who just shrugged at him and winced as he jostled his arm again. He obviously wasn't that deterred though, because he trailed behind Techno, half-sliding, half-jogging down the uneven dirt until he eventually got where he needed to, landing a little too hard on the last jump with an "Oof!"

Dream didn't bother stifling his laugh when he saw him almost land on his ass, but he settled for a silent grin after Sapnap shot him the bird.

Cute.

They took a left once the ground leveled out, and the three of them walked for a minute or two down to the FiveBelow parking lot that apparently existed. Turns out Techno didn't have a solid hiding spot for his car, but it did blend in pretty well with the other vehicles in the area, so Dream doubted it'd be easy to find them if they ran into trouble.

There was a surprising amount of people in FiveBelow so late in the night, but it's not like he had room to judge.

Part of him was nervous.

He'd already helped his Mrs. Nap get away with something illegal today—well, okay, maybe not *illegal*; it was definitely a grey space since people fight all the time, but still—and he really didn't want to get caught in the middle of another dubious situation.

Then again, with Sapnap's bratty attitude and newfound hatred for car doors, Technoblade's.... scratch that, *Technoblade*, and Dream's mommy issues, Schlatt stood no chance.

There was no way they could fail.

Dream knew he was being way too calm for all of this, but as he climbed into Techno's car and relaxed in the back—Sapnap had ditched him for the front seat, the bastard—he really couldn't find it in himself to panic. He was done overthinking, and, as horrible as this adventure might turn out, he was starting to think that maybe he deserved a little careless fun.

The ride over was nice, and Dream would honestly do it again. This was the first time he'd ever been out so late with friends.

Well, more than one friend.

In the beginning there was Sapnap, and only Sapnap.

Not that he really minded, although some piece of him taunted that he didn't have room to speak because he'd never known otherwise. It didn't matter much; Dream knew he liked his soulmate's company, and it was good enough for him.

Sapnap was good enough for him.

He did not, however, like his soulmate's current taste in music.

Technoblade didn't seem to even notice when Sapnap took control of the radio.

At one point, Dream thought he saw him tap his finger to the beat where his hand gripped the steering wheel, but then they were turning and his hand was moving, and, for the betterment of his psyche, Dream ignored it and tried to convince himself that it was just his imagination.

Because... there was no way Techno listened to Megan Thee Stallion.

Past that, the rest of the drive was silent, but comfortable.

Something was off, though.

To be fair, Dream didn't realize until they'd gotten to the neighborhood.

A neighborhood. Cause it was someone's, but it definitely wasn't Schlatt's.

If there was anything he liked to talk up, it was how successful his family was, so it was no surprise for anyone at school to hear that he lived in one of the nicest homes available in their city. Other kids had gone over and confirmed it, too, so Dream was fairly sure he wasn't just lying out of his ass.

But this?

Dream frowned.

The house wasn't bad by any means, but Dream was positive that Schlatt lived in better. His "friends" wouldn't have lied for him; no shallow middle school bond overrides the instinctual drive

to mock one another when presented the chance.

So, the big question was: where were they, and why were they here?

"Hey, Techno..." Dream drawled, unsure of how best to put this without making him... anything, really. "Who's house is this?"

He unbuckled his seat-belt as Techno drove up and parked on the side, but he was then waved off.

"You do not need to do that. He will be out in a minute."

Sapnap sunk back into his seat, and Dream tried again. He didn't like being unaware of any part of this plan, especially when he and Sapnap would have a hard time getting back to their car if they needed to ditch Techno, should the situation go south.

Like usual, Sapnap beat him to the chase.

"Who are we waiting on? This wasn't part of the plan, dude."

"It was not part of *your* plan." He turned to the two of them, his eyes flitting between their faces and out the car window to watch the house. His attention shifted to Dream. "It is fine. You are already familiar with them."

Fuck.

Dream knew a ton of people generally, but barely any personally, and, if he did, chances were they weren't on good terms. If worse came to worst, he could probably defend himself and Sapnap just fine against some random kid from school—assuming they did attend school with them—but with Technoblade here?

And vouching for them?

It's safe to say he was getting anxious. Sapnap was his soulmate, yeah, but he was also younger and Dream's responsibility for the night.

And for, like, ever.

"And what if I don't like them?" Dream narrowed his eyes.

Techno blinked at him slowly. "You already do."

All three of their heads shot to the back of the car as the sound of rustling could be heard. Technoblade unlocked the doors, and Dream tensed. Even Sapnap looked a little nervous before the gate to the backyard unhooked and someone started heading their way.

It was too dark to be able to easily identify the person, but soon enough they got closer, and Dream could mentally point out some defining features.

They were short, and had a beanie on, and—*oh fuck, I know why we're trashing Schlatt's car now.*

Turning back around, Dream looked over his shoulder at Technoblade in a silent question, and he was given a subtle, but curt nod.

Dream was pissed. Out of everyone to bring into this, this was the one person they should've left out.

He and Technoblade were *so* talking about this later.

Sapnap's eyebrows were drawn together, and he just looked confused.

Dream would have to explain everything to him later tonight, too.

But how does Technoblade know about all that shit between Quackity and Schlatt?

Last he checked, neither of them would consider themselves close with Techno...

Right?

The lights in the car lit up as Quackity opened the door, stumbling in on his way, and he settled into the seat slightly out of breath. He readjusted his beanie and smiled up at the three of them, though he looked as stumped as the rest of them.

"Hey?"

"Hi?" Dream asked.

"Sup?" Sapnap popped in, his voice tilting up at the end so it was more of a "*What are you doing here?*" than a "*Hey, how are you, man?*".

Technoblade just nodded at him without a word and then turned back to put the car into drive.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Quackity jerked forward and grabbed Techno by the shoulder. Both he and Sapnap grimaced; basic rule of the universe: Don't touch Technoblade in any way without explicit, verbal consent. "What's going on?"

The car stopped, but no one spoke for a second.

"You didn't tell him?" Sapnap nearly yelled, gripping the headrest.

Quackity cringed and did the "zip it" gesture to tell Sapnap to keep it down, and he pointed back at the house. Sapnap shot him back an okay and nodded before glaring at Technoblade.

"Yeah..." Dream didn't really *want* to get into this, but now he had no idea what was going on. He shifted to look straight at Quackity.

Quackity was already squinting at him in return.

'Cause that's not freaky at all.

"Uh, Quackity...?"

"Wait, *Dream?*"

He looked confused. So was Dream now.

"Yes?"

"Dude!" He grabbed Dream's face and pulled him closer to look. Or inspect.

All Dream knew was that he was way too tall for this position, and that his back really hurt.

Short people really just do whatever they want, damn.

"How come I've never seen you without your mask before? It's not *that* bad!" Quackity was still staring at his mark. "Actually, nevermind, it's kinda bad. But hey! *You* don't look as bad as I thought you would!"

"Um, thanks... "

Well, that could've gone better.

And worse. You've definitely had worse.

That reminded him—Technoblade hadn't reacted to his mark at all.

Somehow Dream wasn't surprised.

He tried to redirect the conversation.

"Anyway, like, no offense, it's great to see you and everything, and we totally need to catch up sometime, but what in the actual fuck are you doing here?"

"I don't know, dude! What are you guys doing here?" Quackity put up his hands before pointing at Techno. "I got a text from this guy telling me to be outside my house in thirty. I thought he was gonna pick me up for a date or some shit! Not..." He looked like he was struggling to find words. "I dunno, kidnap me!"

"You were gonna go on a date with Technoblade?" Sapnap whispered, reaching out to grab Quackity's hands tenderly. "Bro, are you okay? I've got people I can set you up with..."

To Dream's surprise, Quackity grasped his hand back and shook his head. "I appreciate it, man, but I'm good. And, to be fair," he glanced over at Techno who was just watching from his seat, "I didn't *want* to go on a date with him! But, like, free food, y'know?"

"I totally get it," Sapnap retrieved his hand, nodding, and they both settled back into their respective spots. "Might as well take his cash while you've got the option."

Quackity smiled back at him and then flopped back onto the car seat dramatically. "Finally, someone who gets me."

What... just happened?

He and Techno made eye contact in the space over where Quackity and Sapnap had both joined hands, and Dream might've saw the first flecks of emotion in his soul. Granted, it was confusion and what Dream hoped was horrific curiosity, but it still counted.

Sapnap was cool.

Quackity was cool.

But together?

There was a lot Dream didn't know, but he was certain that mixing a band geek with a theater nerd was never a smart move. And Technoblade was about to learn the consequences of what he'd done.

Dream was a social outcast by chance, and Techno was a social disgrace by choice.

They were in no way qualified to handle this.

He almost felt bad for the guy.

Almost.

"Okay..." Dream breathed out. There was very little room to smoothly transition from that conversation to this one, considering he didn't know what the fuck just went on, but he had to put in some effort. "Techno, wanna explain, or what?"

The pink-haired bastard reclined back into the corner of the car, still watching them all.

Dream kinda wanted to fight him for how unaffected he seemed about everything; it was one thing to hang out, another to go vandalize someone's shit, and a whole different playing field to drag someone with a personal vendetta into this mess.

"It is not that complicated. We all have reason to hate JSchlatt." He eyed each of them calmly. "Are you in, or are you out?"

Dream mentally sighed in relief.

Thank god he's giving us an out.

I wasn't prepared to handle this mafia interrogation shit today.

Sapnap narrowed his eyes. "We're in."

"What?" Dream whipped his head around. "No, no, no, Sappy; we are *not* in."

"*I'm* in," Sapnap leveled, staring at Dream across the car.

Deciding he could afford to be a little bit pissy given recent events, Dream scowled and crossed his arms, leaning into his seat and away from Sapnap.

Of course his adrenaline-junkie boyfriend would be in. He knew Dream wouldn't leave him here, anyway.

"And I'm... hungry." Everyone looked over at him with a raised brow—except Techno, but that wasn't a surprise—and Quackity just shrugged. He nodded at Technoblade. "*You* still owe me food though."

"I never agreed to anything."

"Yeah, well, you text me to be outside my house at 1 in the morning, not to wear anything I can't easily move in, and that it will be, and I quote, 'lots of fun'. I went into this expecting a date, murder, or to get laid, so Olive Garden it is." He paused. "I'll admit, you telling me something was going to be fun was probably my first warning sign, but it's too late now."

Sapnap snorted before covering his mouth with his hand until Dream could tell he was smirking underneath.

"Getting laid, huh?"

Quackity grinned right back, and Dream was pretty sure he and Sapnap had another soul bonding moment right in front of him and Techno.

Again.

Dream watched as Technoblade narrowed his eyes at Quackity, but not in a threatening way. He just looked like he was trying to read him. Given how badly Dream had seen him interact with the few people who dared to talk to him on the daily, he wasn't all that surprised. That said, while Technoblade's tolerance for people had grown immensely, Dream wouldn't be shocked if this night ended up with one of them gaining a black eye or a broken arm.

Or mass amounts of psychological scarring.

But he and Sapnap would be fine with that; they lived with Mrs. Nap.

"Too late now?" Techno's eyes shifted to the house right outside. Dream guessed he was choosing to ignore the other comment. *Smart move*. "We are still outside your house, Quackity. It is not too late for you to back out."

Quackity sighed, and crossed his arms behind his head, facing the roof.

"Nope, I'm already way too involved."

He propped his feet up on the center console inches away from Techno's form, and Techno just stared at them, unmoving. Dream almost wanted to tell Quackity to knock it the fuck off, but he already had to worry about Sapnap saying some dumb shit; he didn't know if he could handle babysitting the both of them.

Also it was kinda funny seeing someone not care about Techno's reputation.

Besides, he didn't seem so bad tonight.

If Techno wasn't such a mortal threat to his soulmate, Dream would've really liked to become close friends with him.

He hated to think that it had been such a long time since they'd talked, but it was nice to see both him and Quackity again. Maybe he'd have a chance to apologize to the latter later; even if he'd already been forgiven, it would make him feel better to know that Quackity was aware he was still one of the only people Dream still cared about.

By the way, he had kept monologuing.

"It's sad, really! You guys have my hands tied, and there's nothing I can do."

Techno blinked again, bored, and Sapnap just smiled, amused.

"So... now that that's out of the way... I've got two questions."

His tone shifted and he leaned forward, and Dream suddenly remembered why Quackity was so much fun.

"What did my asshole of a soulmate do this time?"

He grinned, and Dream nearly pissed himself as he saw Technoblade smile back in the corner of the car.

"And how can we fuck up his life?"

HELLO AGAIN >:D

THAT WAS ABOUT 4900 WORDS, SO IF YOU READ THAT ALL, GOOD JOB
IF NOT, YOUR SKIMMING SKILLS AMAZE ME + YOU'RE GONNA DO
GREAT ON THE SAT

(lowkey used to think SAT meant STD and got *real confused* when they told us we
had to take it ;V;)

IDK WHAT TO SAY RN TBH
IM JUST REALLY HAPPY YOU GUYS EXIST

sometimes i'll get sad n just come on here and all your comments make my day, hehe
<3

so even tho i write the fic, i hope you dorks know you really mean a lot to me, and that
i DO notice y'all :)

OKAY
IF YOU'RE NEW, WELCOME, AND IF YOU AIN'T, YOU KNOW WHAT TIME
OF THE FIC IT IS-
THE ~DAILY YEET~

IF ITS MORNING FOR YOU,
GOOD MORNING, + IF NO ONE HAS TOLD YOU THAT YOUR 3-WEEK OLD
SMELLY HOODIE IS SEGSY, THEN IM TELLIN YOU
THAT HOODIE IS VERY SEGSEE
IT BRINGS ALL THE MCYT MEN TO THE YARD
NOW, GO DRINK WATER. DRINK THE ENTIRE FUCKING OCEAN. THEN
EVERYONE DIES.
SEE?
DRINKING WATER CAN BE FUN
IT'S ALL ABOUT PERSPECTIVE :D

IF IT'S NIGHT FOR YOU,
then goodnight. that's it. you do not get special treatment today, come back next time
and we'll see.
<3

IF IT'S SOMETIME INBETWEEN,
CONGRATS, YOU GET LIVING RIGHTS AGAIN :D

now that that is done with, on a semi-serious note, please do take care of yourself +
the support you have all given me is insane.
i luv y'all as much as you luv violence, so go have a good rest of your day, lovely
mortal <3

This Is Now A DreamNoBlade Bromance Fanfiction

Chapter Notes

HELLO CULT MEMBERS >:D

GATHER ROUND FOR THE NOT-SO-RELIGIOUS MESSAGE

LEMME JUST SAY, Y'ALL ARE THE FUNNIEST GROUP OF PEOPLE I'VE EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF INTERACTING WITH.

it's taken me awhile to get through comments, mostly because i can't get through five at a time without *FUCKING WHEEZING MY LUNGS OUT*-

and i have ~asthma~

so

i really be out here risking it all for you guys.

btw, head to end notes to join in the cult discussion poll thingy :))

ALSO

ONE MEMBER HAS BEEN RECENTLY POSSESSED BY A DEMON, NO CAP, AND THEY AREN'T FEELING VERY BUSSIN AT THE MOMENT, SO WE'RE GONNA BE PERFORMING AN EXORCISM AT THE NEXT CULT MEETING.

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS-

MEETING INFORMATION TIME:

- BRING YOUR CROCS

- THEY'VE AGREED TO LET US CONVENE AT THEIR PERSONAL HOME

- I'M BRINGING THE FRUIT SNACKS, Y'ALL <3

OKAY NEXT-

i have been addressed as Ratman, The Rat King, and other various forms of identification and i am living for it. i would like to thank you all for the boost to my ego and my happiness when you guys comment/breathe. i love you all + i refuse to let my cult go without being appreciated.

AS FOR THE STORY, IT'S SHORTER THAN MY OTHERS, BUT ALSO LIKE 1500 WORDS SO SHUSH

I HOPE YOU ARE BEING THE SEGSIEST YOU CAN BE, AND REMEMBER: VIOLENCE IS HOT. CRIMES ARE ATTRACTIVE. KNIVES ARE GORGEOUS. OKIE BYE BYE <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There were many things Dream never thought he'd witness in his life.

A lot of things he just never thought he'd *do*.

Like getting away from his parents, dating Sapnap, and vandalizing someone's new car.

Or... this.

In the old myths made up from Dream's young, elementary-school-days-mind and the horrors spoken in the halls of that establishment, Technoblade was known as a man of steel, crafted from whatever gods that existed to invoke fear and inflict pain on others.

He didn't hesitate, didn't waver, and he *never* backed down.

So... Dream had no clue how he'd managed to get booted to the backseat of his own fucking car.

By Quackity and Sapnap, no less.

But here they were, two silent, violently capable almost-adults curled up behind two midgets the size of a McDonald's happy meal singing their heart out to cringy pop music.

Was Dream scared? *Yes*.

Was he grateful that Sapnap had graciously reverted back to Taylor Swift, at least temporarily?
Also yes.

Was Technoblade okay?

Dream looked over at him, and the poor guy was leaning against the car window staring straight ahead the driver's headrest.

At *Quackity's* headrest.

It was no longer Techno's, and even *he* knew it.

Fuck no.

In all honesty, the car ride wasn't too bad.

That was actually a complete lie; it was terrible. Quackity was a shit driver, he and Sapnap wouldn't shut up for even a minute, and Dream's head really hurt from all the noise.

He kinda wanted to sleep, but...

"Baby, can't you *seeeeeeeee*, you belong with *meeeeeeee*, you belong with me!"

Techno glanced over at him, and Dream understood immediately. He'd seen Mrs. Nap look at him the same way when Sapnap and her husband were being a little too dorky.

"Fucking kill me."

Dream did the only thing he could think of to comfort the other man, and, had he been in *literally* any other mindset, it would've seemed like suicide, both physically and socially.

But it was 1am, Dream was fucking tired, and yeah, Techno had screwed them both over, but he obviously regretted it, and that's what was important.

So Dream reached a hand over and offered it to The Blade.

And Techno?

He fucking took it.

Horny, young Dream was *screaming*.

Tired, old Dream was *crying*.

It wasn't gay, though—there was no squeezing involved nor was there a thumb brushing over the back of his hand affectionately. There were just two bros finding solidarity in the silence—*ignore Sapnap and Quackity singing up front*—of the night and the pain caused by one bad decision.

And, for a while, there was total peace in the backseat.

Either Quackity didn't know where he was going, or he didn't care to head straight there, because they hadn't been far away from the Taco Bell when he'd started—which Dream knew wasn't far from Schlatt's—yet they *still* hadn't arrived.

Just to give a rough idea of how long it took them to get there: Dream closed his eyes to escape his reality, and when he opened them back up, the digital clock on the car's dash flashed 2:30.

Needless to say, when they parked the car, he closed them again immediately.

"Hey!"

Dream heard Sapnap turn around in his seat.

No. Please.

Quackity laughed up ahead. "C'mon, get your asses up!"

Speeding past the inevitable, Dream took a deep breath, and he opened his eyes once more to see the two idiots staring back at him, Quackity with what Dream's cultured BDSM instincts told him was a sadistic smile and Sapnap looking paler than he'd seen him in a long time.

Dream was about to ask what was up, but the pillow under his head shook gently and spoke.

"How much gas do we have?"

Oh, right.

Techno exists.

Dream felt like he should be more concerned, but he was in the process of waking up, and the world was still mush.

Quackity replied, but his eyes and smile were aimed at Dream. "Enough."

Sapnap's eyes flicked from Techno's face back to Dream's, so Dream took that as his signal to get up now while he still could.

He sat up slowly, unsure if he'd be met with violence or disgust, and spared a glance. To his utter surprise, Techno met his gaze solidly and gave him a slow nod.

Dream nodded back.

Tonight was a fucking miracle and a curse all rolled up into one.

Turns out Sapnap and Quackity weren't the only ones who'd had a bonding moment tonight.

Dream couldn't help but feel an unshakable sense of pride run throughout him.

"Musty Bitch" my ass. Take that, Sappy.

Anyone can bond with Quackity, but can you relate to Technoblade himself?

Didn't think so.

There was a comfortable silence. Sapnap looked relieved, and Quackity seemed disappointing. Quackity had parked, but not turned off the car, so Dream tried to start up light conversation before they went and... did whatever they were going to do. He didn't want to be off his guard because he was still waking up when they screwed Schlatt over.

"You both really enjoyed the ride, huh?"

Sapnap grinned at him, and Dream embraced the happy gush of emotion that he felt from that one expression.

"Hell yeah! I can't believe you never introduced us. Turns out we have a lot in common."

Dream grinned. "Righttttt... And when did you figure that out within the last hour?"

Quackity popped his gum and glanced over at Sapnap to smirk. "Somewhere between discussing Hamilton and what we call boyfriends: the pros and cons of punishing them with various types of firearms."

"I can be of assistance to that conversation," Techno added in calmly. "However, if you are not planning to be caught, I would recommend a different kind of weapon to do your work."

"Oh yeah?" Quackity leaned over the center console to grin at Techno. "Like what?"

Damn.

Dream was aware Quackity was touchy and didn't really *do* the whole personal space thing, but geez—

Have some fear.

Technoblade just blinked at the movement. "Tactical shovel."

Sapnap snorted, and, despite his best efforts, Dream felt the corners of his mouth turn up too. Quackity looked stunned, but also amused, and it took only a few seconds before the whole car burst out laughing.

Techno just sat there unmoving.

Grinning, Quackity slowly moved back to give them a bit more space.

"And what about y'all?"

Sapnap crunched on some chips—*he still owes me for my fucking Doritos, that bastard*—and Dream wondered if it had really only been an hour since he'd slept.

Where did Sapnap get those chips?

Also—he was fairly positive Quackity hadn't been chewing gum when he'd begun to drive.

Another pop, and the boy readjusted his beanie. "You guys looked like you were both having a blast back here."

Dream's vision passed between them both. "Wait. Did the two of you stop somewhere while I was asleep?"

A loud crunch went through the small car.

Sapnap chewed.

Neither spoke.

"You fell asleep," *Sapnap, answer my goddamn question*, "on Technoblade?"

"Yeah, but—"

Quackity joined in awe. "And you're still alive..."

He turned to Sapnap.

"Look, I get the whole 'love is blind' shit, trust me, I *do*, but seriously? He doesn't sound nearly as smart as you made him seem."

"Hey!" Dream glared.

Quackity laughed and held up a hand in self-defense.

"Dude, I thought you were faking or something! Have you learned nothing from the last few years?"

Sapnap shook his head for Dream. "Nope. I only just educated him today. Also," he looked at Dream and winked, "your lack of self-preservation is really hot."

Sighing, Dream rolled his eyes. "Shut up, Sap. I don't even wanna know what that means."

His stupid soulmate and Quackity snickered between themselves, and the snap of a chip sounded through the car.

"I do not understand the issue."

The car was quiet once again.

Tonight, Quackity seemed to simultaneously be the group's downfall and saving grace.

"Bro, don't take this the wrong way," he grabbed a chip from Sapnap, "but while you're like, really attractive, you're equally as scary."

Techno looked down like he was contemplating.

Quackity continued. "Like, I'd totally love for you to rail me, no cap, but I also wouldn't be surprised if you buried me in a ditch after."

Techno hummed and then turned to Dream.

Oh shit.

"Do you agree?"

"Uhh..." Dream glanced over at Sapnap who just raised his eyebrows at him. So useful. "Yes, but also no. You're hot, sure, but I don't fear you. Not anymore, at least."

"Why?"

Dream reached over and snatched a chip from Sapnap, who glared at him as his hand retreated.

It wasn't his fault, though, and Sapnap knew it and was choosing to spare him. Dream really couldn't get through this conversation chip-sober.

"We've got shared trauma now."

Techno nodded solemnly, and Quackity popped once more in the background. "I understand."

Sapnap chewed quietly and drummed his fingers on the seat. "Okay... that's concerning..."

He trailed off, and Quackity picked it back up.

"Yep. Moving on." He faced Sapnap, but jerked his head toward Dream. "You deal with your boy's mental health later. But now..."

The car went dark as Quackity turned off the power.

Dream thought he felt a hand reach for his before pulling away, but when he looked to the side, Techno was staring at the other two.

It's okay, bro.

I'm scared of them too.

"Now, we get revenge."

He grinned, and Sapnap shifted in his seat to stare at Techno.

"So, what's the plan, dude?"

Chapter End Notes

HELLOOOOOO AGAIN YOU SEGSY BEASTS

I KNOW THIS WAS SHORT BUT I MAKE NO APOLOGY BECAUSE IM A BITCH <3

imma try writing small sections more often like i did in the beginning, but then again- i have no schedule or method soooo :)

OH-

and a few people have mentioned it now, so i thought i'd ask around i've made my personal discord available (i know, i suck at replying, i'm genuinely sorry ;-;) but 3-4 people have brought up making a discord server for... idk, either this

fic, or somethin else

hypothetically, if we made one, i don't know how that'd go over (either hella chaos or dead chats) so i'm kinda hesitant to, but that's even assuming any of y'all are interested. CAUSE IT REQUIRES MODS + ACTIVE MEMBERS, AND IM REALLY STUPID SO ANYWAY, lemme know if you are interested, but keep in mind this is just to see if anyone even wants it for realsies-
if not, then i am more than happy to stay like this :D

ALSO GUYS

SILVERFISH ARE FUCKING AWFUL

IDK IF I'VE ADDRESSED THIS YET, BUT MY BATHROOM IS SEMI-INFESTED (NOT REALLY, BUT ONE OR TWO SHOW UP EVERY WEEK) AND ITS HORRIFYING

I FEAR ONLY THREE THINGS ON THIS EARTH:

- SILVERFISH
- MY S/O WHEN ANGERED
- SEAGULLS

but seriously. there is nothing more earth-shattering, more WORLD-QUAKING than getting up to pee at 3am and seeing those little shits on the wall. i will stop at nothing to kill them.

ALSO, BEFORE I FORGET-

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO READ THROUGH THE AUTHOR'S NOTE ON THE LAST CHAPTER OF MY OTHER FIC, DAMN IM FUCKING IMPRESSED I RECEIVED A LOT MORE YAHOOOS THAN I THOUGHT I WOULD, SO THANK YOU. YOU GET LIVING RIGHTS FOR TODAY + A FREE PASS FOR BEING CHOSEN AS THE SACRIFICIAL OFFERING AT THE NEXT TWO MEETINGS <3

ANYWAY, RANT OVER,

NOW ITS TIME FOR THE DAILY YEET:

IF IT IS MORNING FOR YOUR BITCH ASS,

you don't exist. you're the chosen one today with no breathing rights.

go back to sleep and try again.

IF IT'S NIGHT FOR YOU,

hello, lovely mortal :D

i send you mass amounts of yeehaw energy, and i will be entering your dreams shortly to have a dance party with you and the disco chicken.

don't perish please <3

IF IT'S SOMETIME IN BETWEEN,

for your prize, you get...

dramatic drum roll

A PAT WITH THE AFFECTION CHANCLA™ :D

that's a lie. you get nothing but a raw potato.

NOW THAT I'VE DISHED OUT TODAYS SHIT, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE UNTIL NEXT TIME WHERE I INEVITABLY HAVE SOME SORT OF CRISIS, I LUV YOU BROS, HOES, JOES, N BOIS <3

Getting Cockblocked By Technoblade: The Series (Alternatively: Vandalism Isn't A Phase, Mom, It's A Lifestyle)

Chapter Notes

y'all... i'm really sorry for this one

yeah nvm, no i ain't.

i'd like to say this is the best thing i've ever written, but i have something partially done for a chapter or two ahead and it's...

god, you're just welcome in advance.

ALSO WE DID IT, SEGSIES

THE DISCORD SERVER IS UP

YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN SUPER RECEPTIVE TO THE IDEA, SO HERE IT IS

WE SHALL BE THE GHOSTBUSTERS OF THE SORORITIES

HERE'S THE FUCKING LINK: <https://discord.gg/7VEFtfABcS>

also i luv y'all

like- you guys actually make me laugh so much in the comments and i am living for it.

you are all genuinely the funniest group of people i have ever met, so thanks <3

MKAY, IMMA SEND Y'ALL OFF NOW.

THE ENDING IS MY FAVORITE PART, SO IF YOU DECIDE NOT TO READ IT ALL, JUST PLS SKIP TO THAT PART BECAUSE... PLATONIC

DREAMNOBLADE IS GLORIOUS

they literally have the vibe of two kids who met @therapy and are now each others coping mechanism

also fuck- i'll be addressing something in the end notes that will probably dissappoint a few of you

(it's okay, i'm a little sad about it too, but it'll be alright)

GOODBYE MY BROS N HOES, JOES N SEGSEE BITCHES

STAB PEOPLE

TAKE ASS AND KICK LIVES

BUY THAT PRETTY KNIFE + OWN THAT PET COW YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING AT ON EBAY

<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade's plan sucked.

Mostly because it ignored the physical capabilities of their other two accomplices.

That or Techno was planning to use Dream for manual labor once again. Not that it'd be anything new, anyway; Sapnap never did learn how to carry his own shit.

Point was, neither Quackity nor Sapnap had the upper body strength to lift themselves up and over the gate, so that proved to be the first obstacle of the night.

Because yeah—apparently Schlatt's house had a fucking gate.

"A gate? A *gate*? Really? The great Technoblade didn't have a plan for if Schlatt had a *gate*?"

Techno glared at Quackity and pressed a finger to his lips in a "shh" motion, but Quackity and Sapnap must be more alike than Dream thought because Techno only received a lovely hand gesture in response.

"I mean, seriously—" Quackity grunted as he tripped over something on the ground—it could've been a branch, a rock, or Technoblade's outstretched foot; Dream wouldn't know, he was keeping an eye on Sapnap to make sure he didn't do something stupid—before continuing. "Of course he does. He's got money, and he's a snob; Bad Guy 101: all rich assholes have gated homes."

As usual, Sapnap didn't catch the cue to shut up either as they all approached the entrance to Schlatt's home.

"I have to admit, of all the flaws in your plan, this wasn't the one I thought we'd catch," he tutted, and both he and Quackity shook their heads in mock disappointment.

If Dream hadn't felt like a criminal already, he did now.

Techno had parked a few feet away from the gate in a spot covered by the shadow of trees, something that Dream was becoming increasingly grateful for. He was also starting to think they might actually get caught purely because Sapnap and Quackity wouldn't be able to keep quiet once they got closer.

His theory was nearly proven in the next second.

"Alright," Quackity clapped his hands together, and Dream grimaced when he saw Technoblade's eye twitch at the sound. "So how do we wanna do this? Because I don't know about you three, but I," he pointed to himself and then up at the gate, "don't have the capacity to get over that on my own."

Sapnap crossed his arms above his head in a stretch and yawned. "Yeah, me neither. Dream already knows how useless I am at this sort of stuff."

Dream felt himself huff. "You could do it if you actually tried."

Sapnap gave him a "*really*?" look, and Dream glanced back at the gate.

While he could definitely vouch that Sapnap was nowhere near as weak as he claimed—it was easy to forget sometimes, but Dream had grown up wrestling with the guy, and even if he was always able to win, that didn't mean there wasn't a challenge—now that he was taking a good look at it, the gate was kinda high.

And, more importantly, Sapnap was lazy and lacked the motivation to put in all his effort if he wasn't certain his attempt would work out.

Dream sighed, defeated, and Sapnap smirked a little.

Ass.

"Okay, you've got a point." Dream raked a hand through his hair, and he appreciated once again how great it felt not to be stuffed up in that stupid mask anymore. "Techno and I can help you two get over it."

Well... that's assuming...

Turning back to Techno, he hesitated a bit before asking, "You *can* get over the gate by yourself, right?"

Techno blinked back at him and nodded slowly, and it shook Dream to realize how much the guy reminded him of a cow—sitting there, unmoving, blinking, and possessing the ability to maintain an uncomfortable amount of eye contact if someone didn't look away first.

Spooky.

"Great," Quackity popped his gum, and then strutted up to the gate. "Which one of you two brave homosexuals want to give me a lift?"

Scoffing, Dream opened his mouth to argue with that description—*seriously, I have so many other positive physically-defining features to point out; for example, my totally badass soulmark, my muscular figure, my huge di*—but Sapnap looked over at him to raise his eyebrows, and Dream quickly decided that it wasn't worth it.

So he jabbed a thumb over at Techno instead.

"Him. He can do it," Dream stood beside Sapnap to wrap an arm around his shoulder while they waited. Sapnap eyed him moodily, but he tolerated the affection. "I've got my own raging homosexual to take care of."

Sapnap snorted, and Quackity just grinned in response before turning to Techno. "Okay, then. That means you're up."

Quackity took out his gum, sticking it back into its wrapper and stashing it somewhere in his hoodie as they both walked up to the barrier between them and revenge. Dream and Sapnap hovered behind a few feet away to watch.

This will be entertaining, to say the least.

Technoblade narrowed his eyes when Quackity clapped him on the back, but otherwise didn't complain as he reached the gate and lowered himself onto one knee. Quackity walked up to smirk at the position he'd put himself in—*because let's just ignore the fact that he's kneeling and not on his knees*—and Dream actually thought he saw Techno roll his eyes.

Again—same thing with Megan Thee Stallion earlier—it either didn't happen, or his brain thought it best for his overall quality of health to deny any fact of Technoblade rolling his eyes at a sexual innuendo.

"Ooooh, 'innuendo'," his internal Sapnap cooed. "Big word."

"Shut up, Sapnap," his internal Dream spat back.

God, it was late. He needed help right about now.

Not as much as Techno, but still.

Grabbing onto one of the lower bars of the gate, Quackity stepped on the lift Technoblade had made with his hands when the gate proved to be too tall for a knee up to help him, and when he got pushed higher, he let out a bunch of nasty words Dream was happy he couldn't properly understand.

Well—actually, that wasn't fair to Quackity.

For all Dream knew, he could be thanking Techno, or whispering some dirty shit to him just because he could. That was probably more likely, knowing the guy.

Dream was a little rusty in his Spanish, but he was pretty sure that he was correct in his evaluation. Plus, social cues were a blessing.

"No use; they're already dead," Techno responded once he'd finished.

Quackity looked down at him, horrified, and Dream scratched off both professing gratitude and initiating pillow talk.

Definitely cussing, then. Or some sort of threat? Dream gave up.

Fuck social cues. They'd failed him for the last time.

Somehow, Quackity made it up and over.

Which left... Sapnap.

Who had settled comfortably with the hand over his shoulder, by the way. He had his own arm around Dream's waist and was leaning into him. Very cute, ten out of ten, five-star Yelp review, Dream would absolutely recommend.

"Hey," Dream whispered softly down at him. He remembered why he was so whipped for this dude again.

"Sup, bitch," Sapnap coughed in his face.

Never mind. Dream liked his ignorance from five minutes ago.

"It is your turn, Sapnap," Technoblade walked up to them, popping his back.

"Yeah!" Quackity called quietly from the other side, picking at his hands and looking bored. "Get over here so we can make fun of those losers together."

Sapnap shot him two thumbs up and grabbed Dream by the sleeve to tug him over to the front of the gate.

"Make sure not to fucking drop me."

He stepped up onto Dream's hand step-stool without hesitation, and Dream grinned up at him. "Hey, Sap..."

Sapnap hummed in response and reached for the bars above.

"Do you remember that time you ate my Doritos?"

He got a slap to the head for that one.

"Don't you dare drop me now—"

Dream laughed, but obeyed, and Sapnap made it over the gate to join Quackity in no time.

On his way up, Dream had moved a few feet away to watch, but he did hold out an arm so if Sapnap fell he could at least feel safe before he stepped out of the way.

Boyfriend goals.

Once together, Sapnap and Quackity made a dramatic show of running to one another and embracing like it had been years and not seconds they hadn't been within reach of the other. After that, they both sat down on the dirt—presumably to watch Dream and Techno make it over—pointing and whispering between themselves.

Someone might even think *they* were the soulmates.

A nasty side of Dream reared up in jealousy, but then got shoved down as soon as Sapnap smiled over at him, albeit a little teasingly. They were fine, and the second he could get past his unhealthy attachment, even Dream would admit he was glad Sapnap was having so much fun with Quackity.

Still...

Dream glared through the bars at them both, and Sapnap laughed this time, turning back to whisper to Quackity.

Yep, they were definitely mocking him and Technoblade.

Back to the point.

Techno's plan sucked.

And it's not like Dream was trying to be rude or anything; it was just how it was, and he'd tell Techno such a thing himself.

Speaking of which—

"Hey, Techno," Dream whispered, pulling himself up and over the gate, "your plan sucks ass."

He got a raised eyebrow in return before Techno's gaze shifted back to the task at hand. Since Techno had started climbing before him, he was perched gracefully on the top looking down at Dream, and he even offered an arm for support when Dream had to balance to swing his leg over the other side.

Horny, freshman Dream was *screeching*.

What a gentleman Techno was.

Sapnap might not be the only one with an honorary soulmate tonight.

"Your opinion is... noted."

That was as good an acknowledgement as any, and Dream looked over to him—they were next to

one another now on the top; Techno with both legs over, and Dream with one on each side—to witness Techno give him a small smile.

Which would've been great if he'd smiled with his eyes too, but since it was just the tilted corners of his mouth paired with his deadset staring gaze, it was a tad bit horrifying.

Didn't matter though; Dream smiled back, and they both headed down together.

By the time they reached the other two, Sapnap and Quackity had quieted down enough for them to begin walking to the house.

It was large, and Dream wasn't too spiteful to admit that it was nice. Big yard, too. The car they were looking for was displayed right out front, and—the best part—no lights were on in the house.

Understandable, since it was super fucking late—*early?*—but still definitely a plus to their situation.

At some point when walking over, Dream noticed Techno had sped up to take place beside Quackity, and Sapnap had slowed down to come next to him.

"Yo, what happened? You two seem hella close now," Sapnap leaned down to whisper in his ear, looping an arm through the one where Dream had stuffed his hand into his pocket. "Which wouldn't be that concerning if you weren't like, pissing yourself at the idea of even seeing to him a few hours ago."

"You two happened," Dream shot back.

How dare he assume this sort of bond could be formed on it's own.

Sapnap laughed under his breath, but didn't say anything back.

There was a comfortable silence as the four of them reached the car, and Dream was kinda glad they weren't going to waste much time once they arrived.

"Hey, dudes, we gonna do this or what?"

Quackity grinned, moving into Techno's space to dig around in the dark bag slung over his shoulder. Techno stiffened at the contact when Quackity leaned on him but ultimately tolerated his presence.

For now.

To his relief—Dream or Technoblade's; take a personal guess—it didn't take Quackity long to dish out the stuff Techno had brought. Dream had teased him about how small the bag was until Techno had unzipped it in the car on the way over and shown him most of what he'd kept inside: cans of spray paint, a car hammer, and a ton of keys.

Very spacey.

And, all jokes aside, while Dream hadn't found any guns in there, Techno was still giving off hitman vibes.

His theory had yet to be disproven.

"Yo, is there enough in there for all of us?" Dream felt Sapnap pop up behind him, and he snabbed the first can Quackity offered up. "Aww, sweet!"

"Nope. Gimme." Dream reached around Sapnap to grab at it, but he evaded.

"Fuck no! This one's mine," Sapnap hissed back. "You just want it 'cause it's green!"

"Yeah," Dream glared, "no shit. Now hand it over."

"No!"

With the way Sapnap was hunched defensively over the can, Dream had to put in genuine effort to stop himself from laughing.

Because he couldn't laugh in right now.

He was supposed to be an ass.

"This isn't preschool! Maybe you should be happy with whatever color you get." Another grab.

"Maybe *you* should be nice for once." Another miss.

"Maybe *you* should've let me drive." Sapnap was being a dick; a hand to the face was totally cheating.

"Maybe you *two* can shut the fuck up," Quackity grinned. "God, it's hard to believe you guys are *dating*. Dream, you can have this one."

For the record, Dream was going to thank Quackity. He really was. But that was before the can got thrown at his head, and Dream watched on in horror as his superior instincts failed him.

If asked, he'd blame it on his being half asleep.

To his pleasure, Techno caught it before it made sweet, sweet contact with his face.

Which—thank god.

I don't need a black eye to go along with my obnoxious soulmark.

Though it would be cute to have Sapnap obsess over taking care of me...

Dream stopped that train of thought where it was, though one idea kept popping in on repeat in his head.

Nurse Sapnap.

Quackity groaned at his own failed attempt and just snatched one of the leftover cans for himself.

"No fair," he glared at Techno. "Also why the fuck do you have so many keys?"

"You have never keyed a car?" Techno probably looked surprised—it was hard to tell with him.

"You have never keyed a car?" Quackity repeated back in a whiny voice, hissing, "No, I've never keyed a fucking car. Have *you* ever gone to a party and got absolutely wasted to the point that you threw up a Go-Gurt Squeeze wrapper in the morning? No, didn't think so either."

"Why would I want to do that? Irresponsible drinking is not a positive experience."

"And vandalism *is*?"

"Okay, guys," Sapnap laughed, "don't we have something to do? Or are we just gonna wait here for Schlatt's family to wake up?"

Quackity huffed at Techno, but he turned away without a fight.

Techno just stood there in return, unbothered.

"Nah, man," Quackity waved off Sapnap. "Schlatt's family always goes down to their lake house during the summers. They shouldn't even be home, save for the one or two trips they take back here as a vacation from their vacation."

"Wait, for real?" Sapnap groaned. "Then why was Techno being so pissy about keeping quiet on the way over here?"

Snickering, Quackity slipped his hands into his pockets. "I 'dunno. Maybe the great Technoblade didn't know."

Technoblade? Not being omniscient?

Unlikely.

"I was not unaware. I was merely taking precautions in the off chance you were wrong."

Spinning around on his heel, Quackity raised his eyebrows at Techno. "Excuse me?"

Dream glanced over, and he and Sapnap made eye contact.

"Oh fuck..."

Techno dropped the bag to the ground.

"I do not doubt your memory, Quackity." Techno paused. "In sober conditions."

"Are you calling me a drunk?" Quackity hissed, moving forward to Techno who just looked down at him.

Dream reminded himself to have a talk with Techno about short person etiquette. He understood the struggle; it was the least he could do to help his friend. Also, Sapnap had reason not to beat him when he slipped up; his dick.

Technoblade had nothing.

Well—Quackity *had* come out here tonight expecting to get romanced, murdered, or laid, so Techno might actually be safe.

"I am trying to convey that you are intelligent, and your memory is exceptional."

Quackity now looked confused. "Thank you?"

Good job, Techno.

The execution could use work, but the effort was there.

"However, it has been a long time since you were personally affiliated or involved with the Schlatt family, and their customs may have changed."

"I guess, but I really doubt it. They were always super hell bent on having their 'family time'."

Quackity's voice sounded less energetic, and Dream gave him a small smile. They should change the subject. "C'mon. We gonna do this, or what?"

"Fuck yeah!" Sapnap shook his can of paint, and a flash of bright green washed over the side of the car.

Dream rolled his eyes.

That question wasn't meant for you, but okay.

"Wait, wait!" Quackity tossed a key over to Sapnap. It wasn't aimed at his face, and Dream wondered why Sapnap got special treatment. "Shouldn't we, like, key it before painting over it?"

Technoblade shrugged and handed Dream keys too.

And that's how they all started keying the shit out of Schlatt's brand new, sexy car.

If Dream hadn't wanted to participate purely as moral support for Quackity, he probably would've stopped after the first time he tried it. Actually doing it felt super uncomfortable, like dragging nails down a chalkboard, and the sound it made was pure pain.

Even Sapnap was grimacing on the other side of the car.

When he spotted Dream staring, he flipped him off.

Dream blew him a kiss in return.

But they definitely did it. By the end, the car looked as shitty as Schlatt's personality, and Dream felt weirdly bonded to the other three now that they'd shared this experience.

"Wow," Quackity whistled lowly, stepping back to see their work.

Sapnap grinned and bumped his shoulder with his own. "Crazy, right?"

"Yeah, I just..." Quackity leaned back against the stone wall of the house behind the car. "I never thought I'd get the chance to do this."

Dream pushed away the urge to frown and settled for a supportive thumbs up, and he looked over his shoulder to see Techno with one corner of his mouth tugged up.

That was as good of a smile as Dream thought they'd ever get, and he didn't think he needed to confirm why Technoblade had brought Quackity along anymore, though he did wonder if getting Quackity revenge was the only reason.

Doesn't matter.

Schlatt's a shitty guy, and he's about to get what's coming to him.

Now, the spray paint was *way* more fun.

Dream was currently drawing a dick on the hood of the car when Sapnap graced him with his presence.

"Hey."

Sapnap nudged him over with his hip, and Dream made room. He saw Techno and Quackity being civil near the rear chatting it up, so he assumed it was safe to let them talk on their own without surveillance. Chatting was a loose term, though; from what Dream could hear, it consisted mostly of Quackity talking, and Technoblade listening.

Or ignoring.

Sapnap joined him in his drawing.

"You want something, don't you?"

A few strokes, and they now had a red and green dick instead of just red.

"Maybe..." He trailed off, and Dream smiled.

"So now you wanna switch colors?"

"Yep," Sapnap hugged Dream and slid one arm up from his shoulder to the can in his hand. "I knew you'd understand."

Dream evaded the attempt, and Sapnap groaned.

"I thought you wanted to keep your green. What happened to dealing with it like we're not in preschool, huh?"

Sapnap huffed in his grasp, and Dream pressed a kiss to his hair before giving him the can. Sapnap stayed in his hold, but he leaned back so Dream was blocking him in while he did the highly esteemed job of adding mini-penises around the giant one they'd made together.

"It's not even orange, anyway. Since when do you like red?"

Sapnap clucked. "It's close enough."

Dream snorted, and he removed one of the arms around Sapnap to shake his can so he could add his own details to their art. Being the attention whore he was, Sapnap just grabbed it and put it back around his waist.

Sighing, Dream gave up and just held him as he worked.

Sapnap would be getting hangry soon, and he didn't want inflict his wrath prematurely.

Not as much could be said by the other, though.

The minute Sapnap was done ruining their section of the car—the sides and back had been thoroughly fucked up too—he turned around in the hold to grab onto Dream's hand and kiss him.

It was nice, and short, no wandering hands or anything nasty like that, and Dream's sleep-deprived

brain didn't think anything of it other than Sapnap being tired and clingy.

Until he pulled back and sprayed Dream across the face.

With his own paint.

In his own hand.

That Sapnap had apparently taken ahold of.

Lucky for them all, his eyes had been closed, so while he now had a neon green stripe across his face—he could see the damage thanks to the reflection in the window—none had gotten in his eyes.

Of course, Sapnap attempted to run away, but he wasn't fast enough.

Dream grabbed him around the middle as soon as he'd moved and lifted him up onto the hood of the car. Sapnap laughed quietly, but he didn't try to escape. In fact, he basically let Dream steal back his red can to paint his face in return without a fight.

And yes, Dream made sure Sapnap's eyes were closed.

"You ass," Dream laughed himself. "Now the proof is on our clothes."

Smiling, Sapnap just reached behind him to reveal the green can, and he sprayed Dream again. This time across the chest.

"Dude!"

Dream sprayed him back.

"What?" Sapnap did it again, and again, and Dream gave up on peace, doing his best to ruin his soulmate's clothes too. "You said it yourself; they're already ruined, anyway."

Quackity laughed behind them, and Techno just shrugged at the mess.

"I brought extras."

"You what?" Quackity whisper-yelled.

"Yes," Dream saw Techno stand up where he and Quackity been crouched—Dream was pretty sure Techno had already slashed the tires and that was why he was down there, but he couldn't be sure—and Dream had to focus on evading another shot of green. It ended up missing him but hitting the garage door behind.

Whoops.

"It would be favorable if we were to be stuck in a situation such as this one."

"Right, right." Dream thought he heard Quackity shake his paint can, and he worried for Techno. "I think you just wanted us in your clothes."

Sapnap laughed at that comment, but he stopped to take a breather. Dream followed suit.

Both of them had their hands on their knees and were breathing hard, so they looked up fast when the sound of paint echoed around.

Dream's eyes widened, and Sapnap actually gasped.

Across the side of Techno's face and body was a bright pink stripe.

Oh, shit—he's still got a knife.

Sure enough, in Techno's hand was a knife, and Dream gave himself a pat on the back for guessing he'd been fucking up the tires.

Thankfully for all of them, Techno didn't add first degree murder to the list of things they'd witnessed tonight. He did spray Quackity back, though.

Quackity didn't move at first, letting the purple—blue? It was too dark for Dream to really see—drip down his chest, but then he grinned.

A second later, he raised his can, and it was every man for himself.

By the end of it, they were all disgusting and covered in color, and they looked as gay as the three of them felt.

Dream claimed only three because he had no clue what Technoblade was into—danger and armed robbery, probably—and he wasn't going to push his luck asking right now.

What had started out as a single attack had matured into half a war, and now everything in the immediate area was covered in glowing paint. The house, car, floor, and even some of the bushes were doused in it. Even the stone wall he was leaning on had paint.

At some point, Sapnap had made it back around to his side once Dream had surrendered, and he let his dumb soulmate rest against him for a minute.

"God, Sap," Dream looked around. Despite the entire mess stemming from Sapnap, he couldn't stop grinning. It's not like they would have to clean it up anyway. "You know this is completely your fault, right?"

"Yeah," Sapnap smiled up at him lazily where his head laid on Dream's shoulder, and Dream hummed when he felt lips press a kiss to his jaw. "I know."

And another one.

And... another one.

Dream eyed him warily.

Sapnap stared back, and grinned, leaning back in.

Don't start something—

And this was the moment where Technoblade chose to do this great thing called shattering the fucking car window.

It was loud, but the Schlatt family should've been woken up by now by the paint fight if they'd been home, so Dream didn't think anything of it. Right?

Wrong.

Lights came on. Lots of lights, and all at the same time.

"Oh, fuck—" Quackity whispered, jogging over to Sapnap who had left the safety of Dream to back away from the car and over to the side of the house where there were less windows.

Thanks for, um, waiting for me, Sap. Means a lot.

Keeping quiet, Dream stayed with Techno as he went around smashing the rest of the glass in the car; it had taken a minute for the lights to go on in the house after the first time, so it really only took him a few more seconds. Then he calmly picked up his bag, walked over to Dream, and directed him to follow Sapnap and Quackity around the corner like a mother with her child.

Could Dream have left him and gone over to them faster?

Yes, but bros don't leave bros.

Sapnap and Quackity didn't sport that mindset, apparently.

"Really?"

Sapnap was pacing where he and Quackity stood. There were no windows on this side of the house—not less, as Dream was pleasantly surprised to discover—but they also had no idea how long it would take the Schlatts to come out and investigate.

"You just *had* to finish wrecking the car?"

Dream wasn't sure which one of them Sapnap was addressing, but Technoblade answered anyway.

"We still are not finished."

"Dude, what do you mean?" Quackity grabbed onto Techno's arm, and Techno let him. "We've gotta go, like, *now*!"

"Start heading over. We'll be right behind you."

Techno turned away from them and knelted on the grass, digging around in his bag.

Dream didn't hear any noise of people opening a door, but he could see Sapnap was paying attention too, his eyes focused on the space behind him and Techno.

Quackity glared. "No, we're not splitting up! Schlatt or whoever is going to be out here any minute, and I didn't come out here with you only for you to ditch me in the dark if you get caught!"

He scowled. "Fuck, no one was supposed to be here tonight."

Dream heard a sigh, and they all watched in awe as Technoblade stopped what he was doing,

reached into his pocket, and pulled out the keys to his car. He tossed them Quackity's way, and the smaller boy caught them with a wary expression.

After a moment, Quackity still didn't speak; he just glared at Techno.

"We're not leaving you, dude." Sapnap took a step forward. "So you can take back your keys, and —"

"You are correct; neither of you are leaving us, so the keys are merely insurance for if we do get caught." Techno paused. "Which we will not."

Quackity looked like he was about to argue, and Sapnap shook his head. "You keep saying *we* and not *I* and it's kinda throwing me off."

Techno blinked up at him and then turned back to his bag. "*We* refers to Dream and I. The two of you are not involved in this part of the plan."

"Hey!" Quackity took a step forward so he was next to Sapnap, and Techno stopped once more to listen to him. "We're supposed to be involved, y'know? Like a team or some shit."

"Musty bitch..." Sapnap whispered angrily at the ground, and Dream felt a little offended that he'd call someone else that.

Heart been broke so many times...

"Please."

Dream's eyes widened, and he stole a glance at the others to see that they looked the same, save for Sapnap who almost always looked ready to shit himself when Techno expressed emotion.

Can't really blame him.

"We are losing time talking about this. This is the way to *really* ruin Schlatt's car, but," Technoblade shifted on his feet so he was still sitting and completely facing the three of them, but his eyes were on Quackity, "you say the word, and I will stop and we will leave right now."

A quiet groan escaped Quackity as his head leaned back and he shut his eyes. He quickly opened them back up though to stare down Techno.

"You go do whatever shit you need to make sure he never sets foot in that car again. But you *will* be back at your car in ten minutes." He took a step forward with each next word. "Not eleven, not twelve, not *fifteen*," now closer to him, Quackity tossed the keys at Techno, who caught them easily but was still paying attention, "but ten minutes. And next time, you involve us in the whole plan."

He then turned to Dream.

Oh, shit, that's me—

"Uhh, hey—"

Quackity rolled his eyes and waved him off.

Um, rude.

"Hey. You go with him," he pointed at Techno who was back in his bag, "and make sure he doesn't

like, burn down the house with Schlatt in it. As nice as that would be, I'm a little too hot to go to jail at this point in my life."

Dream grimaced.

As cool as he was with the hitman now, he didn't really want to go with Technoblade alone in the dark *back* to the place where someone obviously knew something was up while his soulmate went with Quackity back to the car.

He wanted to go to the car with Sapnap.

Let Quackity deal with Schlatt if he wanted revenge so badly.

Now you sound like a dick.

Still, Dream had to try.

"Okay, but—"

Now Sapnap interrupted him, even holding up a hand so Dream knew to shut up.

"Nope. You're going with Techno."

Dream frowned, but stopped when Sapnap matched his expression. "No arguing. Go."

He turned away and started walking back with Quackity. "We'll be back at the car waiting for you two."

"Wait," Dream called out as quietly as he could. Those idiots really didn't think this through at all. "How are you even going to get back over the gate?"

Sapnap stopped where he was, and Dream could tell by his halted expression that he'd been right; his soulmate hadn't thought that far ahead.

Well, at least he's pretty.

Pulling at his sleeve, Quackity started dragging Sapnap away again. "There's another gate around the back. You couldn't have parked your car back there because the path is too thin, but the trail loops back around to the front. We'll have made it there by the time you guys are done."

Technoblade grunted, and Dream nodded. No point in fighting now.

He still didn't like Sapnap going with Quackity alone, but the smaller boy was basically a twig, and Dream had suffered enough accidental hits from Sapnap for him to know that he'd be fine if anything was to happen.

Also... it was Quackity.

He was more likely to get black out drunk and makeout with a stranger than to start a serious fight for no reason.

Stupid protective soulmate feelings.

The two of them got a few more steps further before Quackity hissed over his shoulder to Techno, "Remember to move your asses. Ten minutes, and no longer."

Techno didn't respond, but then again—he'd been interrupted the better part of three times, so Dream didn't blame him for wanting to find whatever it was that he needed in his bag.

He ended up finding it quickly enough, and he stood up to lead Dream back around the house to the car.

The lights were still on now, but none of the blinds were open, and with the way Schlatt's house was built, there was enough of an overhang in the top floor that no one could see them directly below if they were careful.

"So," Dream whispered to Techno, holding onto the bag for him now that he was carrying what he'd needed to get out. It had been too dark for Dream to really see at the time, so he could only guess what it was that Techno had taken.

Let's see...

A knife? No, he used that earlier.

Some sort of weapon? A bat, maybe? Nah, we already broke the windows.

Something to start a fire?

Dream stopped imagining.

He'd know whatever it was in a minute, and, if it really was arson, he'd like to be able to confidently say he'd had no clue what Techno had been planning to do.

A soft "pop!" sounded from next to him, and Techno motioned for Dream to hold up his phone light.

He did as Technoblade asked, and Dream found that he kinda liked it better when everything was dark.

So... it wasn't a knife or a blunt object, nor was it matches, or gasoline, or whatever else someone needed to start a fucking fire. Don't give him shit for that; Dream was seventeen going on eighteen and he didn't know how to do taxes, let alone commit arson.

What Techno did bring was chocolate.

Yeah, that's right. *Chocolate.*

Rich, creamy, dark chocolate sauce in a jumbo jar.

Well—three jars, but who cares.

The Technoblade was sitting on the ground in the dark at an ungodly hour of night hoarding chocolate in his hands along with a bunch of other things in a bag that no one would want to be caught dead in this situation with.

Dream was vaguely reminded of the stereotype where girls craved chocolate on their periods, but immediately stopped that because one, Techno~chan~ was no ordinary girl, and two, Dream didn't know if that was offensive or not.

He didn't talk to many girls.

Or people.

We'll work on that later, bud.

Figuring shit was about to go down in one way or another, Dream thought asking now was as good a time as any.

"Techno," he whispered, "why do you have so much chocolate?"

Technoblade looked up at him where he was climbing into the fucked up car, and he handed Dream a knife and a jar.

"Dream," he whispered back, "come spread chocolate on the car with me."

This was the moment where Dream knew he'd made a new friend tonight.

Because Techno's voice may have still been monotone, and his face may have been as void of emotion as ever, but there was a certain look he fixed Dream with right then that had him understanding something.

Techno may not laugh at all his jokes, and he probably wouldn't accept Dream's friend request on Facebook, but if Dream called him up in the dead of night asking him to help poison his mom or hack into the school's yearbook pictures to photoshop a dick onto Sapnap's nose, Dream knew Technoblade would have his back.

So Dream took the jumbo jar of chocolate sauce.

Dream took the knife.

And lastly, Dream took Techno's hand that he'd held out to help pull him into the busted car.

When Techno said, "Watch the glass" in reference to the shattered pieces littered across the car, Dream knew he really meant, "Be careful, brother. I'd hate to see you hurt."

And that was how Dream spent the next few minutes of his life—sweating, panicking, covered in bright, neon paint, and sitting next to the school's most feared student while he coated his enemy's car in chocolate like it was Nutella on bread.

Chapter End Notes

ALRIGHT HERE'S WHATS UP

LETS TALK ABOUT QUACKITY X TECHNOBLADE

also that was officially my longest chapter. over 6100 words bc there was no stopping point. i am invincible.

i'm pretty sure this is recent, at least for Quackity, but to my knowledge, info has come out that he's not comfortable with being shipped. Technoblade too, but that might just be on me because i'm not always updated on the latest shit.

while this isn't a big deal in regard to this story's main ship, it was supposed to be a side one.

obviously, i'm not going to make them a couple in this (although my version of quackity is a horny shit + flirts a lot), but because i was going to, the tone of their relationship might shift a tiny bit, so i wanted y'all to be aware.

i had some really cute stuff written out for them, ngl + it was supposed to be a "two tired social outcasts w/their band/theatre nerd boyfriends going batshit crazy" sort of situation, but... yeah

IM NOT BASHING ON THEM OFC, THEY HAVE BOUNDARIES AND THAT'S A-OKAY

but

i was not aware of this, so... a little change in plans will have to be done.

(also thank you to the people in the comments who pointed this out to me- i was ~lost~)

NOW

LEMME JUST SAY, SOMEONE COMMENTED SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL THEY SAID, AND I QUOTE, "Do not fear silverfish when you can make them fear you" AND IF THAT DIDN'T JUST CHANGE MY LIFE ATTITUDE, IDK WHAT DID

now those little shits better get prepared to be *punted*

for those of you who were wondering wtf quackity said to techno when he was being yeeted over the gate, in my mind it was something like "don't lift me up so fast, you trashy murder hog. i'll fucking stab your parents."

so take that as you will

NOW, HERE'S THE DAILY YEET

MORNING PEOPLE-YOU CAN BREATHE

NIGHT PEOPLE-YOU CAN TRIP OVER A ROCK

PEOPLE WHO ARE IN BETWEEN-what are you doing with your life? go kidnap a fetus or something useful

NOW THAT THAT'S DONE,

BYE BYE MY LOVELY RATS

I SHALL HOPEFULLY SEE Y'ALL AT THE DISCORD SERVER

just remember to keep it semi-respectful bc we aren't complete bitches <3

Techno Bestie Era

Chapter Notes

PROPS TO A COMMENTER FOR THE SEGGSY TITLE BTW
can't take credit for this one, bois

I'VE DIED FOR A HOT MINUTE SO I'LL TALK MORE ON THAT IN THE END
NOTES :D
(CHECK OUT THE SERVER BTW: <https://discord.gg/7VEFtfABcS> >> THATS
THE GODDAMN LINK)

ALSO I HAVE TWO THINGS TO SAY BEFORE I DISMISS YOU TO READ:
"beat it cruton" -KFC movie
AND
"heart soft for sapnap, dick hard for techno"
- dream, probably

OKAY THEN BROS AND BOIS, HOES AND WHORES
THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT, SEGGSIES <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Turns out, there was a method to Techno's madness.

It might not have been the brightest idea—nor was it the coolest—but Dream could admit it was definitely the most creative.

When he'd been handed the knife, chocolate, and invitation to get in, Dream had been focused on just that—the *what* of the plan and the *where*. But until the guy pulled out jars of dark mass and started pouring the contents onto the seats and everywhere else in the car, he hadn't really considered much of the *why*. And, to be fair, he didn't figure out said *why* until he and Techno were out of Schlatt's now ruined boomer zoomer and on their way to safety.

Needless to say, Dream had questions.

No time like the present.

"Techno," Dream jogged a few feet behind him, "what was that shit you put in the car?"

Techno was faster than him, and the guy didn't even look like he'd broken a sweat. That said, Dream was stuck carrying the bag because Techno had reasoned that it'd be easier this way. Apparently he had "more muscle to spare".

Dream was pretty sure that was just a roundabout way of calling him fat and making him carry the bag, but whatever.

The gate wasn't far. Unlike before when they'd taken their sweet time, now that they were running, they were coming up on it a lot faster, and it was only a few yards away in front of them. If the Schlatts looked outside now, there was a good chance they'd be spotted; Dream mentally cursed himself and his three idiots for fighting with the spray paint and getting themselves so coated.

"Ants," Techno huffed, reaching the gate and starting to climb.

"Ants..." Dream whispered to himself. *What the hell was that supposed to mean? Ants and chocolate?* "Ants?"

Techno offered a hand down to take the bag—it was a little unnecessary as it wasn't that heavy, but Dream let him anyway because he was always carrying people's shit, and even in a crisis, it was nice to feel special—holding himself up with the other one wrapped around one of the bars.

He nodded down, "Ants."

Dream didn't push any further. He didn't want to know.

Reaching up, he started climbing as well, and, to their credit, they almost made it completely over before someone started yelling.

It was far enough away that the words sounded like a blur, but it definitely got their attention. Dream turned to see who it was and how close they were, but Techno caught his chin mid-turn before shaking his head once and then sliding the rest of the way down to the ground.

Fuck, that was smooth.

"Don't let them see your face."

Attempting to go down the same way, Dream let Techno give him a hand at the end so he didn't face plant. To say he was grateful would be an understatement.

By the time they were at the car, so were Quackity and Sapnap. The two of them were leaned up against the sides of their respective seats in the front, though they stood up to attention when they noticed him and Techno.

"Fuck yeah, we did it!" Quackity laughed, hand on the door handle as Techno unlocked the car.

Sapnap said nothing, but shot Dream a smile as he gave the door a tug and got in.

"Nope," Techno quite literally shoved Quackity to the side so he was in facing the backseat, "you are not driving this time."

"But—"

Another yell rang out. It wasn't as far as it had been last time.

Thankfully, Quackity took that as a cue to hurry up and didn't argue. Dream jogged to his spot around the back and slid into his seat from last time, reaching an arm up into the front so Techno wouldn't be stuck holding the bag while he was driving. He got a nod and a subtle half-smile in return for his efforts, and Dream almost snorted when he saw Sapnap and Quackity share a look of "What the fuck..." across the car.

Oh, the parallels.

How's it feel to be on the other end of your awkward ass bonding moments?

The gate behind them sounded, and two commands came from the front of the car. "Drive!" from Sapnap, and a calm "Seatbelts." from Techno before he slammed his foot on the accelerator.

It was safe to say that none of them—save for Techno—had the time to put on their seatbelts. Dream and Quackity were thrown forward as soon as the car started moving, and they would've smacked immediately into the back of the seats in front of them had Dream not braced one hand in front of himself and done the Mom Arm™ for Quackity.

Judging by the thud and "Fuck!" from up ahead, some part of Sapnap hit the dashboard.

Dream had enough empathy left in him to pity his soulmate, though he did remind himself to praise Quackity on his driving at another time, because with Technoblade as an opponent, he wasn't that bad in comparison.

Things were okay for a solid fifteen seconds before Techno took another sharp turn and the three of them—still without seatbelts—went *flying*.

Unfortunately, Dream couldn't help Quackity this time, but he did do his best not to crush the guy against the side of the car. Another smack sounded from the front, and an even louder "Fuck!" came from Sapnap for the second time as he was shoved against the window.

They all shifted back into their respective spots as the car balanced out, although Dream heard a groan from Sapnap. It was a toss-up for if it was out of pain or irritation.

"Jesus, Techno!" Dream growled. "If you throw my soulmate against another fucking surface—"

Sapnap interrupted him, and from behind the seat, Dream thought he saw him holding the side of his head.

"Yeah, slow down, dude! This isn't Fast and Furious 10!"

He scoffed at the stupid comparison, but Dream felt a rush of relief to know he was alright. And Quackity... Dream looked over at him where he was between Dream and the car.

Quackity wasn't looking too hot.

"Yo, bros, I think I'm gonna be sick," he whispered, shutting his eyes and holding tightly onto the handle up at the top of the car.

Dream moved to give him some more space, but then Techno was taking another turn and Quackity was launched over to Dream who smacked his face against the window.

Fuck, that hurts.

"Techno, no more turns."

Dream tried to raise his voice, but it came out more like a plea than anything. Up ahead, Techno didn't slow down, but he did grunt in acknowledgement and the car didn't turn in the immediate seconds that followed.

"Dude," Quackity squinted up at Dream, and Dream frowned down at him. He'd been abnormally quiet.

"Yeah?"

"If I..." Quackity turned away and pressed his hand to his mouth.

Oh, hell no—Don't say it, man.

"If I puke on you, I'm sorry," was what he tried to say when he moved back, but by the time Quackity had gotten the words out of his mouth, Dream had him lifted up and turned around so he was resting against the blond's shoulder and facing the front of the car at an angle.

An angle aimed at... Sapnap.

Sapnap did a double take while glancing back to check on them before glaring at Dream.

"Don't you dare let him vomit on me," he hissed.

In what he now saw as a warning sign looking back, Techno made another grunt, but Dream didn't have much time to prepare.

The car went around another corner and Quackity jerked forward with it, making a noise that sounded suspiciously like dry heaving when he settled back, and Dream kept his arms around the guy only enough to make sure he wouldn't turn back towards him.

Once they'd gotten over the turn, Sapnap turned their way to check on them again and yelled when he saw Dream still facing Quackity away.

"Dream!"

"I'm sorry, Sap," Dream and Quackity jumped up with a bump in the road, "but it's either you or me."

"I don't fucking care!" Sapnap yelled back when there was a turn yet again. "If he pukes my way, I swear to every deity you worship that you're never getting head!"

"Jokes on you," Dream pulled back in self-defense when Quackity gagged louder, grabbing onto the handlebar at the top, "I'm an atheist!"

The car was still moving really fast.

In this situation, the mature thing to do would be to slow the car down and nurture Quackity back to health, right? Right.

That's not what happened.

Techno didn't slow down—though Dream didn't have much of an issue with that because if he kept up this speed, there was no way they'd be followed—Quackity didn't stop dry-heaving next to him, and he and Sapnap spent the majority of the duration of the car ride back to the parking lot arguing about who deserved the most anti-vomit rights.

Well... they did until Sapnap tried to involve Technoblade.

That ended with Sapnap scowling at something Dream was saying and turning around in his seat to face the driver to make it clear who he was addressing.

"You're just gonna let him puke in your car?"

Techno kept his eyes on the road, but responded anyway. It was the first real comment he'd made amid all the curses thrown his way since the beginning of the drive.

"I do not care. He can do as he needs. This is not my car, anyway."

Dream watched as Sapnap's eyes widened, and even Quackity looked up from where he was doubled over on himself. Honestly, Dream would've done the same or something similar, but when someone does the things he's done with Techno, the shock levels go down for almost everything else.

None of them spoke, and the entirety of the ride back was silent.

Until Techno turned on Hamilton.

Then it was a tense silence with Sapnap quietly rapping Guns and Ships and Quackity bopping his head the best he could to the beat without throwing up. Dream just sighed once before leaning his head back on the headrest and letting Quackity slump against him as he drifted off to the sound of his boyfriend's muffled cover of the song, hoping they weren't followed.

Hamilton only lasted so long.

Dream woke up to the sound of nothing, and it was... really nice.

After a quick scan of the area, he picked up on several things. For one, Quackity and Sapnap were still asleep—Quackity was drooling on his shoulder, but there didn't appear to be any vomit in sight nor in smell, and Sapnap looked relatively peaceful.

Yes.

Peaceful, non-violent, and—dare Dream say it—cute.

The second thing Dream noticed was that Techno was awake. Awake, and staring at him through the rear view mirror.

"Fuck, Techno!"

Dream straightened up fast in his seat, which sent Quackity forward and down near the front of the car. This woke up Sapnap in the process, and, just like that, the nice atmosphere was gone.

"We are here."

"Uh... where—" Sapnap coughed and sat up. "Oh, hey! Taco Bell!"

Sure enough, Dream looked around and they were in the parking lot close to Taco Bell. Since he hadn't gotten up yet, Dream also reached out a hand to help Quackity back into the seat. When he spoke, he sounded miserable.

"Hey, dudes, not that I'm not enjoying this and all that shit, but we're all the way over here, and my home is... uhh..." He glanced around before pointing out Sapnap's window. "That way."

Techno hummed and pointed in the opposite direction.

"Your house is *that* way, and I brought you here first because I assumed you would not want to return home covered in paint."

"Oh. Yeah." Quackity blinked up at him, before turning to Dream. "It's way too late for this shit."

"Yep," Sapnap agreed. A beat passed, and then, "I'm hungry."

Dream looked back at the rear view mirror to raise his eyebrows in question, and, after a second, Techno blinked, turned off the car, and unlocked the doors.

"Hey, Quackity, you want anything?"

From over the plastic barrier between his and Sapnap's chosen table and the cashier, a hand waved him off, and Dream frowned.

This night was supposed to be about Quackity—and Sapnap, he guessed, but if anyone had the most reason to hate Schlatt, it wouldn't have been him. Seeing him carsick and miserable really wasn't the way Dream had wanted this adventure to end.

"What about you, Sapnap?" He called over the makeshift wall. Techno crossed his arms next to him, and Dream was glad he didn't have to stand awkwardly alone in the empty store.

"Get me three bean burritos with a Crunchy Taco Supreme." A pause. Dream heard Quackity laugh under his breath at something Sapnap said. "Oh, and get fries, too."

Looking back at the menu, Dream squinted at the options.

The lady waiting on them was standing nervously to the side. He was trying to be as non-threatening as possible, but while Dream didn't know what being on order duty at 4am was like, he was sure four boys drenched in paint in the middle of the night wasn't the usual.

Techno's resting bitch face and Sapnap's thinly concealed hanger wasn't making it any easier to pretend they were nice and not part of a local gang.

Gently, Dream called back, "I don't think they sell fries, Sap."

"They do."

His boyfriend's voice was confident. Dream checked back again.

"Yeah, no, I don't think they do."

In a plea of assistance, Dream looked over questioningly to Techno at his side. He just shrugged and walked over to the stand with all the condiments as he started grabbing handfuls of napkins.

Dream glanced at the lady who was waiting to take their order. "Do you guys sell fries?"

"Uh..." Her eyes flicked between the giant mark on his face to Techno stealing all their napkins off

to the side. "Maybe?"

"*Maybe?*" Popping his head over the side, Sapnap glared at her. "I know for a *fact* you guys sell fries."

Dream prayed Sapnap wouldn't make a scene or start a fight with the poor worker. It wouldn't be the first time he'd had to drag him out of a fast food restaurant.

The lady looked lost.

"I don't—"

"You *do*."

Quackity groaned behind the barrier. "Guys, please be quieter. My head is killing me."

"I just want fries, dude!"

Dream gestured up to the sign on the wall near the ceiling. "Yeah, but this is a *Taco Bell*—"

Handful upon handful of napkins in his grasp, Techno turned to the person taking their order.

"Amy?"

She nodded, and Dream looked down at her shirt. It did, in fact, say "Amy".

Techno continued on.

"Amy, you will get us fries." He hesitated, and then looked at Dream. "Along with three bean burritos, a Crunchy Taco Supreme, a water, and...?"

Dream grimaced and made eye contact with her. She was shaking.

"A Midnight Berry Freeze, please."

Techno nodded, handed her his card, and then stepped back while she wordlessly added it all up.

"Thanks!" Sapnap shouted, sliding down back to Quackity.

As much as he probably shouldn't have considering he and Sapnap were invited, Dream felt bad seeing Technoblade pay for the four of them.

"Techno, you don't have to pay—you already drove us all the way here, and—"

"I did not pay for the gas in that car, nor the vehicle itself. I have lost nothing in this transaction." Dream opened his mouth to argue before, "Besides, I have a large inheritance."

Leaning back against one of the tables near the front, Dream watched Techno shove the napkins into the duffel bag next to him and didn't respond. They were far enough from the lady who had taken their order to keep an eye on the food without it being awkward for either of them when it was ready, and close enough to the younger two to be able to hear if Sapnap decided to set something on fire.

The food came quickly enough, and on their way out, Dream stuck a twenty dollar bill in the tips jar and gave the girl—Amy—a sympathetic smile.

She averted eye contact, but Dream reasoned it was probably more because of his soulmark than what had actually occurred.

"So... this actually happened," Quackity sat down on the hill overlooking the road leading to the parking lot with Techno's borrowed vehicle.

Technoblade nodded in affirmation, and Dream sat down next to Quackity. He was surprised when Sapnap moved to his side instead of Quackity's, but he felt a warmth through him in knowing his company was preferred, at least momentarily

He must be tired.

A loud crinkle ripped through the air as Sapnap dug into the bag of food in Dream's lap, and Dream closed his eyes and laughed silently under his breath in defeat.

He should've known it was too good to be true.

Sapnap pulled away from the bag after a moment, but pressed a quick kiss to Dream's cheek before leaning his weight against the taller boy's shoulder. Dream smiled and took a sip of his own drink, and he wrapped an arm around Sapnap's side.

Out of his side vision, he could see Techno offering Quackity the water he'd ordered before sitting down beside him.

Quackity took it, but rolled his eyes anyway.

"Yep," Sapnap spoke up, unwrapping his food. "And we got away with it, too."

A twinge of nervousness crawled up into Dream's throat. "Well—we're pretty sure that's the case."

"Still," Quackity sipped at his water. "Whether we get caught or not, as far as I'm concerned, we've done the world a favor."

Techno made a noise of agreement, and Dream reached out a hand to let him try some of his drink. He did pay for it, after all. It was probably a little too fruity for Techno, but he took it with a nod anyway.

"So what? I doubt we're the only ones with a grudge against him at school. He'll have his parents buy him a new car by the time he goes to college, anyway."

"Schlatt? Going to *college*? Yeah, right," Quackity scoffed, reaching over to grab at Sapnap's fries. Sapnap eyed him wearily, but let him get away with it; Dream was just glad to see Quackity's condition improving so fast. "What's he gonna major in? How To Take Care of Your Twenty Sugar Babies?"

"He has that many bitches?" Sapnap grinned.

Quackity groaned. "Schlatt has so many bitches."

"Great. Just means you're probably not the only person he's screwed over in school," Dream pitched in.

He reached at his side for his drink before remembering he'd given it to Techno. When he looked around, Techno was hunched over, and it was being quickly finished off, so Dream just turned back around and minded his own business.

No drink was worth dismemberment, gift or no gift.

Quackity made another swipe at the fries, and Sapnap smacked his hand away this time, offering, "Maybe we can start a Schlatt Hate Club at school."

"God, yes—" Quackity laughed, "Wilbur and his group would totally join."

Dream hummed. "They seem really cool."

He never really saw a lot of them at school, but they seemed nice enough when he passed them in the halls and during that situation with Schlatt from so long ago.

"Yeah! That's actually how Techno and I know each other." Quackity took a break as he reached across Dream to grab another handful of fries. Knowing what might happen, Dream rubbed soothing circles onto Sapnap's side in hopes that he wouldn't attack; Sapnap stayed where he was, though he did glare at Quackity who paid him no mind. "Wilbur invited Techno out to one of his infamous house parties, and we met there. You guys should really come sometime."

"Sounds cool; we're in." Sapnap gave him a thumbs up with one hand, food occupying the other. "And sweet! New members already. I say we call it, 'The Aggravated Society of Schlatt-Haters'."

Staring up at the sky dramatically, Sapnap made a rainbow outwards with his hands. "More formally recognized as ASS."

At that, Quackity choked on a laugh, and even Dream cracked a smile. Techno continued to demolish Dream's drink, but he wasn't arguing against the name, so that was considered a win.

"What about you, Techno?" Sapnap asked as he wrapped up his second burrito.

The noise of the paper faded out, and that was the last thing someone said that Dream was able to catch for a while.

It wasn't that he was actively ignoring his soulmate; Dream tried to pay attention to what he and everyone else was saying, but it felt like the world was slowing down around him. The sky was dark and the lights were bright and distracting, but Sapnap was warm and that grounded him.

Dream just closed his eyes and tipped his head back, taking a deep breath. The low wind was cooling and nice against his skin.

So much had happened in the last five—six?—hours.

He and Sapnap had called Techno—*The Technoblade*—and they had just trashed JSchlatt's house. Not only that, but he had been convinced to pick up *Quackity* to witness revenge on his abusive ex. They had all just participated in something illegal.

It was fine. Everything was fine.

Sapnap was still warm next to him at his side.

"I dunno, man. You've got mad respect at school," Sarnap bit into his last burrito and looked up, making eye contact with Dream just as the other half of it fell out of the tortilla and into his lap.

Dream snorted, and Sarnap just grinned in response.

"Respect?" Techno looked a bit confused. Dream saw he'd finished the drink, and it felt like the Doritos all over again. "Oh, you mean the lesbians. Yes, they are the only reason I haven't done anything drastic yet."

"Drastic *how*?" Quackity wiped his hand with one of Techno's napkins, and Techno stiffened, but didn't pull away. "Pull-the-fire-alarm-dramatic, or shoot-up-the-school-dramatic?"

He and Sarnap laughed at the joke, but Dream watched Techno stare back at Quackity. He opened his mouth to respond, but Dream raised up a hand and shook his head.

"You don't have to answer that."

Quackity and Sarnap soon settled down, and up until the point of leaving, there was a comfortable air around them.

After a few minutes, Techno brought up that while he did bring extra clothes, it would be smart to wash off the ones they had on as soon as possible. At first Quackity suggested they use the hose at his house, but Techno quickly waved him off; his parents were apparently early risers, so they'd be up and running around by the time they got there, and it'd be best not to explain their situation to any adult for obvious reasons.

Dream didn't ask how Techno knew Quackity's parents better than Quackity.

Techno revealed that his home was across town, meaning he had little incentive to travel all the way there and back. It took a moment, but Sarnap eventually offered up for them to swing by his house—and Dream's, technically—since it would be fast and both Naps would be dead asleep.

His mom would have gone to bed by now for sure, and... Mr. Nap wakes up for no one.

From there, it was agreed: they'd temporarily split up into their own cars and meet back up at the Naps to clean themselves off.

On the way back to the car, though, Dream pulled Quackity by the sleeve off to the side..

"Hey." He nodded at Techno to give them a second when he waited by the door. "Don't we need to get you home, or something?"

After he realized what he was being asked, Quackity adjusted his beanie and smiled up at Dream. "Nah, it'll be fine."

"Not that I'm calling bullshit," Dream ran a hand through his hair, "'cause I'm not, but there's no way they'll buy that you went to have an impromptu sleepover in the dead of night."

Quackity grimaced and flicked his eyes back to the car where the others were waiting—Techno for him, and Sapnap for Dream. Out of the corner of his vision, Dream saw Sapnap stick out his tongue at him as he paced around in impatience.

"It's no big deal. They'll just think I'm out with Schlatt."

"Schlatt?" Dream felt his eyebrows draw together. "You aren't even dating Schlatt; you haven't in... forever."

"Yeah, but he used to come and drag me off to the stupid hangouts he had with his friends whenever he wanted, so it's nothing new." He fidgeted with his sleeves. "My mom stopped caring about it after awhile; his own parents could be... very persuasive."

Dream tried to wrap his head around it. It didn't make sense.

"Still. Why would they just—"

"Does it really matter?" Quackity rocked back on his shoes now and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"No, but—"

"It won't affect anything; she won't even be able to tell it wasn't him."

He should drop it; Dream could, and he *knew* he should. Quackity probably wouldn't bring it up again, anyway. But... it wasn't adding up.

Dream pushed a little farther.

"That still doesn't explain why you wouldn't just—"

"They don't know yet."

It came out quiet. Dream didn't speak, and Quackity didn't meet his eyes.

"But... It's been... "

"Too long. Yeah, I know."

Over the wind, Dream heard Techno whistle lowly from behind, and Quackity gave him a small smile before walking forward to the car.

"He's my soulmate, Dream." When he kept moving, and Dream didn't stop him, Quackity added on, "I don't have much of a choice."

Chapter End Notes

HI AGAIN

i'm not even gonna tiptoe around it-
i've been gone a long time.

and i could drag this out with some big excuse and dramatic retelling about how my grandma tragically fell down the stairs (i pushed her lmao) and why i've been taking care of her ever since, but i'll just be honest and hit y'all with the

I'M REALLY FUCKING LAZY SOMETIMES, AND I WON'T WRITE UNLESS
HELD AT GUNPOINT

^^ also if you love ur grandma,,, i do too, the grandma thing was a joke, ahahaha *don't come for me, gerald,,,*

the second reason is discord :D

I AM

SO FUCKING HAPPY

LIKE- I'VE MENTIONED MULTIPLE TIMES THAT COMMENTS ARE MY
FAVORITE PART ABOUT WRITING, BUT I LOVE THE DISCORD SERVER SO
MUCH

WE'VE HAD SACRIFICES, GROUP BONDING TIME, MURDERS, ROBBERIES,
MARRIAGES, CULT ARCS, AND MORE

also i've made a lot of new friends which is *insane*

i used to have 3 and now theres... more? :0

we currently have a token toast fiend, british person (/gag), servants, slaves, and all
kinds of people ;V:

i think we've made the cult a home ;V;

BUT YEAH- I'VE BEEN GONE A LOT, PARTIALLY BECAUSE I'VE BEEN
HAVING A LOT OF FUN GETTING TO KNOW EVERYONE >:D

on a more serious note tho (what? ikr, it's rare timez), writing this fic + my other one
has been kinda life changing in the ways i wouldn't expect, and i've been thinking
about it a lot.

okay- maybe not *life-changing*,,, its not like i can tell my parents i write soft porn in
my free time, but it's definitely affected how i see myself.

people are saying i'm funny? the story AND the end notes? that what i write makes
them happy? and that's honestly so cool. it was always kind of weird having people ask
me what i like doing and having to say "making others happy" without being able to
really have that social concept down, so writing is a great deal; i write, people read,
people respond, and that's that.

anyway, some of the issues i used to deal with are getting easier to handle, and it's
been really awesome to see how much you guys have been an impact to that.

EW I HATE GETTING SAPPY, MCNASTY-

ALRIGHT LETS WRAP THIS UP BEFORE I GET OUT THE BEATING STICK IN
EXCITEMENT-

IF UR NEW HERE, STRAP URSELF IN, FUCKER.

IF YOU AREN'T, YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT ISSSSS

if it's morning for you,

wake yo ass up, stupid

take a walk. take a murder spree. take anything.

test people's patience. the police officer's, god's, fuck- while you're at it, go for mine
too.

just know i have a glock and i'm not afraid to use it.

IF ITS NIGHT-

ur pretty boobchamp, and ily

you're awesome, and gorgeous, and anyone who says otherwise doesn't need their
breathing rights today :D

IF ITS SOMETIME IN BETWEEN-

god, i really need to give y'all something positive, but i just cant- y'all suck
also i saw last chapter notes for u guys where i said "what are you dong with your
life?"

yeah. "dong". i'm too scared to change it, but know i am sorry. NONE OF YOU
SHITS CORRECTED ME EITHER, SMH ;-;
and you better have that goddamn fetus ready for me.

OKAY OKAY

AO3 GIVE ME AN AWARD FOR THE LONGEST ASS NOTES PLEASE

VALIDATE ME HARDER

GOODNIGHT, LOVELIES <3

I'M WALKING A THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVING AND HATING CHEEZITS +
Y'ALL ARE KEEPING IT BUSSIN

TAKE CARE AND I'LL UPLOAD AGAIN SOON >:D

Mrs. Nap Calls Techno A Cripple

Chapter Notes

HEY LOVELIESSSS >:D

I'VE BEEN REVIVEDDDDD

ALSO DAMN I'VE MISSED Y'ALL

NGL, THE COMMENTS TOOK ME A MINUTE TO GET THROUGH (DW I

CLEARED OUT A LOT YESTERDAY SO I'M GETTING CLOSER) BUT I

REALLY FUCKING LOVE THEM, SO THANK YOU <3

its so cool to still be able to recognize a shit ton of y'all too,,, the seggsy usernames and pfps are really coming in clutch

also disclaimer: i'm sorry.

if you don't understand... read the title and you will :)

YOU SEGGSY MFS KNOW THE DRILL-

i'll shower y'all in love and war stories in the end notes, but for now,

i love you guys + i hope you're doing bussin, because you're hot and being bussin is hot, and we're all causing global warming, and that's some solid word algebra right there <3

<https://discord.gg/7VEFtfABcS> >> HERE'S THE OFFICIAL CRUSTY RAT CULT LINK IF YOU WANNA JOIN IN

we had another sacrifice tonight, pretty awesome >:D

also if you're dying inside, i gotchu bro-

take a deep breath, slap someone with a water bottle, and their tears will make you feel better ♥

and this was in Pretty Bois notes, but not here, so it needs to be said bc it's the only smart thing that's ever come out of my mouth:

pain is temporary, but that phat ass is eternal.

keep your head up bitch, the world isn't gonna burn itself

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The ride back to their house was quiet.

Dream figured Sarnap could pick up on his mood, but doubted he knew what it was about. And

okay—Dream did feel bad knowing his boyfriend wasn't listening to his shitty music or starting up conversation to avoid irritating him, but it also made him soft to know that Sapnap was trying in the ways he could.

About halfway through, Dream reached over to rest his hand on Sapnap's leg—high enough that he could tell it was intentional, but low enough that he wouldn't get horny, because... *it was still Sapnap*—in hopes that he could tell Dream wasn't upset with *him* so much as Schlatt.

Or Quackity, but Dream knew realistically the whole situation wasn't really dependent on him. Not enough for it to count, anyway. It wasn't his fault the universe set him up with a life-long, premium subscription to date that cosmic fuck-up.

Beside him, Sapnap just trailed his fingers along the back of Dream's hand the rest of the way home and waited for them to arrive at the house. The movement wasn't enough to distract Dream from worrying over Quackity, but it was repetitive and comforting, and after a few minutes, Dream no longer felt like starting a fist fight with Schlatt.

That didn't mean he'd mind finishing one, though.

Still, almost against his will he felt his body relax from the reassurance of Sapnap at his side, and for the millionth time in his life, Dream praised whoever was in charge of dishing out dates that he got the soulmate he'd ended up with.

The familiar roads leading back to their home blurred by, and as Dream focused on not crashing the car, Sapnap stared out the window with a sleepy look. It was adorable, but Dream almost groaned aloud when noticing it on Sapnap had him noticing it in himself. The feeling hit him hard that he too was really fucking tired.

Not that this whole night with the boys hadn't been fun, but Dream needed sleep, and he needed it relatively soon. The plan was simple in theory: pull up to his and Sapnap's house, hose off the clothes and change, then go their separate ways so they could all rest up and pretend this never happened until tomorrow when Dream had successfully slept and was a thousand times less likely to snap at one of the others and die in the process.

Easy.

Dream took the last turn up to the house, and the drive came to an end. It only took seconds for the other two to pull up behind them.

As they locked the doors to their own car, Quackity stumbled out of Techno's when it had only just barely pulled up to the curb, and he immediately jogged over to tug at Sapnap's arm and start whispering in his ear. Dream couldn't really make out what he was trying to say from where Quackity had led them a few feet away, but when he took a step forward, Sapnap held out his hand, so he settled for watching their eyes flit back and forth between Techno's car and the ground. Despite the odd exit and weird activity from the shorter boys, Techno paid little attention to them and put the car in park, getting out to rummage in the backseat for something.

After a few moments of speaking between them and Dream waiting to be acknowledged without facing bodily harm, Quackity looked his way and waved him over. Dream gave him his best "Do I even want to know?" face, but came anyway when he saw Techno was still busy and Sapnap looked confused. Whatever Quackity had said obviously hadn't made enough sense for him to be on board.

Once he was within grabbing distance, Quackity grabbed him by the arm too so he was bending

over. It wasn't comfortable in the slightest, but Dream was tired and the tea about to be spilled seemed awfully fresh, so the position got tolerated.

"So... what's up?"

A pop was made before the whisper was heard, and Dream still wondered where Quackity was constantly getting all his gum from. "Techno."

When both Quackity and Sapnap continued looking at him without speaking, Dream eloquently said, "Ah."

Sapnap shrugged and popped a bubble of his own. "All I got out of this conversation was something about coupons."

"Don't downplay the problem! This is about *more* than the coupons." Quackity scowled, chewing in a forceful manner that kinda had Dream wanting to back up. "Don't be fooled; what I'm about to reveal to you, Dream, is a deep, *deep*, multi-layered issue."

"Uh..." Dream said. Focus would obviously be nice right now, but seriously—*where the fuck were they keeping the gum?* "Cool?"

Sapnap yawned. "It's been like 20 minutes, dude. What the hell did he do?"

"He lied!" Quackity turned around to watch Techno's unsuspecting scavenging aggressively from the side. It looked uncomfortably close to eye-fucking, but way less magical and flattering. "He promised he wasn't crazy, and he swore he wouldn't kill me!"

Dream grimaced and tried to de-escalate... whatever this was. Now that he knew this was about Techno, he didn't really need to know. They'd all heard rumors about numerous things, and hardly any of them stood for great stories while standing in the street in the dead of morning.

"Well, to be fair, you *are* very not dead..."

"Hey, Dream?" Sapnap's glare panned to him, and he cocked his head to the side, Quackity doing the same. "Where are the askers?"

"What?"

"Exactly."

From out of his jacket, Quackity thrust up a small handful of what appeared to be printed papers and cheap, plastic cards.

"I found these in his glove box!"

In the limited light from the streetlamps around, Dream had to squint to see any details, but on every third card, his eyes caught on sparkles, sequins, and bright colors that could compare with their still-ruined clothes.

A horrific creation, to say the least.

Sapnap didn't look like he understood either, so Dream did them both the favor of asking. "Okay...?"

"You know what these are?" Quackity lowered his voice to whisper before raising it again. "Cause I fucking do."

Sapnap frowned and patted his shoulder in a probable attempt at comfort. "Records on his enemies?"

"Stolen credit cards?" Dream offered. "Fake IDs?"

"What—" Quackity stared up. "No!" He took a shaky breath. "I thought we'd established this. They're *coupons!*"

Quackity handed over a few slips of paper, and Sapnap turned them around in his hands, but eventually just shrugged. He gave them all back except for one at the very end, and Dream watched him double back to read it again before his eyebrows drew together and he whispered, "Wait, does that say *Pottery Barn*—"

Dream leaned over to read for himself. He saw the tween girls' *Justice* store logo in the corner of a different one and leaned back out.

Walking over with an armful of dark clothes that Dream could only assume were for them, Techno headed their way, and Dream saw Quackity shove his hand behind his back. Techno stopped a few feet in front of them and neither Sapnap or Quackity picked back up the discussion.

Guess we aren't bringing this up then.

"So..." Dream drawled.

"Moving on," Sapnap jerked his head over to the side of the house, "I don't know about y'all, but I want to get out of this paint. It was fun at first, but now it's all crusty and gross."

He stretched out the front of his shirt and a few thin, layered chunks fell off from the movement. Techno nodded, and Quackity stayed quiet, but when Dream nodded toward the house, the three of them followed.

The hose was in the backyard on the side, right past the gate that would let them through to the other part of the fence. Quackity whistled quietly when they came around back, eyeing the setup in the yard. It wasn't anything special, but it had served its fun purposes enough back when he and Sapnap were kids; one hammock spread from the corner of the house along the width of the patio and a basic couch on the other side. Between the two was a fire pit that hadn't been used in a long time.

Dream kept an eye on Quackity as he examined it with interest.

"Nice place."

"Thanks," Dream and Sapnap answered together.

Sapnap snorted, and Dream smiled as he tossed them both a shirt; he'd taken half the stack from Techno along the way when he'd turned back to go grab Quackity's water from the car. Once it was in his hands, Quackity gave it a sniff, but he didn't complain, and Sapnap didn't either; every piece appeared to be the same size and relative color, anyway.

The gate made a small noise as Techno passed through behind them, and although he was the last to arrive, Techno was first to turn on the water and start stripping off his stained shirt.

""Woah, dude!" Quackity spun around. "Give a little warning before you start showing off the assets!"

Sapnap whistled, and Dream grinned again as his soulmate made exaggeratedly suggestive expressions his way. Despite Sapnap's... *selective encouragement*, Techno gave a small frown and handed Dream the hose while he held up the shirt. "Is it not acceptable to change in front of one another given our shared biology?"

Sapnap laughed from behind. "Oh, don't worry. It's perfectly acceptable according to Quackity's di—"

A hollow bong and "Ow!" was heard before Quackity hissed out, "Shut the fuck up, you modern wench!"

Still smiling, Sapnap shrugged off his shirt in the back, and Quackity groaned before following his lead and waving offhandedly at Techno. "And yeah, it's fine, dude. That said, as annoying as Sapnap is, I *am* as homosexual as they come, so have a little more empathy next time."

Techno hummed, but to Dream, it didn't really look like he was listening. The semi-empty water bottle Quackity had hit Sapnap with dropped onto the grass along with Techno's keys and a handful of phones, and then the four of them got to work.

With Techno's help in rubbing the water through the fabric, Dream was glad to see that the paint came out fairly easily, which was a blessing and a curse in and of itself. On one hand, if noticed, he and Sapnap wouldn't have to explain to the Naps how they both lost two full outfits within the same time frame; on the other, if it worked out this time, Sapnap and Quackity would be up to have another spray paint fight and they'd have to do this all over again.

Once Techno was done with his shirt—all their pants had been spared for the most part, except Sapnap's—and had redressed back into a clean shirt and his freshly washed coat, Dream stepped up next, and he and Techno swapped jobs. Unlike them, neither Quackity nor Sapnap were a great aim, so they were covered in significantly more paint than Techno or himself. This meant they got to shake out the brittle flakes covering the material from all the layers and buildup first before washing it out.

More time cleaning, and less fun doing it. What losers.

"So we're really not gonna talk about it?" Quackity asked Sapnap quietly.

They were a few feet away from where Dream and Techno were standing, but not far enough to not be heard. Granted, it wasn't that loud unless one of them paid close attention, but if Dream could hear it, Techno could too, so he prayed Techno was deep in his murder thoughts.

A few quieter whispers passed between them before Dream could make something out again. "Quackity, I'm all with you on watching out for the scary assassin man, but is what you found really that bad?"

They both popped their gum.

Now Techno looked over to them with cautious eyes. "What are they discussing?"

"Nothing, Techno." Dream put a hand on his shoulder to steer his gaze away from the other two.

"No, no, we're talking about your goddamn coupon problem!" Quackity glared and raised his voice. "You're supposed to be an eighteen year old sadist with an incurable amount of sociopathic tendencies, so I'm not sure *why* you remind me of a Facebook mom with this level of hoarding, but it's not okay."

"Quackity," a hand came up to slap him on the back, courtesy of Sapnap, "be *nice*—"

"This isn't all of it, dude," Quackity frowned and faced him. "This was just a handful. I've seen real horrors in that car."

"You took my coupons?" Techno frowned, and to Dream, he almost looked hurt. Quackity's lips quirked down, and he had the decency to look at least borderline responsible before Techno continued, honest as ever. "I would like them back now."

"Fuck no! Are you even hearing me?"

"Tech," Sapnap threw an arm over Quackity to avoid unneeded casualties and coughed out, "you might wanna sit this one out."

"Yeah, no, you can't have them back," Quackity hissed at Techno, revealing the coupons and holding them up in the air. "I'm trying to fix you, *help me help you*—"

Techno took a step forward, and Quackity and Sapnap took three back, arm still keeping them together.

At that, Dream let himself laugh. It came out a little scratchy, but that was okay; it was late, and Dream wasn't positive, but it was probably that way because some asshole downed his only drink in the last few hours. "Guys, it's *Techno*."

They spoke together. "*And?*"

"And he's not gonna hurt you."

Quackity looked at him like he was crazy. "You don't know that!"

"I'm with Quackity on this one. Not all of us had some homoerotic bonding moment with the psycho," Sapnap gestured to Techno and then to what was in Quackity's grasp. "Tell me: what kind of sane person has all of these on hand?"

"The kind of person who still hasn't made any moves to hurt us in the last five hours." Dream held out his hand. "Now give Techno back his coupons."

"*No.*"

"*Yes.*"

"*Quackity, just give the man his promo codes—*"

And, finally, give the man his promo codes he did.

Techno wasn't as reactive about it as Dream had thought he'd be; he just took his restored papers in hand as well as their gathered ruined clothes so far and headed to the car with a promise to be back. He was supposedly used to deep cleaning his clothing and getting heavy stains out—which was suspicious in its own way, but worked in their benefit in this case—so he'd volunteered himself to take their clothes and return them within the week.

Quackity and Sapnap weren't done cleaning theirs off though, so Dream figured the trip back to the car was just an excuse to deliver his beloved coupons back to safety.

It also just now occurred to Dream that he might be collecting DNA from their hair or something, but hey—if Technoblade wanted functional cloning material, he was going to get it in one way or

another regardless of whether they handed it over.

His absence did leave Dream to babysit for a few minutes as he was probably still the only sane one awake though, and as he pulled over the shirt Techno had lent him, he was surprised to see that it fit well. Dream made a mental note to himself that he and Techno were the same size.

Assuming these were Techno's clothes.

“Okay, look,” Quackity stopped slapping his hands at the shirt Sapnap held up while Sapnap had looked away to avoid the flying chunks of bright color, “I know this was a brilliant idea overall, but damn, it’s kinda nasty right now.”

"That's karma for starting this shit." Dream ran a hand through his hair and took the hose from the ground to spray Sapnap's exposed back. He got an angry noise immediately in response, and Dream cringed a bit from the volume.

"Hey! That's cold!"

Dream smiled, but waved at him to lower his voice, and he watched as Quackity snatched the shirt from Sapnap and elbowed him on the shoulder. "Shhh! Watch it. I don't wanna meet your crazy ass parents yet."

Sapnap stuck out his tongue in response. "Hey—they're not that bad."

"Everyone's 'that bad' when you wake them up at 5 in the morning."

"Whatever," Sapnap laughed and started pulling on clean pants, "at least I'm not having a mental breakdown over someone's hobby."

"*Obsession*, get it right—"

A window clicked open from the far side of the house and a familiar face popped out.

"What the fuck are you boys doing."

All three of them froze where they were: Quackity undressed from the waist up with t-shirt in hand, Sapnap buttoning back up his pants, and Dream with the hose in hand.

"Get in the house. Now."

The window slammed closed, and the noise had Dream flinching from how hard it was shut. This definitely wasn't good.

Quackity adjusted his beanie and looked at the ground. "Oh fuck."

Dream nodded. Fuck indeed.

Sapnap was the first to recover. "Alright, let's go."

"Sap..." Dream didn't really know what to say, but it wasn't "let's do this!"

"What are we gonna do? Avoid my mom?" Sapnap looked like the idea of facing her right now made him miserable, but he did have a point. "I mean, you live here now, too, so that's a no-go even on your part."

Quackity tilted his head and slipped on his given shirt. His other one still looked disgusting, but

they'd have to finish that later if they survived. "Wait, you live here now? Like—full time? When did *that* happen?"

"Long story," Dream waved him off. "Let's just get this over with."

Sapnap took the first step forward, and Dream followed behind. He really didn't want to do this. Obviously Sapnap was right—evading his mother was *not* the smartest move—but that didn't make what they had to do any easier.

"But guys—" Quackity whispered, gesturing around them.

"If we wait, it'll just be worse." Sapnap took the door knob in hand. He had the piece of mind to look sympathetic. Quackity had never witnessed Mrs. Nap's wrath, but he certainly would tonight. Today. This morning. *Whatever*. "It's fine; we can get the clothes and all our shit soon."

"What, no—that's not what I'm talking about."

Quackity looked around in a bit of a panic, and Dream finally understood what he was getting at.

Oh shit...

"What about Techno?"

Mrs. Nap would never hurt a kid.

In front of witnesses.

Maybe illegitimately, but even then, "hurt" was pushing it. Still, Dream expected something rash to happen when they opened the door and stepped inside.

Instead of yelling, he and the boys got soft towels thrown at them and herded into the living room where she stood waiting while they dried off enough to not completely soak the carpet, and Dream had the decency to feel grateful for her very limited patience.

Tryng not to lose her shit was probably hard.

Trying to understand what they'd done was harder.

"Let me get this straight," Mrs. Nap narrowed her eyes at them. "You three bullied a kid?"

"Well—" Quackity opened and then closed his mouth. Looking back, it was probably a smart call.

Mrs. Nap didn't think so. "Well?"

"Gently."

Dream turned his head to stare at Sapnap, seeing movement behind him as Quackity did the same.

"What?"

As per usual, Sapnap was undeterred by the sudden attention from everyone trying to figure out what he meant. "Yeah. We bullied him. But it's okay! We did it *gently*."

Mrs. Nap was the first to speak, and that was only after she'd sighed and put her head in her hands, probably to avoid saying something aloud that she'd regret, like: "*Wow! Really wish I'd remembered to take that birth control right about now.*"

Out came "I don't even know what that fucking means, but—"

A large bang was heard outside and everyone in the room stood still before the back door opened and in came Techno. In typical Technoblade fashion, he looked mildly annoyed at breathing, and Dream's eyes followed the water he was tracking in, almost his entire shape wet from the coat he'd still worn after being hosed down. Like a gentleman though, he still took the coat off to leave it outside.

It was a nice idea in theory. But a large glob of chocolate dripped out of it.

Only problem was... from their distance away, it could've been anything else. And only Dream knew about it being chocolate.

Three of them winced. Mrs. Nap looked like she was a minute away from throwing someone off a cliff.

Dream and Sapnap locked eyes. *I bet it's herself*, he mouthed.

No fucking way; it's definitely us, Sapnap worded back, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

Dream glanced over at Quackity who looked one signal away from taking the initiative to piss himself and run.

"Who are you and why are you here?"

Mrs. Nap spoke louder this time, obviously frustrated with being woken up and outnumbered. Between having to deal with Sapnap's not-exactly-a-bullshit-answer and Techno, Dream almost worried about physical conflict going down. Techno and Mrs. Nap varied a lot in their morals and the way they approached life, sure, but at the end of it all, their personalities boiled down to two different sides of the same very violent coin.

He turned to Sapnap again, and his jaw was tense.

"Dude, what are the chances Techno attacks your mom?"

Sapnap raised an eyebrow.

"I think the better question is what are the chances he wins?"

Quackity made a noise that reminded Dream of Mr. Nap and his emotional instability. "Guys..."

"Hello, ma'am." Techno's voice was as deadpan as ever, but he spoke as if he was announcing something. If he was about to introduce himself, he technically was. Dream felt an instant shot of relief run through him at the formal tone of address; he was likely taking pity on the woman who dared to yell at him and was aiming for respect instead.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" She spoke slower this time, and quieter.

Techno didn't miss a beat, and Dream, for once, wasn't worried about whatever he'd say. Coming

up with a lie, any lie, really—and getting away with it, because even Dream doubted Mrs. Nap could read right through him—was something he could probably do better than any of them. He literally could not fuck this up.

"My name is Technoblade. Your son, his soulmate, and our other friend here have just come back from destroying the car of another fellow student at our school. Also Taco Bell." No one moved except Techno yet again to come forward and offer his hand. "I have been told that handshakes are expected when meeting an authority figure for the first time." When she didn't respond, he followed it up with, "Are you aware of how this works?"

Mrs. Nap stood in silence before she narrowed her eyes and gritted out, "I might prefer a choke hold instead."

Techno just blinked, taking back his hand as he shrugged his shoulders. "That can be arranged."

To their credit, Dream fully expected Mrs. Nap to have attacked him by now or for Technoblade to decide there was too much disrespect coming his way to be tolerated. Dream wondered if the reason he hadn't done anything yet was because he hadn't realized he was being disrespected in the same way Mrs. Nap was probably still on the fence over whether or not he was genuinely being sarcastic about any of this.

She stared at him, and Techno stared back.

Dream felt Quackity tap him on the shoulder and jerk his head over in their direction, but Dream shook his head. It was better not to get involved.

Plus, it literally couldn't get any worse than this. All he'd had to do was lie.

"The mud," Mrs. Nap spoke. Her tone was intelligible. "Why was it in your jacket?"

Techno blinked. "That is not mud, ma'am."

Awkward quiet fell again, and Dream heard Sapnap hold his breath next to him. She wasn't going to look at the brown mass on the floor and think, chocolate. No. It only looked like one other thing.

"The substance was part of the plan to—"

Mrs. Nap held up her hand. "Nope. I don't want to know why you have shit in your coat." She sighed, and Dream cursed Techno for not correcting her. "Where are your parents? Surely they aren't okay with you being out so late."

"They're dead."

"Ha, ha. Very funny." She pulled out her phone and unlocked it. "Give me their number."

"Ma'am, I am an orphan. My parents died in a car wreck when I was 9."

Sapnap released the breath he was holding, and Quackity whispered, "Not again..."

Dream wasn't surprised. He'd known this; he didn't think he'd ever forget that science project.

Mrs. Nap lips drew into a line. "Sapnap."

Sapnap's voice was quiet. "Yes?"

"There are three teenage boys standing in our living room in the dead of night that are either hosed

off or sweaty, all wearing one of y'all's clothes, and none of you will look me in the eyes except this one, and he's... clearly strange. Please tell me... " *Don't ask us for details, please don't ask us for details*, "...you guys didn't have an orgy."

Everyone's mouth dropped. Expect Techno's, which—again, didn't help their case.

And then Sapnap broke the silence with a whisper that ended it all. "Dream's a bottom."

"What?" Dream yelled.

From there on, a lot of things happened all at once. Quackity lost his shit doubling over and laughing, Sapnap squealed as Dream tackled him to the closest couch, and Mrs. Nap sat on the floor in silence.

Techno sat next to her.

And Dream had the first real slumber party of his life.

Chapter End Notes

y'all, now hear me out- bugs are onto something
i stared at a lamp today for an indefinite amount of time (dont worry, i already have glasses bc i kept staring at the sun on the way to school for five days straight when i was in like- 2nd grade) and got that good eye juice
point is, i dont blame them for dying to watch some pretty lights, and they are hella underrated

and you guys wanna know what time it is?
6:46am. yeah. soul bussin, but brain dead
-currently thinking about that horror game where there's a feral Michael Jackson after you-

i'll keep the fic commentary short this morning:
i've done some heavy thinking + i think i have an updated plotline for when and how george comes into this, so that's great. i've shifted the focus and tone of the story in my mind back to what i wanted it to be, so thats also poggies
"poggies" /gag im sorry guys i had to do it-

point is, it's chaotic rn because "heavy" shit's gonna hit later, i need this friend group to be well established before george, and also character development/depth because who doesn't love that ;V;

just let me write my fucking crack pls

i say heavy in quotations bc sapnap was originally supposed to fuCKING DIE, so nothing can really beat that.

now onto my favorite subject: me

i got new crocs for the cult. they're blue though, not red like the blood of our enemies. i am sorry. i have failed you all.

NOW TIME FOR THE DAILY YEETING

i gotta pull up the last end notes at this point so i dont get accused of being biased.
except against you middle day mfs, you guys suck. *i know a british person who's in the middle of their day rn, and they are included in this discrimination*

IF IT'S MORNING FOR YOU,

good morning, lovely <3
thrive today, or drink lava
the choice is yours.

IF ITS NIGHT TIME FOR YOU,

you get to think about all the ways you suck at farming and probably couldn't support your peasant family in the olden days. weak. pathetic. i still love u tho >:/ just a little bit

NOW

IF YOU'RE SOMETIME IN BETWEEN,

I THINK WE'VE ESTABLISHED THIS, BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU KNOW-

YOU AREN'T BUSSIN

however, i want you to do the same thing the morning people did last time.
yes, i know what it is. no, i won't be repeating it.

UPDATE

MY BROTHERS ALARM CLOCK JUST WENT OFF AND I AM NOW HIDING
IN THE DARK OF MY ROOM

THIS IS GONNA BE AWKWARD AS FUCK IF HE FINDS ME AWAKE AT,,,
NOW ;-;

IF I DONT EVER UPLOAD AGAIN,,, YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
ILY, DON'T FUCKING DO THE DEATH, AND I'LL TRY MY BEST TOO-

SEE YOU GUYS SOON ♥

Techno's Dumptruck. (That's it. That's the whole chapter.)

Chapter Notes

HEY GUYS >:D

LOOK-

i have no crazy wattpad author excuse about how my house burned down and i haven't been able to post since.

i have merely been busy with work ;-; apologies, seggsies

cough cough <https://discord.gg/7VEFtfABcS>

WHICH-

I'M SOMEHOW A CERTIFIED LIFEGUARD NOW?? LIKE, RED-CROSS TYPE SHIT

YOU NEED SOMEONE TO GIVE YOUR GRANDPA CPR, I GOTCHU

also- shortish chapter today, but i have next chapter started + i'll start working on pretty bois again :)

next chapter will hopefully be more interesting, and depending on how long i make it, our favorite colorblind boi might be finally making a slight entrance into the story

I WENT TO PROM TOO IN THE LAST TIME SINCE I'VE UPDATED, AND LEMME TELL YOU-

the music fucking sucked. i should have DJ-ed, 100%.

the ONLY time everyone was moving was when the guy in charge of music put on the song i requested.

which-

yes.

i did, in fact, bust out my hip doing the cupid shuffle.

ALSO I REJECTED A HOMOPHOBE ASKING ME TO DANCE (he asked every girl there, i'm not special, dw) AND CAME OUT TO TWO OTHER GIRLS WHERE WE THEN BONDED OVER WANTING TO LIVE IN COTTAGECORE BUSES IT WAS AMAZING AND ALSO AWFUL AT THE SAME TIME

i've learned my mistake and will now be having jam sessions at my own house where i can listen to Carl Wheezer covers and Bo Burnham.

ALRIGHT, I LOVE YOU FOOLS

I'LL BE LURKING IN THE END NOTES, AS ALWAYS, WHERE INSTEAD OF ROASTING YOU BASED ON WHEN YOU READ, I SHALL BE GUESSING YOUR FAVORITE FANFIC TROPE

gotta spice it up every now and then >:)

GO DRINK WATER, GO BE THE BITCH PEOPLE TALK SHIT ABOUT
MWAH <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To say it classified as a sleepover was a stretch.

Before there was any of that though, it took a decent amount of time to convince Mrs. Nap that they had not, in fact, fucked.

She was a lot calmer once they'd described in a suspicious lack of detail what they'd been gone doing all night, and although she kept eyeing the stain on the carpet throughout their vague explanation like she was trying to figure out how exactly it fit into the timeline, neither Techno nor Dream mentioned anything about after they'd split up to deal with Schlatt, and she never asked.

She also never cleaned it, so...

Sapnap made a face as he and Dream passed the chocolate on their way up to the stairs.

It occurred to Dream that he didn't know what the stain actually was either. Or anything about Quackity and Schlatt being soulmates. Or anything about Quackity and Schlatt regardless. For someone so innately involved in their actions tonight, he was ridiculously far out of the loop.

That wasn't too much of an issue, though; Dream could fill him in once their guests were gone and they'd both had their sleep for the next two days.

Only problem was—their guests. They didn't leave.

Mrs. Nap was gone fairly soon after they'd finished talking to go back to sleep, leaving the room with a dismissive wave and something along the lines of "You don't have to get out of my house, but you do have to get out of my sight". However, despite their best efforts to hint at the overwhelming desire for them to get the fuck out, neither of their accomplices were getting the clue.

For one, they were lurking. Techno stood by the couch, seemingly enchanted by Mr. Nap's pink bunny slippers, and Quackity strolled around the kitchen. He was raiding some of their last pop tarts, but seemed to otherwise be waiting patiently for whatever came next.

Behind him, Sapnap cleared his throat quietly, and once he had Dream's attention, he jerked his head toward the other two. *Kick them out*, he mouthed.

Seriously? Dream glared. *No, you do it.*

Sapnap spread his hands subtly and gave him a look. *You invited them over? It's your problem now. Fix it.*

Soulmate or not, looking back, Dream could've said a lot of things, like, "*Wasn't calling Techno your idea?*", or the classic "*Tough shit*" while he walked away to let Sapnap deal with it himself. But he didn't.

Because love. Because honor.

Because even if Sapnap wasn't willing to do it himself, Dream knew he'd 120% have his back right now and support him if things went south.

So Dream nodded and turned away from Sapnap to face the others. He snapped once to get their attention, and if Quackity looking up from his food and Techno dropping the slippers was any indication, he succeeded. It might have just been the lack of sleep, but with Sapnap at his back and the unforgiving power of peer pressure at his arsenal, it was pretty clear to Dream that very little could go wrong here.

He stepped forward, and Sapnap stepped with him. “Hey, guys.”

No sooner had the words left his mouth that he heard a creak from one of the lower stairs as Sapnap turned around, leaving him behind to head up to their room. Dream swore to never trust again.

“It’s getting kinda late, obviously,” Dream looked pointedly to the dark sky out the window to the side, “and tonight’s been great, but crazy, so if you both wanna just…”

He swept his hand around toward the door, and Quackity looked up at him, tired, but nodding softly. “Yeah, that’d be nice, Dream.”

“Uhh, right?” Dream couldn’t really imagine how being kicked out of someone’s house was “nice”, but hey—to each their own. “Anyway, I’m just going to… y’know…” He gestured upstairs, and when neither stopped him, he headed up.

At first, he didn’t think they were going to leave because they stayed where they were, but before he’d passed the last step, Dream saw Techno head outside through the back door with Quackity right behind. It seemed odd that they go out the back again rather than the front, but they *had* left their belongings out there, so it wasn’t too much to assume they were just going out to retrieve them.

Covered by the security of the wall blocking him from sight of the living room, Dream sighed when he reached the top and rested with his back against it. He’d go inside to join Sapnap in a minute or two, but for now—a break from everything tonight and probably tomorrow, too.

Some time must have passed, because when he still hadn’t entered their room, Sapnap poked his head out of the door and waved him inside—he had a toothbrush in his mouth and was offering Dream his own with his other hand. Dream came in before closing the door gently behind them.

The next few minutes were disgustingly domestic, even for Dream’s standards. Though they were moving around one another to do their own separate tasks in preparation for sleep, they stayed relatively close the whole time, bodies brushing comfortably on the walks between the dresser, bathroom, and bed. And if when Sapnap was at the entrance of the bathroom to put up his toothbrush Dream caught up and shouldered him into the door frame, that was nothing more than payback for leaving him to deal with the other two.

It was cute, though, in a nasty, happy way, and the thought made Dream feel soft.

It meant their relationship was going well.

It also meant Dream didn’t have to imagine the surprise on Sapnap’s face when Quackity strolled in and flopped down on their bed. Techno came in after him, wearing—you *guessed it*—the pink bunny slippers, and he stole Sapnap’s charger for his phone.

Dream grimaced and glanced Sapnap’s way.

Big mistake. Scratch that.

Change of plans. Dream turned away from Sapnap. No more looking in his direction for the next five minutes, minimum.

Quackity saved him by whistling and tossing a few things his way—his phone, the car keys, and Sapnap’s phone, which he gingerly held out to the side so his soulmate could grab it without Dream directly facing him and his semi-righteous anger.

With Techno here to protect him, he didn't think Sapnap would bother starting an actual fight in any sense of the word, but that didn't mean it was a good idea to test him. Plus, scary.

"So," Quackity yawned, "how are we doing this? Two up, two down? Huge snuggle pile with Techno as the sacrifice in the middle? What's the plan?"

Sapnap scoffed and rolled his eyes, and Dream watched Techno look to him for an answer. That was... a good question.

Dream certainly wasn't turning them away this time; if Sapnap wanted them gone, he could make it happen himself. Meaning: unless Sapnap made a move to kick them out, they needed to decide on a sleep plan fast.

While Sapnap's Queen had been struggling to support the two of them ever since Dream shot up in high school, that was mainly due to Sapnap's inherent tendency to spread starfish at some point in the night. Theoretically, they could totally fit a third person in comfortably.

But four?

For Dream to say they were stacked on one another like salami when they all shoved into the bed was far more than metaphorical. And with how little distance was between them all, the accumulation of men's deodorant and Techno's—*oddly fruity?*—shampoo was basically imprinted into his soul.

Now, could they have slept two to the floor like Quackity suggested? Absolutely.

But personally, Dream couldn't find himself able to care enough about dignity to volunteer. After the night they'd had, between the bed and the floor, he'd take the bed, no arguments.

And so would the rest of them, apparently.

The only thing Dream made sure of was that he and Sapnap were on one side with Sapnap closest to the edge. Not that he didn't want anyone else cuddling with Sapnap—he just didn't want anyone else cuddling with Sapnap.

Soulmate perks.

Even Techno piled in, albeit last, unintentionally squishing Quackity between four inches of VIP bed space and the wide-open air that made up The Edge. When he began to fall off the side, Dream almost moved to help him, but instead watched Techno reach out an arm across his chest for him to hang on to. Quackity threw an arm and a leg back over him once he was pulled up.

It was almost ironic how fast he'd changed from "Fuck your coupons, you psychopath!" to "Why not cuddle with the most violent homie?" in the last half hour. Yet, Dream couldn't say he was completely surprised; Quackity only seemed to have two moods with Techno that he'd switched between rapidly tonight: Fear and Gay. Neither were his problem.

Him never shutting up though—that was.

The lights might've been turned off, but such trivial things meant nothing to a man like Quackity. Particularly when he was in a constant state of nearly rolling off the bed.

"Dude, stop complaining." Sapnap moved in his grasp to get comfortable, and Dream tried to give him as much extra space as he could. "You'll be fine."

“Yeah, it’s—*ow*,” Dream felt the loving touch of Sapnap’s elbow deep into his rib. “Space is like, relative, or something,”

He got another elbow to the rib. “Wrong kind of space, dumbass.”

A crunch came from Quackity’s end of the bed, and he spoke through a mouthful of—chips? “Nah, *right* kind of space. Speaking of which... ” The bed creaked beneath them all as he adjusted.

Annoying or not, Dream didn't doubt that he had very little room. He almost felt bad.

Then a shove through Techno via Quackity pushed Dream forward, and Sapnap was the one to almost slip off the side, blocked only by Dream's arm. Sapnap growled and rose from his spot in a move toward Quackity, and Dream sat up between them.

“Alright, guys—”

“Enough. There is no need to fight tonight.” Techno spoke from between them all, still laying down. “You are all incorrect.”

Sapnap hesitated at that, and Dream relaxed his hold around him. A bit rude, but Techno probably wasn't wrong. After a moment, Quackity whispered something Dream didn't understand, but settled back into the bed. Sapnap muttered words too low to hear, but he also laid back down without struggle, and Dream followed.

For a whole half minute, it was glorious. But Dream should've known the silence wouldn't last.

“Still doesn’t answer my other question,” Quackity spoke into the void of darkness. “Techno, why do you have so much cake?”

Sapnap sighed this time, and he pulled a pillow up over his head. It was muffled, but Dream caught “Bro, what?”

The rustle of a chip bag sounded again. “I'm serious! It's like, actually kind of concerning.” More crunching. “Come here and see.”

Dream just lifted up his arm to let Sapnap go.

A grunt came from beside him as soon as Sapnap climbed up over, stepping on Techno in the process, and Dream patted him on the shoulder as a thank you for not beating the shit out of his soulmate. The sound of an iphone unlocking had him turning away into the pillow before the flashlight ever turned on.

“I swear to god, if you're wasting my time with this when we could be asleep-”

“Shh, look!”

“That's not-” He paused, and they both shifted on the bed. Someone whistled. “Oh.”

Quackity cackled as Dream slowly felt sleep drag him down into the pillow and away from the others. “Told you.”

He could tell when Sapnap came back over because the bed moved again, but by the time he'd tucked himself back into Dream's chest, Dream was only vaguely aware he'd ever left. A

“Goodnight, Dream,” came quietly from Techno, and Dream mumbled something that was hopefully a goodnight back. The rest joined in too, and a “rude ass bitch, ignoring the rest of us”

was said somewhere when no other goodnights were made from Techno.

The very last thing his mind leeches onto was "Chips?"

Chapter End Notes

GREAT NEWS- I GOT THROUGH ALL THE COMMENTS.
EVERY SINGLE ONE >:)

on a serious note, i hella procrastinated last time, but it will not take me nearly as long this chapter.

so for the rats who had to be patient, thank you + I WILL BE MUCH FASTER
SJDFKLJDKFSJDFL

i mean- obviously i could've speedrun them with a boring "thanks", but i would gag at how revolting that is to read
every comment is deadass a conversation until proven otherwise

also, good job living guys :)
like in general

i just saw this thing online that said "be the star of your own show", but its so much more complicated than that??

LIKE PARDON?

FUCK BEING THE STAR, EVERYONE'S ALSO THEIR OWN MANAGER,
DIRECTOR, AND SPECIAL EFFECTS PERSON
IM PRETTY SURE SOMEONE CUT THE FUNDING ON THE SHOW TOO, SO :(
whoever says that, respectfully, fuck you.

OH YEAH

SO THIS ENTIRE CHAPTER GOT DELETED WHEN I WAS TRANSFERRING IT
TO AO3

you were all supposed to have it probably like 2 weeks ago, because i was on a trip with friends + thought i'd upload right before
but apparently it was not in the plans of destiny :P
i had to rewrite *the entire thing*

I AM KINDA PISSED THOUGH BECAUSE I WAS GOING TO SHARE SOME
FUNNY ASS QUOTES FROM THE COMMENTS BECAUSE I STILL STAND BY
THE FACT THAT YOU ARE THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE I'VE COME INTO
CONTACT TO ON THE INTERNET

the only thing i remember is that someone once said "crustchamp" and i can't unsee it
no matter how hard i try ;-;

unpopular opinion time while we're at it: slave applications via google docs should be a thing in my very limited opinion.

ANYWAY- everything i've ever done in the last couple weeks is yeeting out of my mind rn, so we might actually have a short note for once ;-;

BEFORE I DEPART, THE TIME HAS COME FOR JUDGEMENTS.

- morning readers, y'all are bitches, but i respect you guys <3

i bet your favorite trope is something real basic like coffee aus
cause why tf else would you be up so early if not looking for love in a cliché public
space?

- middle of the day people...

you are the worst.

i'm trying to think of some non-controversial tropes that are horrible, but won't end up
scarring some of you, so we're gonna settle for soulmate aus because they SUCK
no exceptions, not even this fic

- night humans, hello

y'all get piss kinks.

GOODNIGHT :D <3

Who Spooned Who? (Techno's BDSM Results Included)

Chapter Notes

WHATS UP BITCHESSSSSS

IF Y'ALL ARE STILL ALIVE, THAT IS...

remember how last chapter i said i'd respond to every comment and be better? i admit to you all--so far, i've made one (1) singular mistake in my life, and that is that one giant lie. imma do my best to respond to em speedy though >:)

BEING REAL THO-

i really do appreciate all the comments y'all make

YOU MOTHERFUCKERS ARE FUNNY AF AND CRACK ME UP SO MUCH,
NEVER STOP

also the only reason i got up to write this was because i checked the comment inbox and a relatively new comment wanted more fic and so "alright bet" was the mindset we went with

AND THATS ON DICTATORSHIP :D (more on that later ;))

the second reason i wrote this was because there's this one fkin line i have in the closet storage center of my fics and its the most beautiful poetic thing i've ever written, and i NEED george to be established and introduced for a while before it'll hit right >:P

BUT I REFUSE TO WASTE IT

I MUST WRITE IT SOMEWHERE, ONLY AFTER MAY I GIVE UP, YKNOW?

ALSO HAPPY ANNIVERSARY (?) ALMOST

started da fics in november of last year, and now we're in november again... funny how calendars work

LIKE USUAL, COME DOWN TO THE END NOTES IF YOU WANT

GUYS... WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THE PISS KINK,,,

ALSO I'LL BE TALKING FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE TO MAKE UP FOR THE
FACT THAT I'VE LITERALLY BEEN ASSASSINATED

ANYWHOOOO

I LOVE YOU SMELLY BASTARDS, AND I'LL BE JUDGING YOU LIKE

NORMAL IF YOU WANNA BE DEGRADED

MWAH MWAH <333

**ALSO IF YOU'VE GOT QUESTIONS ON LITERALLY ANYTHING AT ALL
OR HAVE RECOMMENDATIONS FOR SONGS, SHOWS, ETC, OR JUST
WANNA SAY HI, GO FOR IT

IM NOT FRIENDLY, BUT I'LL PRETEND FOR Y'ALL ;D

MKAY NOW GO-

"READ OR DON'T, IT MATTERS NOT"

- YODA, PROBABLY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Dream woke up, all he saw, smelled, and felt was his soulmate... 's shoulder. Jammed right up against his throat like a murder attempt in the middle of the night. Except it was morning. And the bed was way too warm.

He didn't need to open his eyes to know that Sapnap was once again spread eagle across both him and the bed sheets, and a look over his—*Sapnap's*—shoulder told Dream that Techno was awake and staring at the ceiling like part of the undead. Quackity was nowhere to be seen.

But he was to be heard. A string of mumbled words and typing sounds came from behind Techno's side of the bed.

A few minutes of comfortable silence passed between them all, up until the heat beneath the covers became too much, and Dream shifted to get away. At the noise, Techno greeted him good morning quietly and with a nod.

Dream tried to respond with the same courtesy, but got a mouthful of Sapnap's hair in the process instead. His soulmate was heavy, but Techno did the honor of shoving Sapnap off Dream... and the bed... like he weighed next to nothing. The bang wasn't as loud as expected, thankfully.

"Good morning to you too, fuckers," Sapnap slurred from the floor.

"Mornin'," Quackity half-shouted back over the bed. Dream sat up to stretch, and Quackity popped up next to Techno in his line of sight. "Hey, when you guys are up and your brains are working, we've gotta talk about something." He looked serious, but not in a rushing sort of way.

"Can it wait?" Dream rubbed his hand over his hair and stretched. "I don't think... my head's all here yet."

"That's fine. We've got time anyway," Quackity stuck out his tongue and went back to his phone. "Also, we're going to the mall today. No arguments warranted, and before you ask, it's because I'm bored and have literally nothing better to do, so you're all wasting your valuable days with me. Consider it post-crime bonding time. Aftercare, if you must."

"Bruh." Sapnap stood from the floor with a yawn and deadpanned over. "To the mall though? Like to *shop*? What are we, middle-school girls?"

Techno made a dark noise and started to rise from the sheets. "Do not underestimate them."

"Doesn't matter if we kin the Justice shoppers. I've already cleared it with your mom and she's down to take us." Quackity headed out the bedroom, and a couple seconds later, the lock of the bathroom door down the hall clicked.

"'*Cleared it with my mom*'," Sapnap rolled his eyes and grabbed some clothes out of his drawers. "Now it really sounds like we're in middle school. We can drive ourselves, anyway. Plus '*she's down*' makes it sound like she's coming with us."

Techno looked up at Dream, and Dream looked at Sapnap. Sapnap turned back around and narrowed his eyes at them both.

"She's not coming with us, right?"

It came to no one's surprise that Mrs. Nap listened to hard rock music in the car, but she was surprisingly open to letting Techno play DJ on the way over. Not that *that* was much better, but eh... small victories.

Turned out, she *was* coming along with them to the mall, and it was good that the drive was close by too, because she and Quackity were no better off this morning than they had been last night. Which made it all the worse when the two of them got stranded together in the Great Split™ of Sapnap dragging Dream to the cookie cake bar as soon as they stepped foot into the building. Techno had followed along, somehow, which was a miracle in itself, but did nothing to help fix the current issue.

"Where are you?"

Even with the infamous mall wifi, Quackity was so loud that Dream nearly pulled the phone away from his ear. At a motion from Sapnap, he settled with placing it onto the table and putting it on speaker for him and Techno.

Nothing, then, "Look, man," Quackity lowered his volume down to a whisper, "don't get me wrong, Sapnap's mom is a total MILF, but I might actually die if I stay near her much longer. The only reason I got her to agree to this at all was so she could ditch us and go drive around to the shops nearby, but now she's got some kinda mom obligation to stick with me until I'm "safe" with you guys. I need a direction for us to head to, and now. She's lowering my chances of finding a sugar daddy here astronomically."

"Bro, first of all, ew. Don't forget I was birthed from that woman. Second, we're-" Sapnap paused to chew, and turned his head to the side to choke on the cookie cake they'd just bought.

Dream sighed. This was his boyfriend. Super attractive.

He took the phone in hand from the table and patted Sapnap on the back. "Quackity, we're right outside the food court. Just head to..." Dream looked around, and right behind Techno's shoulder he saw the one and only... "... Hot Topic. We'll meet up there."

"Are you kidding me?" Quackity hissed, "We aren't twelve! I can't bring his mom there!"

"See you soon," Dream smiled and hung up, handing the phone back to Sapnap who had made a speedy recovery and resumed swallowing down the cookie cake.

When Sapnap wasn't looking, Techno took a pinch of frosting off the side of Dream's slice—which was really his soulmate's because Sapnap had more fun stealing it than buying a second piece—and tasted it, head tilted slightly.

"Frosting," he looked up at Dream. "It is acceptable."

The idea of Techno finding some specific kind of frosting unacceptable almost made Dream laugh. He got up from his seat and started herding the three of them around the bend of stores so they could make it to Hot Topic, his cake in hand. "Uh, yeah. It's better on actual cakes rather than cookies, but it's pretty good here, I guess."

Techno frowned.

"You good, man?" Sappnap cleared his throat and snatched half of the last slice from Dream. "It's not like your first time eating icing, right? 'Cause that'd be messed up."

"It is," Techno accepted the rest of the cake that Dream offered with an outstretched hand, "I would not typically have the opportunity to indulge in it."

Dream watched as Techno took a bite in the most stand-offish, alien way he'd ever seen. "Not even birthdays? Surely you had a birthday cake at one of your birthday parties?"

Techno blinked back at him. "Who would orchestrate a birthday party for me?"

"Your parents, duh," Sappnap snorted, holding onto Dream's sleeve as he almost tripped over a ridge in the walkway.

"As I have informed you, my parents," Techno started, "are no more. They have not been for quite a while."

"So, wait, how does that whole guardian situation work for you? If I remember right, you live alone. That can't be legal."

"I do. It is not."

"And do the authorities just not care...?" Sappnap looked to Dream, and he shrugged. "And how did your parents die again?"

"Trust that I have taken care of them."

"'Them' being your parents?" Dream questioned.

Sappnap narrowed his eyes. "Or the authorities?"

Techno turned his head to look at them both and nodded. "Yes."

"But--"

"Enough," Techno gestured to the entryway of the one and only Hot Topic, and Sappnap shut up fast. "We have arrived."

"And it's about fucking time, too!" Quackity yelled from up ahead inside. He had both hands on the counter, head to head with the worker there. "Your stinkin' mom left me with this nerd who won't let me curse!"

"Hey, watch the language!" The cashier didn't even look up from where he was restocking the anime pins by the register. "There's kids here."

Quackity slithered back into the Rick and Morty hoodies with a glare and mumbled under his breath. Sappnap followed suit, and Techno drifted into the shadow of the band tees, leaving Dream on his own. He'd missed the memo where they'd actually be shopping here.

"Uh, nice shirt?" Dream tried, making his way to the cashier. There were few things of his interest in the shop, and it was the least he could do to atone for the undoubtedly many sins Quackity had committed in the last couple of minutes. Besides, the man's shirt was certainly tasteful... as in full of taste. Some specific taste Dream had never seen before, but taste nonetheless.

The cashier looked down at the crusty, white dog surrounded by badly photoshopped rodents glaring up at the camera on his shirt, breaking out into a smile once he put together the intent of

Dream's words. "Oh, do you like it? Thanks! I had it made myself." He pulled out his phone and flipped through his camera roll to pull up more pictures of the dog, each one looking nearly exactly the same as the last. "She's real cute."

"I can see that," Dream let himself smile at the other man's enthusiasm. Nice guy, questionable dog. "What's her name?"

The cashier put away his phone and grinned up at Dream again. "Rat."

The hell...

"What?" Quackity yelled from the side, coming out from behind the clothes rack holding a pair of My Hero Academia socks. "You call your dog 'Rat'? That's a horrible fucking name for a pet!"

"Yeah, well, that's a horrible anime!" The cashier glared. "And no cursing!"

Neither of them were at all quiet, and Dream sighed, glancing around; they were drawing some unnecessary attention from the other teens and alt-freaks in the store. Not enough to be kicked out, but certainly not at a level to be considered polite.

"Alright, Quackity." The cashier was shot a nasty look as Dream guided Quackity out by the elbow, and Dream tried to appear as apologetic as possible. Techno and Sapnap caught the cue and followed a few steps behind. "That's enough drama for now."

"Lame." His brief fight with the worker was quickly forgotten. Quackity popped his mystery gum once they were outside, pointed his finger up ahead, and grabbed onto Dream and Techno's arms beside him to pull them all forward. "But you guys know what's not lame?"

He was met with silence before Techno finally spoke. "Go on."

Quackity grinned. "Claire's."

Above the bridge of the song playing overhead, the chorus of groans and "No"s and "Absolutely not"s from everyone else rang clear.

In all, everything was fine for a few hours up until it wasn't, and Dream had no problem saying that it had been fun while it lasted.

The end of that fun started with a nervous chuckle from Quackity and a confession. "Don't freak out guys, but I think I see Schlatt and his dudebros across the court..."

Dream immediately scanned around the new mass of people swarming the court. Sure enough, there Schlatt was, in line for smoothies along with a dozen or so other people, though from their distance, it was impossible to tell how many were strangers and how many were friends.

"That's fine though, right?" Sapnap spoke up over Dream's shoulder. "Yeah, sure, he might've turned out to be home last night, but it's not like he knows it was us."

Quackity grimaced, and Dream's "*Oh-Fuck-Innator*" went off in his head. "About that... remember how I told y'all I had something we should all discuss this morning?"

Techno backed up behind Quackity to lean against the railing. He was big enough to cover Quackity and Sapnap from view of the group across the way and line up parallel to Dream, if that was even his goal. His words came out evenly, "How much does he know?"

"Only that there were four people who wrecked his car and vandalized his house." Quackity moved his beanie up and out of his eyes, "He texted me pissed about it. Wanted to know if I had anything to do with it, but didn't really press. It's not like I've got any friends he knows of who'd have any motive against him."

"Right," Sapnap drawled lazily, "except like- everyone to ever exist at our high school."

Quackity snorted, and Techno hummed behind him. "Fair point. But he knows there were two big guys and two smaller ones, and if he sees you dudes with me," he dragged a finger between Dream and Techno, "he's going to put two and two together."

"He doesn't have any dirt on Techno, does he?" Dream looked between them. "Me and Sap I get- but we never really discussed why you got involved in the first place."

Techno shrugged. "I enjoy proper destruction and ruining common lives." His face was blank, but his eyes lingered a little longer on Dream's than usual.

Sapnap whistled, and Quackity patted Techno on the shoulder, turning back around to face Sapnap and Dream. "Well, that's unsurprisingly dark. Can't imagine how high you'd score sadist on the BDSM test."

A tap to his side drew Dream's attention, and then Sapnap was pointing under Techno's arm. "Hey, we'd better go." The group was moving through the crowds toward their own, drinks in hand. "I don't think they've seen us yet, but if we stick around here, they will soon."

Techno guided Quackity forward with a hand to his back, and gestured ahead for Sapnap. Dream drew an arm around his shoulders to pull him closer and moved to the other side of Quackity. Between the span of the two of them, Quackity wasn't easily visible to the group a couple yards behind them at all.

"We can't just walk around the mall, guys. We're going to have to turn around at a corner at some point, and they'll recognize us then. Most of us, at least." He spared a look toward Dream.

"I know where we will go," Techno tilted his head toward the next shop entryway, and dipped in.

"Okay good," Quackity grumbled. "Just sayin', it better be something cool like Bath and Body Wor—not this guy again!"

The cashier from earlier rolled his eyes. "Nice to see you again too."

At least this time the store was empty. Dream shuffled them toward the back, and Techno stayed near the window of the store keeping an eye casually outside. "Quackity, don't pick a fight. Sapnap, call your mom and tell her to warm up her throwing arm and start heading over. Techno-

A hand tugged him down and away from Techno's gaze. "Hold up, you want me to tell my mom to what?"

Quackity started pinning some of the Rick and Morty merch onto his jacket. "Is that like- code for

something?"

The cashier slapped his hand away from the pins, and he and Quackity fumbled for a bit over the ones he'd put on the jacket.

Dream turned to completely face Sapnap who looked half torn between amusement at the entire situation and worry at the outcome. "Nope, not code. Just call her around, please. The sooner she gets here, the better we can leave."

He nodded, and Dream watched him disappear into the corner of the store to make the call.

"Aye, watch the goods-" Quackity stopped blocking his face from their squabble to squint at the cashier's name-tag, "*BadboyHalo*. Jesus, what kinda stripper name is that?"

The cashier turned red and snatched the rest of the pins from Quackity's jacket while he could. "Don't start. It's just an inside joke with the rest of my coworkers." He turned to Dream after a few seconds. "And who are you trying to escape from, exactly?"

"Well..." *That's a good question.* Dream faced Quackity. "Who's really out there besides Schlatt?"

Up from behind he heard, "Yeah, thanks. See you soon," with Sapnap walking back into earshot. He stopped next to Dream and leaned on his arm. "She'll be here in ten."

Dream sighed. One thing crossed off the list, at least. "Thanks, Sap."

"Course." Sapnap looked at Quackity. "Dream's got a point though—who else does Schlatt really hang with?"

Staring down at the desk, Quackity just shrugged. "Not anyone you'd know, that's for sure." He shrugged again. "If you're looking for a definite answer, I don't have one. I'm only aware of a few kids I've partied with at his place, but don't really talk to otherwise. Last time it was low-grade bullies, some kids who're too young to know any better—they're pretty chill though if you catch them alone—and a couple of international students. That's it, maybe? His inner circle honestly changes all the time." He muttered quietly, "Everyone has an expiration date."

"Ah," Sapnap said helpfully. "So it's a roll of the dice then. If we get caught, that is."

"We won't get caught." Dream cleared his throat. "We're in the middle of a store, anyway. He's not gonna pick a fight here. If we got caught. Which we won't do."

Quackity looked uncomfortable. "Yeah, but it's better if he doesn't find out at all. Give it a few weeks and the details will blur a bit, y'know?" He picked at the edge of a sticker on the register. "I'm kinda fucked if he gets it in his head that it really was me though."

"Just hide in the back until your mom gets here then," BadBoyHalo shrugged. "I'm not supposed to let customers back there or anything, but if worse comes to worst, it's a solid plan."

Quackity looked up at him like the gods themselves had arrived. "Wait, for real? You'd help us?"

"Yeah... I know what it's like to be bullied."

Dream frowned. *Poor guy.*

Quackity scoffed. "Damn right, you should. I'd bully you myself for naming a dog 'Rat'."

Sapnap shoved his arm. "Quackity!"

"What?" He pointed at the cashier again. "And you—we need to get you a better name than BadBoyHalo. That's way too kinky to say out loud at any given moment."

"Ugh! Couldn't you have picked like, any other store to invade?" Quackity opened his mouth to answer, and BadBoyHalo—*ew, okay, Quackity's right*—held up a hand. "Never mind. Look, I get off work in about an hour, so your invitation to hide out in the back is valid up until then. Just focus on making sure your ride gets here in time, yeah?" He gestured to the back door, and Dream led Sapnap in, waving over Techno.

Quackity saluted and ducked in right as the bell to the opening door rang. "Whatever you say, Bad."

Chapter End Notes

OKAY SO
LETS BE REAL
NOT MY BEST OR MOST INTERESTING WORK

EVEN I WAS BORING MYSELF WRITING IT, BUT IVE BEEN UNINSPIRED SO
SUCK IT LITERATURE
MOVING ON TO THE PISS KINK.

the entire last comment section is talking about it. most of it, at least. go and check, i dare you.

interesting thing is, half of you are offended, and half of you are guilty and admitting to it.

just remember, besties, digital footprint is very real

that said, first step into getting over it is acceptance. unless you genuinely have a piss kink, then yEAHHH GET INTO IT BROSSSSS

now, the pros and cons of dictatorship:

pros //

- be the daddy dom dilf you wish to see in this world
- people are better when they shut up, lets be honest
- you can make people fear you, turn that into a kink (personally tested, 100% guaranteed to work)

cons //

- absolutely fucking nothing, you're in charge, everything's a pro if you want it to be

I feel like there needs to be a motivational message here... BUT LIKE, ON WHAT?

alright, alright, super specific motivations coming right up:

if you've got anger issues and are now expelled from school and you feel bad about it, just remember- there's always an asshole out there who needs to be punched. the world needs people with control issues like you.

if you're super duper sad because you accidentally killed your grandma, guys, just remember- you're sexy. also frame your neighbor for the murder. no jailtime + cool, legal story to tell at parties to hook all the girls, gays, and furries

OH MY GOD HAHA SPEAKING OF FURRIES- I ALMOST DID A SPEECH ON THEM

but plot twist, i switched it up and spent ten minutes talking about a conspiracy theory where theres a sex ring run by satanic democrats held in the basement of a pizzeria in washington dc.

dear lordy i am getting hella off topic and WHAT IN THE ASSSS
i just checked the time. i thought it was 9pm but its 12:09, no wonder im going batshit.
logging out now before i eat my own ass, *cough*, WORDS, and leave a painful
digital footprint for the future

ALRIGHT YOU LOVELY SEXY HOES KNOW WHAT FUCKING TIME IT
ISSSSSSSSS
time for judgement.
TODAYS THEME SHALL BE WHAT I WOULD FEED YOU IN THE MEDIEVAL
AGES

MORNING BROS, you already know you're sexy ;)
but i feel like being mean rn. you're no longer the favorites MWAHAHAHA
you guys get CANNED. WORMS. except not canned because they didn't have cans
back then, i think...
worms with like- marinara sauce tho

MIDDLE OF THE DAY BROS
NOW... THIS IS ICONIC, YOU READY?
you're the favorites today. PURELY BECAUSE I LIKE YOUR SPUNK YOU
LITTLE SHITHEADS
disobeying me time after time, and i'm proud today. you get
bread
with butter because you're cool tonight <3

NIGHT PEOPLE
im just giving you alcohol because you're probably a single mother working three
jobs who has seventeen kids you adopted in the woods and you're also a struggling
lesbian because you're expected to marry a **man**/censored but you want
coTtAgEcORe wiFE also your best friend is the pig you raised in your teens but
you've been very sad lately because times are getting tough and the winters getting
cold and you're gonna have to eat him soon :/

so yeah, you need to get drunk off your ass WHOOOO YOU DESERVE ITTTTT

MKAY
I HELLA DOUBT ANYONES READ THIS FAR (DONT BLAME YOU LUVS) SO
IMMA JUST GO TO SLEEP NOW
GOODNIGHT GUYS
FOR WHAT ITS WORTH, IVE MISSED Y'ALL <333
AND THANK YOU WHOEVER SENT THOSE HITMEN AFTER ME, IT WAS A
FUN WARMUP
NIGHTYYYYYYYYY